The Independent.

"But as we were allowed of God to be put in Trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing Men but God, which trieth our Hearts."

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The Independent.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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Our Special Contributors.

DEATH OF MRS. BROWNING.

We hear with inexpressible sorrow of the death of MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. The telegraphic summary of the latest foreign news, received just as we go to press, announces in a brief line that she "expired at Florence an hour after daybreak on Saturday morning last, June 29th." This is all we know at present of the sad event. Next week we shall notice at length her life and literary works. The announcement of her death will be received by our readers with heartfelt sorrow. As a Special Contributor to these columns she won many new readers, admirers, and friends on this side of the Atlantic. Who has forgotten her last poem printed on this page, entitled "ONLY A CURL?" A few days ago a letter came to this office from a subscriber in a distant state, requesting a second copy of those verses, as the first had "fallen to pieces from being often wet with a mother's tears." Mrs. Browning's last letter to us inclosed two little poems, one of which we print this week, and shall give the other next. The first is in allusion to Victor Emanuel's gift of a necklace to the daughter of Garibaldi. The second is "A View across the Roman Campagna." These two poems, not at all her best or most characteristic, will have a special interest to her friends as being probably her last. Her name and memory will be undying in the annals of English literature.

EDS. INDEPENDENT.

THE KING'S GIFT.

CAPRERA.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

TERESA, ah, Teresita!
Now what has the messenger brought her,
Our Garibaldi's young daughter,
To make her stop short in her singing?
Will she not once more repeat a
Verse from that hymn of our hero's,
Setting the souls of us ringing?
Break off the song where the tear rose?
Ah, Teresita!

II.

A young thing, mark, is Teresa.
Her eyes have caught fire, to be sure, in
That necklace of jewels from Turin,
Till blind their regard to us men is.
But still she remembers to raise a
Shy look to her father, and note,
. . . "Could she sing on as well about Venice,
Yet wear such a flame at her throat?
Decide for Teresa."

III.

Teresa, ah, Teresita!
His right hand has passed on her head.
"Accept it, my daughter," he said,
"Aye, wear it, true child of thy mother,
Then sing, till all start to their feet, a
New verse even bolder and freer!
King Victor's no king like another
But verily noble as we are,
Child, Teresita!"

WAR AND ITS LESSONS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

At length, our country realizes the momentous fact that she has been plunged into war. War in its most savage, desolating form—that which divides and arrays a nation against itself—is now fully upon us. Almost every day brings its bulletin of a new conflict, whereof the issue may be auspicious or adverse, but the inevitable incidents are bloodshed, destruction, wounds, and death. The most insignificant skirmish, which scarcely arrests the reader's eye as he glances over his morning paper, carries desolation to *some* hearth and heart—perhaps to several such. The novel-reader or playgoer melts at the contemplation of one tragedy; but a battle is the culmination of hundreds, often thousands, of tragedies, each of them a separate heart-break. The individual and national miseries of a hundred years of peace are compressed into and intensified in a single year of war.

This War had to be. There was no escaping it but by giving up the American Republic, in substance and essence—the Republic of the Fathers and of Freedom—and letting a virtual despotism, compounded of Slavery and Aristocracy, be set up in its stead. The Slaveholding Rebellion is a revolt against the forms not only but the spirit of the Constitution—against the fundamental idea of our Revolution—against the capacity and the right of Man, *as* Man, to self-government. Not only does this rebellion affirm the propriety of overruling by the bayonet the result of a legal and peaceful election—and so reduce us, at once, if successful, to the instability, insecurity, anarchy, and impotence of the Spanish-American Republics; it does this for the sole reason that the new Federal Administration is more favorable to an equality of rights between man and man than the conspirators deem wholesome or safe. It is a rebellion of the only privileged class in the Republic to enforce a demand that their privileges shall be increased. Not to meet and beat them is to admit that Government is rightfully the monopoly of a caste, and that the sharpest sword should dictate the law.

In the struggle thus forced upon us, there is, then, there can be, no compromise and no cessation until one side or the other shall have absolutely triumphed. The Nation must vindicate its authority unqualifiedly, or it must cease to be. It must crush out its domestic foes, or become at once a Lower Empire of corruption, barbarism, and decrepitude. Never was sword drawn in a more righteous cause than that now symbolized by the Stars and Stripes, and never did an atrocious conspiracy against Right and Law more imperatively demand unqualified suppression, in the interest alike of Country and Humanity, than does that whereof Jefferson Davis is the chosen head. And that the issue will be auspicious to the integrity and stability of the American Republic, we will not harbor a doubt.

But the signal punishment of reckless, criminal ambition is by no means the only lesson which this contest should teach. It will not have yielded all its proper fruit unless it imprints deeply on the hearts of our countrymen these lessons:

I. War is always and everywhere a horrible calamity. A great general is recorded as having humanely and truly observed that, next to a great defeat, a great victory is most deplorable. Many life-long warriors have been humane, Christian men; yet it is nevertheless true that a participation in deeds of violence and carnage tends to harden the heart. The ex-soldier returned to his home and his former peaceful avocations may be sober, industrious, and every way exemplary; but his military experience will not have tended to make him so. Where one will have been made better by the influences and experiences of camp life, there is a strong probability that many will have been made worse. However promptly the war may be fought out and ended, it is hardly doubtful that a new flood-tide of demoralization and intemperance will be among its lamentable results.

II. The wastefulness and ruinous cost of a great war have seldom been fully realized. That our Government is now rushing into debt at the rate of nearly a million dollars per day, is generally understood; but this is only the first item in the heavy bill which is rolling up against the authors of this atrocious rebellion. The destruction and consumption of stocks and stores of timber, powder, lead, cartridges, firearms, etc., etc., laid up in navy yards, armories, and arsenals in time of peace, the burning of ships and other property to save them from capture on one side or prevent their use on the other, are among the inevitable incidents of such a struggle. But the rebels would seem to have resolved to make this contest as ruinous as possible by the wanton, wholesale destruction of canal dams, railroad bridges, engines, cars, etc., etc., and of property generally. Their ocean forays will have cost much in vessels and cargoes captured, but far more in the paralysis of our commerce and navigation through fear of a kindred fate. Industry arrested, families pining in hunger and misery because of the sudden withdrawal of their means of subsistence, and thousands sinking through want into vice and crime—such are among the inevitable consequences of such a struggle. This war cannot be ended so soon that it will not have cost our people One Thousand Millions of Dollars, or about the actual cash value of all the property in the State of Ohio, or half that of the State of New York. A few years of peace will enable us to recreate this property; but who can feel confident that the moral disasters of the conflict can be repaired so speedily? We shall have borne these trials to less than their proper profit if one of the lessons deeply imprinted on the National heart by them is not a profounder, intenser loathing of war, and of the dreams of conquest, of extended area and of imperial domination, wherewith political aspirants are too apt to drug the National conscience and debauch the popular heart.

III. Another lesson which this war is calculated to teach, and of which no people ever stood more in need than ours, is that of respect for constituted authority and obedience to the mandates of Law. We have been sadly deficient in this regard, and the punishment of our transgression is now upon us. Our habits of free and fearless criticism of public men and measures have tended to this laxity, but in defiance of the plainest and most necessary distinctions. You do not assume the piety, genius, wisdom, benevolence, or integrity, of the constable whose summons you defer to: he may within your knowledge be personally a knave, a dunce, or a sot: but you recognize him in his official capacity as a representative of the State—a messenger and minister of her will embodied in Law—and you obey the precept of which he is the bearer in deference not at all to him but to her. And so the man Pierce, or Buchanan, or Lincoln, may be ever so worthy or indifferent; but his personal deserts or demerits in no degree qualify the obedience which you pay to the President of the United States, and which you cannot refuse without a clear defiance of Christian ethics and patriotic duty.

These are very simple truths, but a lack of clear conceptions of their scope and force is now costing this country thousands of lives and millions on millions of money. Our National existence having originated in a successful resistance to overstrained authority, a tendency to confound authority with usurpation has ever since been latent in our blood, as Shays's Rebellion, the Whisky Insurrection, and some less matured manifestations of the same spirit, have too painfully attested. But we must teach our children to distinguish clearly, in the language of Burke, between the extreme medicine of the constitution and its daily bread. Armed resistance to lawfully constituted authority is the last, desperate recourse of a people to whom all other escape from intolerable oppression is conclusively denied. To appeal from an open and free ballot-box to a revolt is like appealing from the Supreme Court of the United States to a mass-meeting at the Five Points. Even though the result of an election be clearly wrong—nay, *because* it is wrong—there is hope that the next will reverse and redress that error. It must be realized and taken to heart by our people that an unnecessary revolt is a heinous crime; and this eventful year, so full of disaster and woe, should be made to impress that moral. Restless, disappointed ambition, desperate fortunes, bankrupt hopes, and all forms of unthrift, are naturally too ready to appeal from Law to Force; they must be taught that this appeal is from adversity to ruin. "Beware of *entrance* into a quarrel," says Polonius to Laertes in substance; "but, *being in*, bear thyself so that thine enemy shall beware of *thee*." The Nation has now, in generous measure, given heed to the former of these admonitions; it is about to give full effect and emphasis to the latter. Unless this rebellion is so dealt with that we shall not be troubled with another for at least two or three generations, much precious blood will have been shed wastefully if not wholly in vain.

LIFE OF COUNT CAVOUR.

IN THREE NUMBERS.—No. III.

BY DR. REINHOLD SOLGER.

While Sardinia obtruded her participation in a war which was of no earthly concern to her, Austria, the party most directly interested in staying the progress of Russia, kept prudently aloof from the active contest. It was a shortsighted prudence. Can any one doubt, that if Austria had fought side by side with England and France in the East, she would be in possession of Lombardy at this hour? But Cavour understood what Austria never would understand, viz.: that public opinion is a power, and that to gain her favors, one must thrust himself upon her attention and show pluck.

That bootless waste of blood and treasure, then, of the Eastern war, as Manchester utilitarians would have called it, secured for Sardinia as a first result, and as the grand basis for all her future operations, a seat among the great European Powers at the Congress of Paris.

Italy having no existence diplomatically recognized, Sardinia, in her quality as one of the states of that geographical division, had no kind of authority to speak for anybody but herself. But in her capacity as a member of a European Congress, Sardinia had authority to call the attention of the powers there assembled upon whatsoever question concerning whatsoever portion of Europe. She chose to call their attention upon the condition of Italy. Austria was denounced as continually encroaching in the central states of the peninsula, and more especially in the States of the Church, in a manner contrary to the treaties, oppressive to the people, and—a point dwelt upon with great emphasis—dangerous to the interests of France and England. An elaborate parallel was drawn with the action of France under the first Napoleon, whose beneficent agency in the affairs of Italy was—with some stretch of the historical imagination—placed in due relief: an exceedingly skillful and powerful appeal both to the old jealousies and the vanity of the French and their present ruler.

On the 7th of May, 1856, Count Cavour reported to the Sardinian Chamber the following as the result of his war policy and his efforts at the Peace Congress: "It is true we have gained no positive point, but we have convinced the European powers, and prevailed upon them to join in a declaration, that it is not only in the interest of Italy but of Europe to oppose some efficient remedy to the evils which visit our glorious country. At the same time, the Austrian and Sardinian plenipotentiaries have separated with the conviction that the principles which guide their respective policies are irreconcilably opposed to each other."

This amounted to a declaration that sooner or later the war must break out anew between those two rival states, and that in that event Sardinia might look with some degree of confidence for the support of one or the other, if not of both the Western powers.

It cannot be denied that Austria gave from that moment substantial proof of her willingness to avoid the conflict by making concessions to the demands of the powers and trying to conciliate the good-will of her Italian subjects. The Austrian troops of occupation were withdrawn from the Duchies, from Toscana, from the Legations, the progress of the works at Piacenza was suspended, the reaction in the Papal States was opposed, the estates of Sardinian subjects in the Austrian provinces were liberated from sequestration, an extended amnesty was granted, and the Emperor of Austria, accompanied by the young Empress, went to Italy in person as a demonstration of his kind feelings. But it was a foregone conclusion with both the Italians and their secret ally at Paris, to reject all reconciliatory advantages, and to turn them into new opportunities of provocation. The Emperor's presence in Milan gave the people of that city a welcome opportunity for a hostile demonstration, which was improved by the Sardinian press; producing an exchange of angry notes between the two courts and the suspension of diplomatic relations in March, 1857. At the same time France picked a quarrel with Austria on account of the affairs of the Danubian Principalities and other questions still unsettled from the Eastern war. Russia joined France on that side. How well concocted all these operations were, and where was the pivotal point on which they all turned, became evident from the simultaneous visits of the Empress Dowager and the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia to Nizza; the cession of the port of Villafranca to the Russian Government, and the negotiations—opened a year before their successful consummation—of a marriage between Victor Emanuel's daughter with Prince Napoleon, the recognized representative of the Italian and war party at the French court.

It was most probably at the meeting of Napoleon III. and Cavour, at the watering-place of Plombières, about the middle of 1858, that the arrangements were concluded respecting their combined attack upon Austria. But the first intimation of the actual imminence of war was given to the world by the Emperor's famous speech to Baron Huebner at the New Year's reception of 1859, expressing his regret that the relations between France and Austria were not what was desirable. The announcement came the more unexpectedly, as Austria had given way to the demands of France in the Danubian Principalities.

Austria armed. Sardinia armed too. Cavour, in a note appealing to the cabinets and nations of Europe, threw the *onus* of those warlike preparations upon Austria. The triumph of his long-pursued plan of policy was complete. Austria found herself completely isolated. The interests of France and Russia, the sympathies of the English people, the jealousies of Prussia, stood arrayed against her; all won over to the Sardinian side by the restless diplomatic plotting and belaboring of popular opinion through Count Cavour. We do not by any means wish to imply that the Italian cause had no merits of its own, which had not previously engaged the sympathies of the European people against Austria. Our object is simply to show by what ingenuity the Sardinian Premier succeeded in enlisting the assistance or good-will of the cabinets, contrary to all precedent, on the side of the people and the revolution. It is this unique and, for the leader of so small a state, gigantic achievement, which assigns to Cavour his place as perhaps the most consummate statesman that ever lived.

Another phase of his statesmanship, not less remarkable and still more difficult than the first, began after the peace of Villafranca.

He had set the French empire in motion to march into Italy to drive out the Austrians. It was comparatively easy to get the French into Italy. The difficulty was to get them out again.

Louis Napoleon had certainly not gone to war, to use a French expression, *pour les beaux yeux* of Italy. If he drove *out* Austria, it was clearly in order to drive *in* the wedge of the French power. This was so clearly the object of the peace of Villafranca, that Cavour resigned, as a protest against the provisions of that treaty.

Austria remaining a member of the Italian Confederacy, and the Austrian princes being restored in the Duchies and Toscana, the condition of things would not have been materially different from what it was before the war, unless for the worse, inasmuch as, sooner or later, a war for the reconquest of Lombardy would have been inevitable.

In consequence of that treaty, then, the help of France had become more indispensable than ever for the existence of Sardinia and the independence of Italy. How to secure that help? It was insinuated that if the Italians would refuse to receive the returning Austrian princes in the Duchies and Tuscany, and take instead a Bonaparte prince to rule over all of those principalities together, united into one kingdom of Central Italy, they might for ever rely upon the assistance of France against Austria.

This was proposing them two masters instead of one. They had, however, fought for their national independence, and they determined to have it. As they had first appealed from Austria to France, so they now appealed from France to England. It was ultimately Lord John Russell, whose friendship the reader will remember Count Cavour had assiduously cultivated from the beginning, who made the spokesman for the Central Italians in their demand to be annexed to Sardinia, instead of becoming an appendage to France.

The use of force was out of the question. It would have raised against the Emperor, just then so strong in popularity as the liberator of Italy, the hatred of the Italians and the curse of the world, which powers, in conjunction with the power of England and Austria united against him, would have proved too strong a combination. After a six months' maneuvering, Napoleon had to yield up and to leave Cavour free to annex the Central Italians, including the Legations; in consideration whereof Savoy was conceded to France.

Cavour, now the victor of the French as he had been of the Austrians, seized the reins again, and the independence of Italy had made an immense step forward. Napoleon still retained his hold upon Italy by remaining the arbiter between Italy and the Pope. Cavour's assigned task for the next few years was to settle that Papal question while fusing the different provinces of his kingdom into one—both matters of great difficulty. They were enhanced by Garibaldi's conquest of Naples. There was no question for the patriot that such a moment for uniting the south of Italy with the north, and excluding foreign interference on the peninsula, might never come again. If Garibaldi had allowed all to return into the usual channels of diplomacy, centuries might have elapsed before another opportunity for so radical a change in the international proportions of Italy and Europe could have been effected; as—by way of parallel—centuries may pass before an opportunity like the present will turn up again for the people of the United States to settle the slavery question, and rid themselves for ever of the troubles inseparable from the union of two different societies under a form of government which is not adapted but for one of the two. The alternative for an American Cavour would be either to let the South go, or make provision now and here for the gradual abolition of slavery.

For the Italian Cavour the question was whether to accept the Italian South, knowing the difficulty of amalgamating two races into one empire which had hardly anything in common but the same written language and the geographical name of Italy. He could, however, not afford to set at defiance that public opinion which, as it had carried him so far, could alone carry him through to the completion of his mission of patriotism and liberty. He reluctantly accepted Naples from the hands of Garibaldi. Death overtook him in the midst of his labors of amalgamating it and the central provinces with the original nucleus of the little northern kingdom. It is consolatory to know that he died with an expression of confidence in the durability of his work, in spite of the enormous difficulties still to be overcome.

His premature death is undoubtedly owing to overexertion. Since Pitt no man worked so much. He never slept but four hours. In addition to his ministerial departments, of which he generally conducted two or three at a time, he occupied several important offices, such as that of Notary of the Crown, Postmaster-General, Vice-President of the Royal Insurance Company, member of the Municipal Council of Turin, of the Chamber of Commerce, etc., etc., none of which he allowed to be a sinecure for him. In addition to which official cares, he reserved to himself the exclusive management of his immense private fortune, which, as already observed, was successfully employed in a variety of agricultural and industrial enterprises, bearing in general the character of patriotic experiments.

The burden and care of such vast plans, responsibilities, and labors seemed not in any way to impair the inexhaustible vivacity and elasticity of the Count's mind. In society he displayed an uncommon degree of conversational powers, brilliant wit, the facility of chatting agreeably with everybody on every conceivable subject in various languages, Italian, French, English, and German—the latter less fluently.

But his proper place was in the Chamber on the ministerial bench. Says a German account: Bent backwards, fixing his opponent sternly, he follows his speech, now throwing in a caustic word, then exciting the hilarity of the Chamber by an ironical smile. Rarely he replies to the attacks of one of his adversaries singly. Only after all the speakers of the opposition have had their say, he rises for his defense, and combats all their objections and arguments in a body. Although he is wanting in fire and even in readiness of expression, he commands his audience by the energy of his thoughts, the rich variety of his illustrations, and the transparent clearness of his argument, which, whether borne along by humor or gravity, never fails of striking effect. Endowed with a wonderful memory, he is often heard developing in a three or four hours' speech the most complicated economical and financial questions without using a single note.

Count Cavour was of middle size, but firmly knit, active and short in his movements as in his conversation—commanding a naturally quick temper by intellectual self-control and diplomatic habit. His external appearance is sufficiently familiar to the reader from those photographical portraits which are in everybody's hands. There is nothing aristocratic in the expression of his countenance; but something very shrewd and withal ironical—in fact, one might take him for a member of Congress of the active and practical sort. He used to wear a black coat, without any kind of order or ribbon, and walk on foot through the street in company of some colleague or parliamentary friend. Having never been married, his fortune will pass over to a nephew, who is in the diplomatic service; his immediate political heir is Ricasoli; his body is placed in the sepulcher of the Royal family, whom he raised to the illustrious position of ancestors of the "King of Italy."

SUSANNA WESLEY.

BY REV. ROBERT M. HATFIELD.

When Macaulay said of John Wesley that "his eloquence and logical acuteness might have rendered him eminent in literature, that his genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu, and that he devoted all his powers in defiance of obloquy and derision to what he sincerely considered as the highest good of his species," he only did justice to the character and memory of the founder of Methodism. The fame of Wesley is immortal, the chaplet that inwreathes his brow is an amaranth that no time or change can stale or wither. He belongs to a class of men concerning whom a decree is registered in heaven that they shall be had in everlasting remembrance. We venture the prediction that the time will come when his mother will share largely in the honors conferred on her illustrious son. Isaac Taylor says that the mother of the Wesleys was the mother of Methodism. Whether, as the same author asserts, "mind is from the mother by a law of nature," we shall not attempt to determine; but it cannot be denied that in this instance the moral and intellectual traits of the mother were transmitted to the son. Susanna (Annesley) Wesley was the daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley, a Nonconformist minister of London. She was the youngest of a family of *twenty-five* children, and seems to have been the pet and favorite of her father. With natural endowments of a high order, and enjoying the best advantages for education, she gave early promise of the superior woman she afterwards became. Dr. Clarke, who wrote memoirs of the Wesley family, is eloquent and enthusiastic in describing her beauty as a girl, and her pre-eminence as a wife and mother. "Such a woman," he says, "I have not heard of, I have not read of, nor with her equal have I been acquainted." This is certainly complimentary to Mrs. Wesley—more so, we think, than to the wife and daughters of the venerable commentator. Susanna Annesley seems never to have suffered from diffidence or want of confidence in her own powers. Her father was a stanch Dissenter, and through long years labored and suffered for the Puritan cause. His daughter, when less than thirteen years old, went over the questions at issue between Dissenters and Churchmen, and decided the matter in favor of the Establishment and against her father and the church of his choice. This may have been all right and proper, but we confess to a slight regret that she did not defer this investigation for a few years. When about twenty years of age she was married to Samuel Wesley, who held a curacy in London worth about *one hundred and fifty dollars* a year. Here they remained for a year or two, and then removed to the parish of South Ormsby, when her husband's pitiful salary was slightly increased. In after years he wrote a letter to the Archbishop of York, in which he refers to his circumstances at this time, and says that for six or seven years together he did not receive more than *fifty pounds a year*, with an addition to his family of at least one child per annum. Their next removal was to Epworth, to the living of which Mr. Wesley had been presented by Queen Mary. While living at Epworth, and a year or two before the birth of John Wesley, an unaccountable incident broke in upon the usual harmony of the family. The worthy rector was after the straitest sect of his religion a High Churchman. One morning after family prayers he said to his wife, "Sukey, why did you not say amen to the prayer for the King?" "Because," she replied, "I do not believe the Prince of Orange to be King." "In that case," said he, "we must part." And part they did. Unable to bring his wife to his way of thinking, he left his house, went to London, and remained there for a year without seeing his family. At the end of that time the King died, and as Mrs. Wesley could now respond to the prayers of her husband with a good conscience, he returned to his home, and the harmony of the family was restored. We confess to an utter inability to understand how any sane man, with common sense, could indulge in such a freak of mulishness. Mr. Wesley was substantially a good man, but his infirmities were of a character to sorely try his wife. He was conscientious, and faithful as a preacher and pastor, but his peculiarities made him many enemies, and involved him in almost perpetual difficulties. It was the talents and piety of his wife that made the Epworth rectory a center of beneficent influences that have already blessed nations, and which are one day to bless the whole world. Mrs. Wesley was the mother of no less than *nineteen children*. Several of these died young, but her son speaks of the beautiful serenity with which his mother wrote, conversed, and transacted business when surrounded by "her thirteen children." Her husband was smitten with a mania for writing poetry, and between making sermons and "beating rhymes" he was so much occupied as to leave not only indoor affairs, but the management of the temporalities of the family, to his wife. And she "looked well to the ways of her household." During the whole of her married life the family was pinched and cramped with poverty. Her husband's salary at Epworth was nominally two hundred pounds a year, but it really amounted to less than two-thirds that sum. It was simply impossible to supply the reasonable wants of the family from resources so slender. There was a lack of the comforts of life, and on one occasion the husband and father was sent to jail for debts he was unable to pay. Their house was twice set on fire by enemies; in the first instance it was badly damaged, and on the second occasion burned to the ground with almost everything of value it contained. When it was rebuilt and the family occupied it again, they had, in the language of the father, "little more than Adam and Eve had when they first set up housekeeping." Referring to the circumstances of the family, Mrs. Wesley says: "Strictly speaking, I never did want bread; but then I had so much care to get it before it was eat, and so much care to pay for it after, as often made it very unpleasant to me. And I think to have bread on such terms is the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all." Nothing could be more beautiful than the fortitude with which Mrs. Wesley bore up against and struggled through the difficulties of her position. Living in a house that was unfinished and not half furnished, suffering for want of suitable food and clothing for herself and children, she did not despond or complain.

After enduring these trials for more than thirty years, she is heard saying that she has learned from the best observation she has been able to make, that it is "*much easier to be contented without riches than with them.*" In addition to her other responsibilities, she was the educator of her children, and gave six hours a day to the duties of the school-room. And she educated her children, using the word in its highest and best sense. Her success in certain of her efforts seems almost incredible. As an instance none of her children were allowed to cry aloud after they were a year old. How she prevented what she calls the "most odious noise" of the crying of children, we do not know and cannot guess, but the fact that she did prevent it rests on evidence that is not to be questioned. None of the children were taught to read before they were five years old, and then, with only one or two exceptions, each one learned the alphabet in a single day, and could read fluently within three months. Her system of education and discipline was one in which decision and tenderness were judiciously blended. And she enjoyed the high satisfaction of being surrounded by a family of children who were dutiful, affectionate, and pious. Yet these children—her dearest earthly joy—were to her a source of heaviness and sorrow of heart. She lived to follow nine of them to the grave. Several of her daughters were unhappily married. Referring to this subject in a letter to her brother, she says, in words wrung from the anguish of a mother's heart, "O brother! happy, thrice happy are you; happy is my sister that you buried your children in infancy, secure from temptation, secure from guilt, secure from want or shame, secure from the loss of friends. Believe me, it is better to mourn for ten children dead than one living, and I have buried many." God pity the poor mother who is compelled to feel that any tears can be more bitter than those that have fallen from her eyes upon the faces of her dead children! Mrs. Wesley declares that it was only the support of God's omnipotent goodness that sustained her under the burden that was laid upon her. It was in communion with the skies that she found the strength that enabled her to endure, as seeing him who is invisible. During her years of care and activity she found time to spend at least two hours in every day in secret devotion. She lived to a good old age, surviving her husband about seven years, and died as only the righteous die. Methodism and the whole Christian church should hold her memory in grateful remembrance for the influence she exerted in favor of lay preaching. It was only a few months before her death that Thomas Maxfield, one of John Wesley's helpers or exhorters, began to preach the Gospel in demonstration of the Spirit and with power. Mr Wesley, who was at Bristol, heard of this violation of church-order, and hastened to London to suppress it. On meeting his mother, she said to him, "My son, you know what my sentiments have been; you cannot suspect me of favoring readily anything of this kind. But I charge you before God, beware what you do, for Thomas Maxfield is as much called to preach the Gospel as ever you were. Examine the fruits of his preaching, and hear him also for yourself." Mr. Wesley, who venerated the character of his mother, and treated her judgment with the greatest respect, embraced an early opportunity to hear Maxfield preach, and came from the chapel saying, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." His prejudices against lay preaching were dispelled. Thomas Maxfield was welcomed to the work of the ministry, and encouraged as a son in the Gospel. It is wonderful that one at her time of life, devoted to the Established Church, and prejudiced against innovations upon his order, should have taken the liberal view and given the advice that she did. Not till the final consummation of all things will it be known how much the world owes to the mother of John and Charles Wesley.

ANOTHER GREAT ENGLISH LAWYER DEAD.—The grave has scarcely closed over the remains of the Lord Chancellor Campbell, before we hear of the death of another great English lawyer, Sir John Patteson. The event occurred at his country seat in Devonshire, on Friday, June 28th, at the ripe age of seventy-one years. His studies were superintended by the well-known Littledale. During the years of his practice, he took equal rank in his profession with such men as Sir James Scarlett, Lord Wenleysdale, Baron Alderson, and Lord Brougham. He was called to the Queen's Bench at the age of forty—which was considered a very youthful age for that post. He was specially versed in the principles of the common law of England.

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READY!

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"When Death calls the roll, always be ready to answer *Here!*" was the everyday motto of Cooper's famous trapper of the Prairie. There is a world of wisdom in the pithy maxim. It was the shrewd backwoodsman's paraphrase of a still wiser and holier maxim, "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." This is one of our Savior's aphorisms that will be always timely to the end of time. Every one admits its truth. Every one will admit the necessity of preparation for death. And yet there may be many a reader of these columns, who is within a few months, or even a few weeks of the eternal world, and yet has a very indistinct idea of what constitutes a fit preparation for death. Perhaps the following brief questions may aid those who are sincerely desirous not to be found wanting when the grim messenger—in the trapper's expressive phrase—"calls the roll."

1. Is your business in the right state to be left? We do not mean, is every honest debt paid? for it is hardly possible for even the most careful merchant or mechanic to so manage his affairs as to be entirely free from even the smallest obligations. But we do mean that every man should endeavor, as a matter of conscience, to keep his affairs in such a well-ordered state, that if death should meet him in the rail-car, or smite him from the summer-cloud, his creditors should not suffer the *unjust* loss of a single farthing. Nor should his executors be obliged to wade through a quagmire of confusion in order to arrive at an accurate knowledge of his estate, and its indebtedness. It is no more honest to cheat our fellow-men from our coffins than to cheat them while we are alive. The debt I bequeath to my family or my executors is just as binding as the note that to-day lies in the bank with my signature on its face. It is hardly worthy of a Christian manhood to "take the benefit of the act" by creeping into one's sepulcher. Let us see to it that no reproaches of the wronged and the defrauded are ever heard above our sleeping dust.

2. Have you made your will? Some men are absolutely afraid to make their wills, lest death should overhear the scratch of the pen, and be the sooner in his summons to them to lay down the pen for ever. This is a strange and yet a very common superstition. Many a man dreads to draw up a will as if it were the signing of his own death-warrant. We will waste no words on such preposterous folly. Make a will, my friend! if you have no more property to devise than had that poor minister of Christ who sat down and wrote, "I bequeath to my darling wife my Bible and my sermons and my few books; to my dear children I bequeath these words, *I have been young and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread.*" The first provision in a good man's will should be for those whom God has made fairly *dependent* on him. Healthy and well-educated children do not always, of necessity, belong to this class. But infirm parents and bedridden kinsfolk commonly do. When we have provided for all who have an honest claim on our posthumous support, then it is wisest to make Christ our largest legatee. Whatever you leave to your children may be squandered; and in such a way too as to squander their moral character. But whatever you give to Jesus Christ, for the support of his enterprises of heaven-born charity, never can be lost. Christians—ay, and impenitent worldlings too—ought to remember that their wills are not only to be recorded in the surrogate's office, but in those books which will be opened on the day of judgment. Give everything you can spare to the Lord while you live; and leave him the rest when you die. It will be a blessed thing to have some well-trained orphan, or liberated slave, or Christianized outcast, come and plant roses on our tomb, and say with grateful tears, "Here lies one who cared for my soul."

3. Are you forgiven?

We do not refer now to such unhappy griefs or injuries as you may have thoughtlessly or intentionally inflicted on your fellow-men. Let not the sun of life go down on such wrongs unatoned. Let no injuries or harsh words unrepaired be buried with you in your coffin. It will be enough to make the nettles grow out of the greensward that covers your ashes.

But we refer especially at present to that forgiveness that you are to seek through the mediation of the Savior. Friend! you *need forgiveness.* That long hideous catalogue of sins; not mere mistakes, not mere slips of the hand and tongue, not mere infirmities, but sins black as midnight in God's view, they must be forgiven or you are lost. Those evil words that ought to have blistered the mouth that uttered them—those ungrateful deeds flung back into the face of heavenly love—those breakings of God's holy law—those profaned Sabbaths, and lost opportunities for saving souls—those woundings of Christ and grievings of the Spirit—those sins so exceeding sinful, have they been blotted out? The path of pardon you probably know. It leads to the cross of Christ. "Through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins." In the pages of my Bible I read, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Have you made honest confession of your offenses against God? Have you clenched the sincerity of your confession by abandoning all discovered sin, and by refusing any quarter to your dearest lusts? Have you earnestly and believingly sought pardon through the atoning Savior? Then do not distress yourself about any "*unpardonable* sin." There will be none such standing against you on God's book. For he has pledged himself to forgive every sin that you repent of in the name of Christ, and which you abandon to please your Redeemer. Blessed is the man whose transgressions are covered! Blessed is the man to whom God imputeth not sin!

4. Our last test-question is, Are you regenerate? Have you a new heart? Have you had a new spiritual disposition implanted within you by the Holy Ghost? To the troubled Nicodemus Jesus said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." The new birth is an event of which a man is conscious. The very hour in which divine grace wrought the great change may not be always a well-defined date in the memory. But the change itself, the transfer of the affections from the things of earth to God, the incoming of new feelings, new aims, and new hopes, are quite as distinct matters of consciousness as the joy of meeting a returning child or the pang of parting from a parent. If you are a child of God, you ought to know it. And from your character and conduct, other people too ought to recognize the fact. Are you thus regenerate? Do not deem us impertinent or intrusive in pressing the question. For "except a man be converted, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.

Many other important questions might be started. But if you can give a prompt unhesitating *Yes* to the above-named interrogations, then fear not to hear your own name in the fatal roll call. You are ready to answer "Here!" You need not to be either ashamed or afraid to make your appearance at the door of your Father's house. That door will open to you with an "abundant entrance." You will need to shed no tears on your dying-bed. In view of parting with life you may say, with one of England's sweet singers:

"Life! we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not *good-night*; but in that happier clime,
Bid me *good-morning*."

Family Reading.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

I.

Last night the elements at strife,
Marshaled the armies of the sky;
The thunder-drum, and wailing fife
Of tempests, shook the heavens on high.
The starry banner of the night,
Though lost in battle's thick'ning cloud,
Behind the rampart shed its light,
When reared the black artillery loud.

II.

From booming mortars in the air,
Peal after peal thrilled earth and sky;
And the red lightnings sabered there
The wind-winged rebel hosts that fly.
The cloud broke like a bursting shell,
And deluged the dry earth with rain;
The sky toiled like a funeral bell,
For bleeding nations torn and slain.

III.

The morning, like a maiden fair,
Came smiling from her gates of gold:
Fragrance and music filled the air,
And swollen streams in raptures rolled.
So, when the storms of war shall cease,
And morning stars come shining through,
The overarching sky of peace
Shall fold us in its arms of blue.

Fort Plain, June, 1861.

GETTING MAD DOESN'T HELP IT.

"I CAN'T thread the old thing any way! There, go to grass, you mean old needle!"

The speaker was Frederick Welton, or, as he was sometimes called, "Fidgety Fred." It was about an hour before school in the morning, and he was sitting upon the steps of the school-house, preparing to cover his ball. The cover was cut out, and the holes pricked all ready for sewing, and he had been trying to thread his needle in order to sew it.

"I don't care," he continued, "this is the meanest thread I ever saw; it won't go in any way! There, take that, you old stuff!" and he exerted all his strength and broke it to pieces, and sent it into the grass after the needle.

"What are you laughing at, Norman Fitch?" said he, as he turned around and saw that schoolmate, who had just come up, with his slate and algebra under his arm, and was indulging in rather a broad smile.

"I was amused," said Norman, "to see how nicely you have punished your needle and thread for their willful obstinacy in not threading as good, obedient needles and thread should do."

"Well," said Fred, "what would *you* do about it?"

"I think," replied Norman, speaking very soberly and slowly, "that I should take the thread and tie the needle up to this little maple, and then cut a good switch from that lilac bush, and whip them both soundly until they promised to do better. Then I would untie them, and, putting my hands in my pockets, watch them come together amicably and thread themselves."

"Come, now," said Fred, "you are joking."

"Joking! Never more sober in my life."

"Well, then," said Fred, "stop being 'sober,' and tell a fellow honestly what you would do if you had tried a dozen times, and couldn't get the old thing in."

"Try a dozen times more, if the 'old thing' didn't conclude to 'go in' before. But now I have answered your question, you must answer me one. Suppose you wished to go to the top of a ladder, and, after you had stepped up round after round 'a dozen times,' should find you were not at the top of the 'old thing' yet, what would you do about it?"

"Why, go ahead till I did get there. What do you suppose, you goose you?"

"I should suppose," said Norman, again looking very sober and demure, "that you would conclude to 'get mad,' and tumble off and break your leg or neck!"

"Why," said Fred, "that wouldn't help the matter any."

"Well, then, perhaps it would be better to get an ax and smash out six or eight rounds of the ladder—the mean 'old thing!'"

"That wouldn't help it either."

"Just about as much as it helped thread the needle to break this thread all to pieces," said Norman, as he picked up a piece, and held it up to illustrate.

"Well, I can't help it, I always get out of patience, and I believe you would too. Come, I should just like to see you thread this needle so famously."

"First *catch* your fish," said Norman, quoting from the funny old recipe for cooking trout. "I couldn't very well thread it since it is lying in the grass in a 'promiscuous way' some twenty feet from here. And, by the way, how are you going to sew on your cover, now that you have lost your needle and broken your thread?"

"Sure enough, how shall I? I'll tell you," said he, after thinking a moment, "I'll sew it with waxed ends. They'll be better than thread, at any rate. Come on, let's go down to Uncle Moses's shop and get some."

"Very well," said Norman, as they started off together, "only I'm afraid you'll get out of patience with the 'old things' more than a 'dozen times' before you finish sewing your cover. It's somewhat like threading a needle every time you put one through a hole. So you must look out."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Fred, very decidedly, "I wish I wasn't just as I am. If I try to do anything a few times and don't succeed, I get fidgety and let it go, or else get mad and spoil it all. Now there's the example in our lesson for to-day, 'x plus 17y, divided by 9, equals 41 minus'—I don't know what all. I worked it through, and looked over my work four times, and then I got mad, as usual, and rubbed it all out. How is it that you always have all of your examples?"

"Because if four times will not do, I try five times, just as I did with this very example; and here it is on my slate now. The trouble was with the minus sign before the fraction in the second member."

"Well," continued Fred, "then, there was the 25th, about the man and his wife (lovely couple) who 'could drink a four-gallon keg of cider in twenty-one days, and the man alone in thirty-six,' and so on, you know. I got stuck on that too, and then I thought if algebra wouldn't get it, perhaps drawing would; and so made a picture of the affectionate husband holding up the big old keg for his lovely spouse (her nose wasn't more than four inches long) to 'imbibe' from the faucet! Then I wrote over it, in big letters, 'Problem 25,' and passed it around among the boys. Didn't they laugh though! But just as it came back, and I was going to rub it out, Mr. Norton laid his hand on my shoulder and said 'Let me see it too.' Didn't I jump, though! These mean old velvet slippers of his! If he'd only wear boots, a fellow could tell when he was coming. I expected to 'catch it,' as the boys say; but it was so comic, (for I can make pictures, if nothing else,) that he had to laugh himself, and only said, 'Such pictures are more appropriate for recess than for school hours. Try to remember it, Frederick.' And you, poor fellow, were digging so hard on the said 25th that you didn't see any of the fun."

Just as Frederick finished his story, they came to a little sign hanging over the sidewalk, on which were painted the words MOSES GRANT, and the picture of a boot and shoe. So the boys entered the shop.

Mr. Grant, or Uncle Moses, as he was frequently called, was a pleasant-looking little old man, with short gray hair sticking up straight all over his head, very small ears, a very large nose, which seemed to have all it could do to hold up an immense pair of iron-bowed spectacles. Behind the latter incessantly twinkled two of the brightest little black eyes. Nothing else was particularly noticeable, except that he had but one real leg, the other being a wooden one, which did not seem very well adapted to holding a boot or lapstone. He made it answer, however, by laying it upon a kind of stool made on purpose.

"Good morning, boys," said he, as they entered his shop. "And what can I do to make you feel better to-day?"

"Good morning, Mr. Grant," said Frederick. "We came to see if you would give us some waxed ends to sew the cover on to this ball."

"To be sure I will," said he. "That's jest what I save my spare ends for. But if you a'n't in any great hurry, jest set down a minute till I finish about a dozen stitches in this botheratious place."

So the boys sat down and watched him. He was at work on a sewed boot, stitching the "welt" and "upper" to the "insole" in the hollow part of the foot. The upper leather must be drawn very tightly, and when he had put the awl through the three thicknesses, and taken it out, the leather would draw back, so that the three holes were not in range, and the bristle of the waxed end would not go through. Then he would put the awl through again, and try again; then, perhaps, he would bend the bristle, and try once more. Sometimes he would succeed at once, and then perhaps he would have to try over and over again. The boys watched him until they thought it was indeed, as he had said, "botheratious" work. Freddy began to sit uneasily in his chair, as if out of patience himself.

"Well, I do *declare!*" said he, at length, "I should think you would get out of all manner of patience with that boot, Mr. Grant."

"Why, what good would that do, Freddy?" said he, laying down his awl, and looking up at him.

"I don't know, I'm sure, but I should be apt to try it."

"I can tell you just what good it would do. It wouldn't do *any* good at all. You've got to stan' it, any way. Now, I suppose if I was to get up and kick the boot around the shop three or four times, it wouldn't help the matter none."

The boys both laughed to think of Uncle Moses kicking the boot about the floor, and hobbling after it on his wooden leg. He laughed a little, too,—perhaps for the same reason.

"I suppose it is just as you say, but a fellow doesn't always stop to think," said Freddy. "If the comb sticks in my hair, first I know I give it a jerk, and out come half a dozen teeth;—makes what the teacher calls a 'hiatus,' you know. Reckon I could show you a few such combs. The other day I tried to teach Carlo to stand on his hind legs—so cunning, you know—as Bobby Morse's dog does. But the little scamp didn't seem to 'appreciate the benefits of a liberal education,' and wouldn't do it. So I cuffed his ears soundly, and sent him yelping to the barn. Poor little fellow! I was sorry for him as soon as I got over being mad. Then the other day the sheep got into the orchard, and father sent me to drive them out. I got them up to the bars, and there they stopped to meditate whether it was best to go on. First they smelt of the bars, then they looked up and then down; then on one side and then on the other; and then they said Ba—a—a—a, and looked around to see how I felt about it. I felt mad, as usual, by that time, and so I pitched into them, swinging my hat, and shouting *shoo*, and throwing sticks and stones, and ——"

"Then, I suppose, they scattered as fast as they could run, all over the orchard, and it took half an hour's hard running to get them back again."

"Yes, sir, that was just what it did. But how is a fellow to help himself? Now, Mr. Grant, I don't suppose you know anything about how any one feels. You never felt like getting angry, did you? Father says you might have been called Job as well as Moses, for you are the patientest as well as meekest man in town. He says you haven't been known to get angry for forty years."

"Freddy," said Mr. Grant, "when I was a boy I had a *dreadful* temper."

"Why, Mr. Grant!" exclaimed both boys at once.

"I did," he continued; "I used to get dreadfully angry at anything and everything. I have thrown brickbats at my own brother, when I was mad enough to wish they would kill him. Once I chased him around the house with a sharp ax. He rushed in at the front door and bolted it, and I was so angry, that when I found I could not open it, I just struck the sharp ax upon the stone step with all my might, and spoiled it. My father whipped me as I deserved, but it didn't do any good."

"But how did you ever get over having such a temper?" asked both boys.

"God gave me two lessons, and they did the business well."

"Will you please tell us what the lessons were?" said Freddy.

"Yes, Freddy, I will; and I only wish the telling might do you as much good as the lessons themselves did me.

"One day I was going out through the wood-shed with a saw and hammer in my hand, to build a coop for my favorite old hen, that had just hatched a fine brood of chickens. I found one of the chickens in the shed, trying to get over the door-sill to its mother and the rest of the chickens. So I took the little fellow up to help him. He screamed at being lifted so high, and old Biddy, thinking I was killing it, flew up into my face to defend it. I was dreadfully angry in an instant, and by the time old Biddy reached the ground I had sent the hammer after her with all my might, and it hit her. Poor Biddy fluttered once or twice, then the red blood poured out of her mouth, and she lay over upon her side—dead!

"Oh, how I felt! I could do nothing but go crying to my mother. She did not whip me. I only wished she would, for then I thought I should feel better, and as if it was settled. No, she just had me get a basket and go with her, and we picked up the poor little frightened chickens and put them in it, and covered them up with a blanket, so that they might think it was their mother's wings; and then she sat down on the wood-shed steps, where we could see poor dead Biddy, and hear the poor little chickens peep,—she sat right down there and drew me up close to her bosom, and burst right out crying. She couldn't help it anyways, you see. Then she called me her darling boy, and asked me how I would feel if some great giant should pick me up to carry me off, and then when my mother tried to save me because I cried for help, should kill her with a great hammer. And then she told me she didn't know what would become of me if I didn't conquer my temper, and that, perhaps the next time, the hammer would kill my own brother; and reminded me of the time I had chased him with a sharp ax; and so she talked with me a long time, and finally she took me to her room, and knelt down with me, and prayed God to forgive me, and give me a new heart, and make me a better boy. Then I cried nearly all the afternoon, and when I went to bed I cried myself to sleep, and dreamed all night about poor old dead Biddy and the little chickens. I tell you, boys, I never felt so bad about anything in all my life.

[Fred had been blowing his nose in rather a suspicious way for some time, and finally had to go to the door to wipe his eyes, under pretense of looking at a carriage.]

"Well," continued Mr. Grant, drawing his shirt-sleeve hastily across his eyes, perhaps for the same reason that Fred went to look at the carriage, "I didn't get angry again, or at least didn't show it, for a long time. My mother had told me that when I was angry there were two ways by which it could get out—one by my tongue, in bad words, and one by my hands, in bad deeds—and that I must watch both doors, and pray God to help me. So when I felt like getting angry, I would just seize one hand with the other, and say, 'Now right hand hold on to that left hand;' and then bite my tongue with my teeth till I got over it.

"But after two or three years I began to forget old Biddy and to get angry once in a while; and I don't know but I should have been as bad as ever soon, but I got my second lesson just then. I can't tell you all about it now, but that was the time I lost my leg. I shouldn't have been hobbling about on this old concern," said he, sticking his awl into his wooden member, "if I hadn't got mad that time, and the losing the leg was the second lesson. I suffered some considerable, and while I was getting well I had a good time to think. I read about Moses being forbidden to enter the promised land, on account of getting angry once, and about the Lord's asking Jonah 'Doest thou well to be angry?' and I made up my mind that *getting mad doesn't pay*—say nothing about the wickedness of it—that if never had been very profitable business, and wasn't likely to be for me. And God blessed me and, I think, made me a Christian. My mother took the kindest care of me. I expected all the time that she was going to say something about my temper, but I suppose she thought the Lord had undertaken the job of curing it, and that it couldn't be in better hands. He made thorough work of it, and since that time nobody ever saw me angry. Here, Freddy, are your waxed ends"—he had been sorting them out while he talked—"see if you can sew your cover on without once getting out of patience. It's foolish to get mad at such things, and wicked, too; but it's dreadful to get mad at dogs and horses and other poor dumb beasts, and abuse them as some folks do. You wouldn't like to have your temper cured as mine was? No? Well, then, try my way. I call it *faith* and *works*. Praying is the *faith*, and holding the hands and biting the tongue is the *works*. And they make a good team together. Good morning, boys."

Collamer, O. W. I. C.

TWOFOLD OPERATION OF CONSCIENCE.

WHEN an act is contrary to a just law, the transgressor does not feel himself guilty if he could not by any means have knowledge of the law. On the other hand, if he supposes himself to be violating a law when indeed there is none, he feels himself guilty for the intention. For these reasons it has been assumed in moral science that right and wrong reside wholly in the intention, and that conscience has respect exclusively to the intention. It may be presumptuous to question a principle which with recent moralists is so well established; but it seems to me to need amendment to accord with the general consciousness, and I beg to submit the question for consideration.

It is true that the conscience does not charge us with guilt when we intend no wrong; but does it not feel distress more or less poignant at the discovery of unintentional violations of any just law? A soon as the law is made known the moral sense approves of it, and immediately we feel a corresponding degree of chagrin, clearly distinguishable to be sure from a sense of guilt, but which can be traced to nothing else but the conscience, a moral affliction analogous to what the artist feels when he discovers his violation of the rules of his art, or to any other mortified sentiment or sensibility of the heart. In keeping with this, do we not often feel a sympathetic moral affliction in contemplating the moral mistakes of others?

But what has most impressed me with this operation of the conscience is the disturbance we experience at the presence of certain passions and tempers in the mind, even when we allow them no control over words or deeds. It is certain we do not blame ourselves for tempers which are natural to us, and are, like the tides of the ocean, involuntary in their operation; but though we do not feel guilty when we resist these impulses to wrong overt action, but even meritorious for a successful resistance, still we feel morally degraded by such traits of character. The same may be said of certain thoughts. We feel that they are evil thoughts, and we are distressed by them, particularly when they are frequently or habitually engendered in our minds, and not directly suggested by others, or by unusual events. This distress is traceable only to the conscience, which is offended by these mental phenomena, with which the will has nothing to do except to resist.

The double sense of the words right and wrong reveals the common sense of mankind on this subject. We often say a man has done wrong, though he intended right; he is wrong in one sense, but he is not wrong in another sense. If this view be correct, conscience presides over our whole nature in all its phenomena, approving or disapproving every thought and feeling, volition and action. *Its judgments upon involuntary experiences are diverse from its judgments upon those which have the consent of the will; but they are none the less judgments of conscience, and determine in the broadest sense our moral character.* The bearing of this distinction upon questions of theology, as of depravity, repentance, conversion, sanctification, and especially of the harmony of theology and moral science, I forbear to suggest, wishing the question to be considered on purely psychological grounds.—*C. K. True.*

BERTHA SPINNING.

BY TASSO COREEN, ESQ.

"Oh! Bertha, at thy spinning-wheel,
Let fall the twirling thread;
Turn round on me thy goddess head,
And make my thrilling senses reel:
Bertha, with thy soul
Healthy, sweet, and whole!

And Bertha stood awhile aghast,
With tender, downcast eyes:
Then stifled all her maiden sighs,
And to the busy wheel clung fast:
Bertha, with her soul
Healthy, sweet, and whole!

But when the fleecy rolls all spun,
She placed her hand in mine,
I could her meaning well divine;
I knew that day a bride was won:
Bertha, with her soul
Healthy, sweet, and whole!

Half-crazy with delight I went,
One happy autumn day,
And took a queenly wife away
Trembling with sweet bewilderment:
Bertha, with her soul
Healthy, sweet, and whole!

"Oh! Bertha, leave thy wheel again,
And bless me with thine eyes;
Thou tak'st me to the very skies,
When weary from the haunts of men.
Bertha, with thy soul
Healthy, sweet, and whole!"

The Great Conspiracy,

AND ENGLAND'S NEUTRALITY.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT MT. KISCO, NEW YORK, ON THE 4TH OF JULY, 1861, THE 86TH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

BY

JOHN JAY, Esq.

MY FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: We have assembled to celebrate the eighty-sixth birthday of American Independence, and we come together under circumstances that seem to make us contemporaries and co-actors, as it were, with our fathers of the Revolution. The crisis which they met, and which their heroism decided after a seven years' war with Great Britain, again meets us face to face. The early scenes of their struggle for constitutional liberty have found in our recent experience a historical parallel of even chronological exactness.

The blood of Massachusetts, shed at Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775, was not shed more gloriously than that of the sons of the same old commonwealth, who, marching by our national highway to the defense of our common capital, were slain at Baltimore on the 19th of April, 1861.

The midnight ride of Paul Revere, famed in history and song, rousing the sleepers as he passed to hasten to defend their country, created no deeper sensation among its then citizens of that day than did our electric wires flashing far and wide the news of the assault on Sumpter and the massacre at Baltimore, and thrilling with a simultaneous burst of sympathy the loyal heart of the American people.

On the 4th of July, 1776, the Congress that met in the State House at Philadelphia approved the solemn instrument that declared the independence of the American colonies, and announced to the world the birth of a nation. Eighty-five years have rolled by; the actors in that eventful scene have long since gone to their graves; their names belong to history; their sons have grown to manhood and age and have followed them to the unseen world; and we of the third and fourth generation occupy the stage they trod, and represent the nationality which then was born. Eighty-five years of almost uninterrupted prosperity and unexampled growth! eighty-five years of culture and experience in a century of progress such as the world has never seen before! eighty-five years of thoughtful reflection on the character of the men who laid the foundation of our national glory and of the broad principles of right on which they based the edifice of American freedom!

Those years have passed; their results are written on the map of America, on the page of history, and to-day, the 4th of July, 1861, the American people assemble again at the call of the President at the capital bearing the name of Washington, to meet the question, whether the republic is to be maintained in its integrity with the Constitution proclaimed by Washington based on the will of the majority, or whether it is to be sundered and shattered by a defeated faction that sets at defiance the will of the people, and would trample the Constitution in the dust.

If ever the spirits of the departed are permitted to revisit the scenes they loved, and hover like angels around the steps of their successors, we may suppose that Hancock and the Adamses, Sherman, Carroll of Carrollton, Livingston, Jefferson and Franklin, Robert and Lewis Morris, Wilson and Rush, and all their noble compeers, look down from heaven in this hour upon the Congress at Washington: and God grant that the sturdy spirit which inspired the first Congress may equally inspire the last!

"Whatever may be our fate," said John Adams, with prophetic vision, after the adoption of the Declaration, "be assured that this Declaration will be maintained: it may cost blood, but it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivities, with bonfires, with illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe this hour is come. And I think I am ready for it. But if I am not for in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it, and I leave off as I began, that live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment—Independence now, and independence for ever!"

The integrity and independence of our country are again in peril, and to-day the issue is with us. We come together now, not as in past years, to rejoice over a national deliverance bounded in its extent, peopled by countrymen differing it may be in their views and institutions but united in loyalty and affection, at peace in their own borders, and with the great arm of the Union protecting its citizens alike on sea or land, at home or in foreign climes. But we meet in sadness to overlook a divided nation, and to listen to the tramp of martial forces nearer than ever before trod the soil of America: the one army bearing proudly aloft the Stars and Stripes, and keeping step to the music of the Union; the other grasping the banner of rebellion and the black flag of piracy, proclaiming death to the Constitution and the Union, and ruin to the commerce of the republic.

Several months have passed, and one-fourth of our whole number, profess to have resumed their sovereignty, as they express it, in terms, from the Federal Union; and certain persons professing to act in their name, have extemporized what they call the Southern Confederacy, elected a President, Jefferson Davis, and a Vice-President, Alexander H. Stephens, organized an army, issued letters of marque, and declared war on the people and the Government of the United States: and they have publicly announced, through Walker, the Secretary of Davis, their intention of speedily seizing our capital at Washington, with its national archives and muniments of title.

To meet the rebel force arrayed against the capital, President Lincoln has called upon the loyal states, and at the word, fresh from the plow, the loom, and the work-shop, from college seats and the professor's chair, from the bar, the pulpit, and the counting-house, fresh from every department of American industry, the army of the Union is in the field, and the world awaits the impending issue. Europe looks on with undisguised and wondering interest, and while France and Germany seem instinctively to appreciate our situation, the British cabinet and the British press have strangely blundered, and have muttered something as if we do not understand, about "rights of belligerents," "a wicked war," and the "bursting of the bubble of democracy."

Such, in brief, is our position at home and abroad, and this day is destined to be memorable—perhaps as memorable in history as that which we have met to celebrate. The action of the Congress now assembled will decide whether the national independence established against the united strength of the British empire in the '76 is to fall ignominiously before the attacks of a rebel minority of our own countrymen in '61.

It is to decide the question whether in the next century our descendants shall refer to the 4th of July as the forgotten birthday of an extinct republic, or whether, when we shall sleep with our fathers and our children shall slumber by our side, their grandsons shall meet as we do this day to bless our memories as we bless those of our Revolutionary sires: to spread to the breeze from the Atlantic to the Pacific, on every hillside and in every valley, the flag of our Union, the stars and stripes that we so proudly love, and join their voices in swelling the cry of Adams—"Independence now, and independence for ever!"

While the great issue, the success or failure of the American experiment, the continuance of our Union or its disintegration, rests immediately with the President and with Congress, it rests in an almost equal degree upon each one of us. The American people are at once citizens and sovereigns—the fountain and source of the supreme authority of the land, and to us, the people, will our servants in Congress naturally and properly look for guidance in this extremity. Already have you seen how fairly an honest executive represents the sentiments of the majority of his countrymen, availing himself of their counsels, gathering strength from their energy and determination, and so directing the Government that its action keeps time to the beating of the national pulse. Already in response to the nation's call has the national Government arisen in gigantic strength from the depths of inactivity in which it had fallen, in a position of grandeur, dignity, and power, which has silenced the half-uttered sarcasms of European deprecators about the internal weakness of popular institutions.

Most of you—perhaps all of you—have made up your minds deliberately, intelligently, and dispassionately in regard to your duty; and it is a general and proper sentiment among us that this is a time for energetic action, not for discussion. But still as I am here, honored by your appointment to the post of duty befitting the occasion, I think you will permit me, if indeed you do no regard it as my especial province, to speak frankly of our present duty: to say something of the great theme which engrosses the nation; of which we think when we rise in the morning and when we retire at night, as we go to our work and return to our meals, when we open the morning paper for news and close it for reflection, when we kneel at the family altar and by our own bedsides—the one great overwhelming subject, the issue of the rebellion, the destiny of our country.

Revolutionary Memories of Westchester.

I can speak to you about it more familiarly, perhaps, than I should speak to strangers, for you are familiar with the whole matter; you know by heart the history of the Revolutionary war in which the county of Westchester bore from the beginning so prominent a part; and from boyhood our thoughts and associations have been intimately connected with the facts of our colonial dependence and the incidents that marked the struggle by which that dependence was at length terminated. Let me refer for an instant to some of the local memories which linger all around us. On the eagle's nest Connecticut which juts into the state of New York, o'ee by this town of Newcastle, stands the boundary rock, still bearing the initials "G. R.," brief memento of King George III., whose sovereignty over our fathers, loyal subjects though they were, and backed by the fleets and armies of Great Britain, faded before the steadfastness of their resistance to unconstitutional usurpation.

New York in '76 being selected by the British as the center of their operations, commanding, as they did, the Hudson river, and acting in connection with a force from Canada, their march into Westchester was designed to control the two principal routes to New England, by the way of Rye and Bedford, and so cut off the American army from its Eastern supplies. Washington, penetrating their designs, skillfully conducted his forces northwardly from King's Bridge, moving in a line parallel with the British, keeping a little in advance, facing them constantly with the Bronx in his front, the banks of he stream being fortified in convenient places.

I need not remind you of the battle of White Plains on the 28th October, 1776, where Alexander Hamilton distinguished himself as a captain of artillery, nor of the hights of Newcastle, to which Washington repaired after the battle. At Bedford, where we hold our farms under Indian titles, bearing the mark of Katonah Sagamore, that were confirmed by patent of Queen Anne, some houses were burned in '79 by Lieut.-Colonel Tarlton, heading a detachment of the Queen's Rangers, as related in his dispatch to Sir Guy Carleton. At Poundridge and Hitching's Corner occurred bloody skirmishes. Then, there are near by us Mile-square, where the Americans kept a strong guard; Pines Bridge, which served as the principal communication between the hostile lines, and where Enoch Crosby, the Westchester spy—known to all readers of our great novelist as Harvey Birch—commenced his career of secret service; King's Bridge, the barrier of the British lines on the Harlem river, commanded in New York by Lord Cathcart, where the Cowboys made their rendezvous when they had plundered the surrounding lakes, and where a battle was fought between the Continentals and the Hessians. Indeed, the whole of the "neutral ground," so poetically described by Cooper, extending to the Croton, the banks of the Hudson, Northcastle, and Salem, connected with the sad drama of Andre, and the still recently unsurpassed treason of Arnold, all abound with Revolutionary incidents; not forgetting Valentine's Hill at Mile-square, where Washington was encamped in '76, Sir William Erskine in '78, and where in '82, as Mr. Bolton tel's us, a grand feray was made with some 6,000 men by Sir Guy Carleton in person, attended among other officers of note by the young Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the Fourth.

Dwelling as you do amid scenes so suggestive, there should be no traitors in Westchester, unless indeed they are the descendants of the Cowboys and Skinners, those pests of the Revolution, who sweat at once at the bugle sound of any loyal circular; and if any traitors should again be found in our borders—men ready for their own selfish interests to betray either the national principles or the national integrity that our fathers bought for us at so great a price, do some of you remember that when the "Cowboy oak" yet stands near Yonkers, on which their traitorous ancestors were suspended with "a short shrift and a sure cord," and that equally patriotic oaks in every part of Westchester lead forth their broad arms ready to perform for our country, should its safety at any time unhappily demand it, the same excellent service.

Unconstitutionality of Secession.

You are familiar also with the history of our Constitution, and with those marked lines of distinction between the authority of the states and that of the Federal Government, which to some of the statesmen and authors of England seem so difficult of comprehension, and in regard to which, perhaps naturally enough, they occasionally fall into blunders, which unfortunately are not always as harmless as the droll liberties they are accustomed to take with our history, our geography, and our nomenclature.

If ever the constitutional history of America shall receive in the education of English gentlemen a tithe of the attention bestowed on the constitutions of Greece and Rome, or a share of that devoted to the fabulous heroes, the gods, and goddesses of classic mythology, the British mind may occasionally find a familiarity with our institutions of no slight value, especially if it shall save them from rashly interrupting the cordial friendship of a kindred people.

The such knowledge here, makes us perhaps more ready to remark the want of it in foreign critics. Dr. Franklin said during the last century, and the progress of education and improvements in our newspapers have made the remark more true of the present than of that period, "We are more thoroughly an enlightened people, with regard to our political interests, than perhaps any other under heaven."

You remember that in 1774 the members of the first Congress at Philadelphia, on behalf of their constituents, many republics, entered into certain articles of association "under the sacred ties of virtue, honor, and love of country." That in 1778 the states united in a confederacy, or what they called "a firm league of friendship with each other," under the title of the United States, and that under this league made by the states they continued until 1789, when, "in order to form a more perfect union"—not the states—but "We the people of the United States" ordained and established the present Federal Constitution. You remember that from the date of the peace in '83, when we were a mere league of petty sovereignties, we sank rapidly, in the words of Mr. Motley, whose conclusive essay in *The London Times* has enlightened Europe, "into a condition of utter impotence, imbecility, and anarchy," which nothing but the war saved us from rescued from it by "The Constitution of the United States," which made us, in every sense, one nation—with one supreme Government, although, for convenience, we retained the plural title under which we had achieved our independence of "The United States."

Any argument, therefore, addressed to you upon the constitutional right, alleged by the rebels, of a state to secede from the Union, would be quite superfluous. We do not recognize the talk of state sovereignty as it liked them, because ours is a free country, and, in ordinary times, the utmost liberty of speech is permissible, but the attempt to establish such a principle, which Washington, as if foreseeing the evil it has assisted to bring forth, denounced it as "that monster, state sovereignty," Webster and Jackson successively demolished it, and the argument now insidiously advanced by leaders of the rebel states, that, in seceding from the Union and seizing its property, they are only exercising their reserved rights under the Constitution, is one which to every intelligent and loyal American carries with it its own refutation.

The man who attaches to it the weight of a feather, is either singularly ignorant of American history, or his reasoning powers are hopelessly perverted.

False Pretenses of the Rebels.

The rebels, despite their pretended plea of constitutional right, virtually admit its groundlessness, and fall back on the right of revolution. That is a right which no American can deny, when the causes of justification are sufficient. The action of the rebel and revolutionist has no terror for us who remember that Washington and our ancestors occupied the position of both the one and the other.

All then depends upon the reality and sufficiency of the assigned causes of this attempt at revolution. Are they such as to justify the effort to break in pieces the American Union? to destroy this last experiment of popular government?

These arguments of the rebel leaders and their friends to show that the Federal Government and the loyal states should quietly allow them to depart and form a separate confederacy are these:

That the rebellion or revolution is the act of the people of those states exercising their sovereign will.

That they have been compelled to this step in self-defense by the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the refusal of certain Northern states to fulfill the constitutional obligation of returning fugitive slaves.

That the present position of the rebels, and the fact of their having ousted the Federal Government from its forts and other property, exhibit their strength, make the revolution an accomplished fact, and render the attempt to subjugate the Southern people utterly hopeless.

That even if they were subjugated, harmonious feeling could never be restored, and that for these reasons, and especially the last, a war to maintain the integrity of the Union would be alike wicked and foolish

These, I believe, are their strong points fairly stated, and I will briefly state some of the grounds on which we believe them to be, one and all, erroneous and delusive.

Secession not a Movement of the People.

In the first place, the fact is clear that the rebellion at the South was not in its inception like the rebellion of the American colonies—a general, deliberate movement of the people, based on the fact that it was a conspiracy originating with a few ambitious politicians, and was by them suddenly precipitated upon the people, whose right to pass upon their acts of secession has been purposely, systematically, and practically denied. "There is," said Webster, "and his words were never before so fearfully illustrated," "no usurpation so dangerous as that which comes in the borrowed name of the people; which calling itself their servant, exercises their power without legal right or constitutional sanction."

You all remember the stern rebukes uttered by the Southern press of the rash precipitancy of South Carolina, and the efforts made by their prominent statesmen, among whom Mr. Stephens was one, to stay the efforts of the rebel leaders to plunge the South into rebellion. Even after several states had by their conventions—and the convention of Louisiana was elected by a minority of the people—been declared out of the Union; and after the delegates from these conventions had met in Congress at Montgomery, and extemporized their new Confederacy, the bolder part of the Southern press did not hesitate to denounce the usurpation.

The Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel—a leading paper of Georgia—openly declared that the result had been produced by "wheedling, coaxing, and bullying, and all the arts of deception." It said:

"We know as well as any one living that the whole movement for secession and the formation of a new Government, so far at least as Georgia is concerned, proceeded only on a *quasi* consent of the people, and was pushed through under circumstances of great excitement and frenzy by a fictitious majority." And then passing to the Montgomery Congress, it added:

"The Georgia convention and the Confederate Congress have gone forward in their work, as none can deny, without explicit and direct authority from the people." * * * It is time that this assumption of power should cease, and that the people should be heard. Sooner or later they must be heard. * * * Before the convention assumes to ratify the permanent constitution, let them submit it to a vote of the people; or else, let us have an election for a new convention. For union—for harmony—for strength—we ask this simple act of justice."

Simple justice was not the aim of Jefferson Davis and his coconspirators. To this day the people of the South have been allowed no opportunity of passing upon the profoundest question that can affect a nation—the preservation or overthrow of its institutions; and the rebel Government is a usurpation of the grossest kind, not only against the people of the United States in their sovereign capacity, but against the people of the states in whose name it assumes to act, and by whose will it pretends to have been established.

A Conspiracy of Long Years.

The declaration, so solemnly made by the seceding conventions, appealing to the world for the justice of their cause, that Mr. Lincoln's election, the non-execution of the fugitive-slave law, and the personal liberty laws of Northern states, compelled them to separate from a Government that threatened their dearest rights, is equally disproven out of their own mouth. Listen to the following utterances from the very leaders of the rebellion:

MR. BARNWELL said: "The secession of South Carolina is not the event of a day. It is not anything produced by Mr. Lincoln or by the non-execution of the fugitive-slave law. It is a matter which has been gathering head for years."

MR. PARKER.—"It is no spasmodic effort that has come suddenly upon us, but it has been gradually culminating for a long series of years."

MR. KEITT.—"I have been engaged in this movement ever since I entered political life."

MR. INGLIS.—"Most of us have had this matter under consideration for the last twenty years."

That these declarations had a broad basis of truth, and that a plot to destroy the Union has been hatching for a long period and has been deferred only until a convenient opportunity, is no longer a matter of speculation. The election of Mr. Lincoln was not the cause but only the occasion. Mr. Everett, in a recent letter, said that he was "well aware, partly from facts within his personal knowledge, that leading Southern politicians had for thirty years been resolved to break up the Union as soon as they ceased to control the United States Government, and that the slavery question was but a pretext for keeping up agitation and rallying at the South."

"The Richmond Enquirer, in 1856, declared, "If Fremont is elected, the Union will not last an hour after Mr. Pierce's term expires," and a careful examination will show that from the attempt at nullification by South Carolina in 1832, which was defeated by the stern determination of General Jackson, that the "Union must and shall be preserved," a sentiment that was enthusiastically responded to by the country at large, the design has been secretly cherished, by a knot of conspirators at the South, of destroying the Union whenever the time for the execution of their design should no longer be able to control its Government. So long as they could enjoy its honors and emoluments, and use its prestige, its treasury, its army, and its navy for their own purposes, they were content that it should stand; but the moment these were wrested from them by the will of the people, that moment the Union was to be destroyed.

So long ago as the year 1798, Judge Marshall, in a letter to Washington, dated at Richmond, remarked:

"To me it seems that there are men who will hold power by any means rather than not hold it, and who would prefer a dissolution of the Union to the continuance of an administration not of their own party." And Mr. Stephens declared in regard to the present conspiracy, that the ambition of disappointed office-seekers constituted "a great part of the trouble."

General Jackson, after the South Carolina rebellion of 1832 was suppressed, foretold its attempted revival at no distant period, remarking that "the first time the pretense was the tariff, and that next it would be the negro question."

In 1836, twenty-five years ago, a political novel called the "Partisan Leader" was published by Professor Beverly Tucker of William and Mary College, in Virginia. It excited no sensation then, but it possesses a singular interest now. It proceeds upon the theory that the events it describes as then happening would happen twenty years after, that is, in 1856, when Fremont would have probably been elected but for the frauds in Pennsylvania; and it gives, with singular accuracy, the programme of the conspiracy which is now in progress. The author describes the Southern states as seceding "by a movement nearly simultaneous," and immediate y forming a Southern confederacy. Let me quote a single paragraph:

"The suddenness of these measures was less remarkable than the prudence with which they had been conducted. The two together left little doubt that there had been a preconcert among the leading men of the several states, arranging previously what should be done. * * Nor was it confined to the seceding states alone. In Virginia also there were men who entered into the same views. * * Not only had they sketched provisionally the plan of a Southern confederacy, but they had taken measures to regulate their relations with foreign powers."

What a flood of light is thrown upon the conspiracy by these few words from one of the earliest of the conspirators, who seems to have anticipated in part the role to be played by his own state of Virginia.

There being indications of war the ultimate accession to the confederacy, the author says:

"The leading men 'referred to' had determined to wait for her no longer, but to proceed to the execution of their plans, leaving her to follow."

Could the acute novelist have anticipated the proceedings of the pseudo Peace convention and the conduct of Virginia traitors, headed by an ex-President Tyler and an ex-Governor Wise, he might have eulogized the leaders of the Ancient Dominion for their treacherous skill in deluding the country with schemes of compromise while the preparations of the rebels were advancing to completion.

Mr. Everett, who was a warm advocate for the Peace convention, has told us that "those conciliatory demonstrations had no effect in staying the progress of secession, because the leaders of that revolution were resolved to break up the Union as soon as they ceased to control the United States Government, and that the slavery question was but a pretext for keeping up agitation and rallying at the South."

"The Richmond Enquirer, in 1856, declared, "If Fremont is elected, the Union will not last an hour after Mr. Pier

The Independent.

"But as we were allowed of God to be put in Trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing Men but God, which trieth our Hearts."

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The Independent.

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Our Special Contributors.

DEATH OF MRS. BROWNING.

We hear with inexpressible sorrow of the death of Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. The telegraphic summary of the latest foreign news, received just as we go to press, announces in a brief line that she "expired at Florence an hour after daybreak on Saturday morning last, June 29th." This is all we know at present of the sad event. Next week we shall notice at length her life and literary works. The announcement of her death will be received by our readers with heartfelt sorrow. As a Special Contributor to these columns she won many new readers, admirers, and friends on this side of the Atlantic. Who has forgotten her last poem printed on this page, entitled "ONLY A CURL?" A few days ago a letter came to this office from a subscriber in a distant state, requesting a second copy of those verses, as the first had "fallen to pieces from being often wet with a mother's tears." Mrs. Browning's last letter to us inclosed two little poems, one of which we print this week, and shall give the other next. The first is in allusion to Victor Emanuel's gift of a necklace to the daughter of Garibaldi. The second is "A View across the Roman Campagna." These two poems, not at all her best or most characteristic, will have a special interest to her friends as being probably her last. Her name and memory will be undying in the annals of English literature.

EDS. INDEPENDENT.

THE KING'S GIFT.

CAPRERA.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

TERESA, ah, Teresita!
Now what has the messenger brought her,
Our Garibaldi's young daughter,
To make her stop short in her singing?
Will she not once more repeat a
Verse from that hymn of our hero's,
Setting the souls of us ringing?
Break off the song where the tear rose?
Ah, Teresita!

II.

A young thing, mark, is Teresa.
Her eyes have caught fire, to be sure, in
That necklace of jewels from Turin,
Till blind their regard to us men is.
But still she remembers to raise a
Shy look to her father, and note,
. . . "Could she sing on as well about Venice,
Yet wear such a flame at her throat?
Decide for Teresa."

III.

Teresa, ah, Teresita!
His right hand has passed on her head.
"Accept it, my daughter," he said,
"Aye, wear it, true child of thy mother,
Then sing, till all start to their feet, a
New verse even bolder and freer!
King Victor's no king like another
But verily noble as we are,
Child, Teresita!"

WAR AND ITS LESSONS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

AT length, our country realizes the momentous fact that she has been plunged into war. War in its most savage, desolating form—that which divides and arrays a nation against itself—is now fully upon us. Almost every day brings its bulletin of a new conflict, whereof the issue may be auspicious or adverse, but the inevitable incidents are bloodshed, destruction, wounds, and death. The most insignificant skirmish, which scarcely arrests the reader's eye as he glances over his morning paper, carries desolation to *some* hearth and heart—perhaps to several such. The novel-reader or playgoer melts at the contemplation of one tragedy; but a battle is the culmination of hundreds, often thousands, of tragedies, each of them a separate heart-break. The individual and national miseries of a hundred years of peace are compressed into and intensified in a single year of war.

This War had to be. There was no escaping it but by giving up the American Republic, in substance and essence—the Republic of the Fathers and of Freedom—and letting a virtual despotism, compounded of Slavery and Aristocracy, be set up in its stead. The Slaveholding Rebellion is a revolt against the forms not only but the spirit of the Constitution—against the fundamental idea of our Revolution—against the capacity and the right of Man, *as* Man, to self-government. Not only does this rebellion affirm the propriety of overruling by the bayonet the result of a legal and peaceful election—and so reduce us, at once, if successful, to the instability, insecurity, anarchy, and impotence of the Spanish-American Republics; it does this for the sole reason that the new Federal Administration is more favorable to an equality of rights between man and man than the conspirators deem wholesome or safe. It is a rebellion of the only privileged class in the Republic to enforce a demand that their privileges shall be increased. Not to meet and beat them is to admit that Government is rightfully the monopoly of a caste, and that the sharpest sword should dictate the law.

In the struggle thus forced upon us, there is, then, there can be, no compromise and no cessation until one side or the other shall have absolutely triumphed. The Nation must vindicate its authority unqualifiedly, or it must cease to be. It must crush out its domestic foes, or become at once a Lower Empire of corruption, barbarism, and decrepitude. Never was sword drawn in a more righteous cause than that now symbolized by the Stars and Stripes, and never did an atrocious conspiracy against Right and Law more imperatively demand unqualified suppression, in the interest alike of Country and Humanity, than does that whereof Jefferson Davis is the chosen head. And that the issue will be auspicious to the integrity and stability of the American Republic, we will not harbor a doubt.

But the signal punishment of reckless, criminal ambition is by no means the only lesson which this contest should teach. It will not have yielded all its proper fruit unless it imprints deeply on the hearts of our countrymen these lessons:

I. War is always and everywhere a horrible calamity. A great general is recorded as having humanely and truly observed that, next to a great defeat, a great victory is most deplorable. Many life-long warriors have been humane, Christian men; yet it is nevertheless true that a participation in deeds of violence and carnage tends to harden the heart. The ex soldier returned to his home and his former peaceful avocations may be sober, industrious, and every way exemplary; but his military experience will not have tended to make him so. Where one will have been made better by the influences and experiences of camp life, there is a strong probability that many will have been made worse. However promptly the war may be fought out and ended, it is hardly doubtful that a new flood-tide of demoralization and intemperance will be among its lamentable results.

II. The wastefulness and ruinous cost of a great war have seldom been fully realized. That our Government is now rushing into debt at the rate of nearly a million dollars per day, is generally understood; but this is only the first item in the heavy bill which is rolling up against the authors of this atrocious rebellion. The destruction and consumption of stocks and stores of timber, powder, lead, cartridges, firearms, etc., etc., laid up in navy yards, armories, and arsenals in time of peace, the burning of ships and other property to save them from capture on one side or prevent their use on the other, are among the inevitable incidents of such a struggle. But the rebels would seem to have resolved to make this contest as ruinous as possible by the wanton, wholesale destruction of canal dams, railroad bridges, engines, cars, etc., etc., and of property generally. Their ocean forays will have cost much in vessels and cargoes captured, but far more in the paralysis of our commerce and navigation through fear of a kindred fate. Industry arrested, families pining in hunger and misery because of the sudden withdrawal of their means of subsistence, and thousands sinking through want into vice and crime—such are among the inevitable consequences of such a struggle. This war cannot be ended so soon that it will not have cost our people One Thousand Millions of Dollars, or about the actual cash value of all the property in the State of Ohio, or half that of the State of New York. A few years of peace will enable us to recreate this property; but who can feel confident that the moral disasters of the conflict can be repaired so speedily? We shall have borne these trials to less than their proper profit if one of the lessons deeply imprinted on the National heart by them is not a profounder, intenser loathing of war, and of the dreams of conquest, of extended area and of imperial domination, wherewith political aspirants are too apt to drug the National conscience and debauch the popular heart.

III. Another lesson which this war is calculated to teach, and of which no people ever stood more in need than ours, is that of respect for constituted authority and obedience to the mandates of Law. We have been sadly deficient in this regard, and the punishment of our transgression is now upon us. Our habits of free and fearless criticism of public men and measures have tended to this laxity, but in defiance of the plainest and most necessary distinctions. You do not assume the piety, genius, wisdom, benevolence, or integrity, of the constable whose summons you defer to: he may within your knowledge be personally a knave, a dunce, or a sot: but you recognize him in his official capacity as a representative of the State—a messenger and minister of her will embodied in Law—and you obey the precept of which he is the bearer in deference not at all to him but to her. And so the man Pierce, or Buchanan, or Lincoln, may be ever so worthy or indifferent; but his personal deserts or demerits in no degree qualify the obedience which you pay to the President of the United States, and which you cannot refuse without a clear defiance of Christian ethics and patriotic duty.

These are very simple truths, but a lack of clear conceptions of their scope and force is now costing this country thousands of lives and millions on millions of money. Our National existence having originated in a successful resistance to overstrained authority, a tendency to confound authority with usurpation has ever since been latent in our blood, as Shays's Rebellion, the Whisky Insurrection, and some less matured manifestations of the same spirit, have too painfully attested. But we must teach our children to distinguish clearly, in the language of Burke, between the extreme medicine of the constitution and its daily bread. Armed resistance to lawfully constituted authority is the last, desperate recourse of a people to whom all other escape from intolerable oppression is conclusively denied. To appeal from an open and free ballot-box to a revolt is like appealing from the Supreme Court of the United States to a mass-meeting at the Five Points. Even though the result of an election be clearly wrong—nay, *because* it is wrong—there is hope that the next will reverse and redress that error. It must be realized and taken to heart by our people that an unnecessary, revolt is a heinous crime; and this eventful year, so full of disaster and woe, should be made to impress that moral. Restless, disappointed ambition, desperate fortunes, bankrupt hopes, and all forms of unthrift, are naturally too ready to appeal from Law to Force; they must be taught that this appeal is from adversity to ruin. "Beware of *entrance* into a quarrel," says Polonius to Laertes in substance; "but, *being in*, bear thyself so that thine enemy shall beware of *thee*." The Nation has now, in generous measure, given heed to the former of these admonitions; it is about to give full effect and emphasis to the latter. Unless this rebellion is so dealt with that we shall not be troubled with another for at least two or three generations, much precious blood will have been shed wastefully if not wholly in vain.

LIFE OF COUNT CAVOUR.

IN THREE NUMBERS.—No. III.

BY DR. REINHOLD SOLGER.

WHILE Sardinia obtruded her participation in a war which was of no earthly concern to her, Austria, the party most directly interested in staying the progress of Russia, kept prudently aloof from the active contest. It was a shortsighted prudence. Can any one doubt, that if Austria had fought side by side with England and France in the East, she would be in possession of Lombardy at this hour? But Cavour understood what Austria never would understand, viz.: that public opinion is a power, and that to gain her favors, one must thrust himself upon her attention and show pluck.

That bootless waste of blood and treasure, then, of the Eastern war, as Manchester utilitarians would have called it, secured for Sardinia as a first result, and as the grand basis for all her future operations, a seat among the great European Powers at the Congress of Paris.

Italy having no existence diplomatically recognized, Sardinia, in her quality as one of the states of that geographical division, had no kind of authority to speak for anybody but herself. But in her capacity as a member of a European Congress, Sardinia had authority to call the attention of the powers there assembled upon whatsoever question concerning whatsoever portion of Europe. She chose to call their attention upon the condition of Italy. Austria was denounced as continually encroaching in the central states of the peninsula, and more especially in the States of the Church, in a manner contrary to the treaties, oppressive to the people, and—a point dwelt upon with great emphasis—dangerous to the interests of France and England. An elaborate parallel was drawn with the action of France under the first Napoleon, whose beneficent agency in the affairs of Italy was—with some stretch of the historical imagination—placed in due relief: an exceedingly skillful and powerful appeal both to the old jealousies and the vanity of the French and their present ruler.

On the 7th of May, 1856, Count Cavour reported to the Sardinian Chamber the following as the result of his war policy and his efforts at the Peace Congress: "It is true we have gained no positive point, but we have convinced the European powers, and prevailed upon them to join in a declaration, that it is not only in the interest of Italy but of Europe to oppose some efficient remedy to the evils which visit our glorious country. At the same time, the Austrian and Sardinian plenipotentiaries have separated with the conviction that the principles which guide their respective policies are irreconcilably opposed to each other."

This amounted to a declaration that sooner or later the war must break out anew between those two rival states, and that in that event Sardinia might look with some degree of confidence for the support of one or the other, if not of both the Western powers.

It cannot be denied that Austria gave from that moment substantial proof of her willingness to avoid the conflict by making concessions to the demands of the powers and trying to conciliate the good-will of her Italian subjects. The Austrian troops of occupation were withdrawn from the Duchies, from Toscana, from the Legations, the progress of the works at Piacenza was suspended, the reaction in the Papal States was opposed, the estates of Sardinian subjects in the Austrian provinces were liberated from sequestration, an extended amnesty was granted, and the Emperor of Austria, accompanied by the young Empress, went to Italy in person as a demonstration of his kind feelings. But it was a foregone conclusion with both the Italians and their secret ally at Paris, to reject all reconciliatory advantages, and to turn them into new opportunities of provocation. The Emperor's presence in Milan gave the people of that city a welcome opportunity for a hostile demonstration, which was improved by the Sardinian press; producing an exchange of angry notes between the two courts and the suspension of diplomatic relations in March, 1857. At the same time France picked a quarrel with Austria on account of the affairs of the Danubian Principalities and other questions still unsettled from the Eastern war. Russia joined France on that side. How well concocted all these operations were, and where was the pivotal point on which they all turned, became evident from the simultaneous visits of the Empress Dowager and the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia to Nizza; the cession of the port of Villafranca to the Russian Government, and the negotiations—opened a year before their successful consummation—of a marriage between Victor Emanuel's daughter with Prince Napoleon, the recognized representative of the Italian and war party at the French court.

It was most probably at the meeting of Napoleon III. and Cavour, at the watering-place of Plombières, about the middle of 1858, that the arrangements were concluded respecting their combined attack upon Austria. But the first intimation of the actual imminence of war was given to the world by the Emperor's famous speech to Baron Huebner at the New Year's reception of 1859, expressing his regret that the relations between France and Austria were not what was desirable. The announcement came the more unexpectedly, as Austria had given way to the demands of France in the Danubian Principalities.

Austria armed. Sardinia armed too. Cavour, in a note appealing to the cabinets and nations of Europe, threw the *onus* of those warlike preparations upon Austria. The triumph of his long-pursued plan of policy was complete. Austria found herself completely isolated. The interests of France and Russia, the sympathies of the English people, the jealousies of Prussia, stood arrayed against her; all won over to the Sardinian side by the restless diplomatic plotting and belaboring of popular opinion through Count Cavour. We do not by any means wish to imply that the Italian cause had no merits of its own, which had not previously engaged the sympathies of the European people against Austria. Our object is simply to show by what ingenuity the Sardinian Premier succeeded in enlisting the assistance or good-will of the cabinets, contrary to all precedent, on the side of the people and the revolution. It is this unique and, for the leader of so small a state, gigantic achievement, which assigns to Cavour his place as perhaps the most consummate statesman that ever lived.

Another phase of his statesmanship, not less remarkable and still more difficult than the first, began after the peace of Villafranca.

He had set the French empire in motion to march into Italy to drive out the Austrians. It was comparatively easy to get the French into Italy. The difficulty was to get them out again.

Louis Napoleon had certainly not gone to war, to use a French expression, *pour les beaux yeux* of Italy. If he drove *out* Austria, it was clearly in order to drive *in* the wedge of the French power. This was so clearly the object of the peace of Villafranca, that Cavour resigned, as a protest against the provisions of that treaty.

Austria remaining a member of the Italian Confederacy, and the Austrian princes being restored in the Duchies and Toscana, the condition of things would not have been materially different from what it was before the war, unless for the worse, inasmuch as, sooner or later, a war for the reconquest of Lombardy would have been inevitable.

In consequence of that treaty, then, the help of France had become more indispensable than ever for the existence of Sardinia and the independence of Italy. How to secure that help? It was insinuated that if the Italians would refuse to receive the returning Austrian princes in the Duchies and Tuscany, and take instead a Bonaparte prince to rule over all of those principalities together, united into one kingdom of Central Italy, they might for ever rely upon the assistance of France against Austria.

This was proposing them two masters instead of one. They had, however, fought for their national independence, and they determined to have it. As they had first appealed from Austria to France, so they now appealed from France to England. It was ultimately Lord John Russell, whose friendship the reader will remember Count Cavour had assiduously cultivated from the beginning, who made the spokesman for the Central Italians in their demand to be annexed to Sardinia, instead of becoming an appendage to France.

The use of force was out of the question. It would have raised against the Emperor, just then so strong in popularity as the liberator of Italy, the hatred of the Italians and the curse of the world, which powers, in conjunction with the power of England and Austria united against him, would have proved too strong a combination. After a six months' maneuvering, Napoleon had to yield up and to leave Cavour free to annex the Central Italians, including the Legations; in consideration whereof Savoy was conceded to France.

Cavour, now the victor of the French as he had been of the Austrians, seized the reins again, and the independence of Italy had made an immense step forward. Napoleon still retained his hold upon Italy by remaining the arbiter between Italy and the Pope. Cavour's assigned task for the next few years was to settle that Papal question while fusing the different provinces of his kingdom into one—both matters of great difficulty. They were enhanced by Garibaldi's conquest of Naples. There was no question for the patriot that such a moment for uniting the south of Italy with the north, and excluding foreign interference on the peninsula, might never come again. If Garibaldi had allowed all to return into the usual channels of diplomacy, centuries might have elapsed before another opportunity for so radical a change in the international proportions of Italy and Europe could have been effected; as—by way of parallel—centuries may pass before an opportunity like the present will turn up again for the people of the United States to settle the slavery question, and rid themselves for ever of the troubles inseparable from the union of two different societies under a form of government which is not adapted but for one of the two. The alternative for an American Cavour would be either to let the South go, or make provision now and here for the gradual abolition of slavery.

For the Italian Cavour the question was whether to accept the Italian South, knowing the difficulty of amalgamating two races into one empire which had hardly anything in common but the same written language and the geographical name of Italy. He could, however, not afford to set at defiance that public opinion which, as it had carried him so far, could alone carry him through to the completion of his mission of patriotism and liberty. He reluctantly accepted Naples from the hands of Garibaldi. Death overtook him in the midst of his labors of amalgamating it and the central provinces with the original nucleus of the little northern kingdom. It is consolatory to know that he died with an expression of confidence in the durability of his work, in spite of the enormous difficulties still to be overcome.

His premature death is undoubtedly owing to overexertion. Since Pitt no man worked so much. He never slept but four hours. In addition to his ministerial departments, of which he generally conducted two or three at a time, he occupied several important offices, such as that of Notary of the Crown, Postmaster-General, Vice-President of the Royal Insurance Company, member of the Municipal Council of Turin, of the Chamber of Commerce, etc., etc., none of which he allowed to be a sinecure for him. In addition to which official cares, he reserved to himself the exclusive management of his immense private fortune, which, as already observed, was successfully employed in a variety of agricultural and industrial enterprises, bearing in general the character of patriotic experiments.

The burden and care of such vast plans, responsibilities, and labors seemed not in any way to impair the inexhaustible vivacity and elasticity of the Count's mind. In society he displayed an uncommon degree of conversational powers, brilliant wit, the facility of chatting agreeably with everybody on every conceivable subject in various languages, Italian, French, English, and German—the latter less fluently.

But his proper place was in the Chamber on the ministerial bench. Says a German account: Bent backwards, fixing his opponent sternly, he follows his speech, now throwing in a caustic word, then exciting the hilarity of the Chamber by an ironical smile. Rarely he replies to the attacks of one of his adversaries singly. Only after all the speakers of the opposition have had their say, he rises for his defense, and combats all their objections and arguments in a body. Although he is wanting in fire and even in readiness of expression, he commands his audience by the energy of his thoughts, the rich variety of his illustrations, and the transparent clearness of his argument, which, whether borne along by humor or gravity, never fails of striking effect. Endowed with a wonderful memory, he is often heard developing in a three or four hours' speech the most complicated economical and financial questions without using a single note.

Count Cavour was of middle size, but firmly knit, active and short in his movements as in his conversation—commanding a naturally quick temper by intellectual self-control and diplomatic habit. His external appearance is sufficiently familiar to the reader from those photographic portraits which are in everybody's hands. There is nothing aristocratic in the expression of his countenance; but something very shrewd and withal ironical—in fact, one might take him for a member of Congress of the active and practical sort. He used to wear a black coat, without any kind of order or ribbon, and walk on foot through the street in company of some colleague or parliamentary friend. Having never been married, his fortune will pass over to a nephew, who is in the diplomatic service; his immediate political heir is Ricasoli: his body is placed in the sepulcher of the Royal family, whom he raised to the illustrious position of ancestors of the "King of Italy."

SUSANNA WESLEY.

BY REV. ROBERT M HATFIELD.

WHEN Macaulay said of John Wesley that "his eloquence and logical acuteness might have rendered him eminent in literature, that his genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu, and that he devoted all his powers in defiance of obloquy and derision to what he sincerely considered as the highest good of his species," he only did justice to the character and memory of the founder of Methodism. The fame of Wesley is immortal, the chaplet that inwreathes his brow is an amaranth that no time or change can stale or wither. He belongs to a class of men concerning whom a decree is registered in heaven that they shall be had in everlasting remembrance. We venture the prediction that the time will come when his mother will share largely in the honors conferred on her illustrious son. Isaac Taylor says that the mother of the Wesleys was the mother of Methodism. Whether, as the same author asserts, "mind is from the mother by a law of nature," we shall not attempt to determine; but it cannot be denied that in this instance the moral and intellectual traits of the mother were transmitted to the son. Susanna (Annesley) Wesley was the daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley, a Nonconformist minister of London. She was the youngest of a family of *twenty-five* children, and seems to have been the pet and favorite of her father. With natural endowments of a high order, and enjoying the best advantages for education, she gave early promise of the superior woman she afterwards became. Dr. Clarke, who wrote memoirs of the Wesley family, is eloquent and enthusiastic in describing her beauty as a girl, and her pre-eminence as a wife and mother. "Such a woman," he says, "I have not heard of, I have not read of, nor with her equal have I been acquainted." This is certainly complimentary to Mrs. Wesley—more so, we think, than to the wife and daughters of the venerable commentator. Susanna Annesley seems never to have suffered from diffidence or want of confidence in her own powers. Her father was a stanch Dissenter, and through long years labored and suffered for the Puritan cause. His daughter, when less than thirteen years old, went over the questions at issue between Dissenters and Churchmen, and decided the matter in favor of the Establishment and against her father and the church of his choice. This may have been all right and proper, but we confess to a slight regret that she did not defer this investigation for a few years. When about twenty years of age she was married to Samuel Wesley, who held a curacy in London worth about *one hundred and fifty dollars* a year. Here they remained for a year or two, and then removed to the parish of South Ormsby, when her husband's pitiful salary was slightly increased. In after years he wrote a letter to the Archbishop of York, in which he refers to his circumstances at this time, and says that for six or seven years together he did not receive more than *fifty pounds a year*, with an addition to his family of at least one child per annum. Their next removal was to Epworth, to the living of which Mr. Wesley had been presented by Queen Mary. While living at Epworth, and a year or two before the birth of John Wesley, an unaccountable incident broke in upon the usual harmony of the family. The worthy rector was after the straitest sect of his religion a High Churchman. One morning after family prayers he said to his wife, "Sukey, why did you not say amen to the prayer for the King?" "Because," she replied, "I do not believe the Prince of Orange to be King." "In that case," said he, "we must part." And part they did. Unable to bring his wife to his way of thinking, he left his house, went to London, and remained there for a year without seeing his family. At the end of that time the King died, and as Mrs. Wesley could now respond to the prayers of her husband with a good conscience, he returned to his home, and the harmony of the family was restored. We confess to an utter inability to understand how any sane man, with common sense, could indulge in such a freak of mulishness. Mr. Wesley was substantially a good man, but his infirmities were of a character to sorely try his wife. He was conscientious, and faithful as a preacher and pastor, but his peculiarities made him many enemies, and involved him in almost perpetual difficulties. It was the talents and piety of his wife that made the Epworth rectory a center of beneficent influences that have already blessed nations, and which are one day to bless the whole world. Mrs. Wesley was the mother of no less than *nineteen children*. Several of these died young, but her son speaks of the beautiful serenity with which his mother wrote, conversed, and transacted business when surrounded by "her thirteen children." Her husband was smitten with a mania for writing poetry, and between making sermons and "beating rhymes" he was so much occupied as to leave not only indoor affairs, but the management of the temporalities of the family, to his wife. And she "looked well to the ways of her household." During the whole of her married life the family was pinched and cramped with poverty. Her husband's salary at Epworth was nominally two hundred pounds a year, but it really amounted to less than two-thirds that sum. It was simply impossible to supply the reasonable wants of the family from resources so slender. There was a lack of the comforts of life, and on one occasion the husband and father was sent to jail for debts he was unable to pay. Their house was twice set on fire by enemies; in the first instance it was badly damaged, and on the second occasion burned to the ground with almost everything of value it contained. When it was rebuilt and the family occupied it again, they had, in the language of the father, "little more than Adam and Eve had when they first set up housekeeping." Referring to the circumstances of the family, Mrs. Wesley says: "Strictly speaking, I never did want bread; but then I had so much care to get it before it was eat, and so much care to pay for it after, as often made it very unpleasant to me. And I think to have bread on such terms is the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all." Nothing could be more beautiful than the fortitude with which Mrs. Wesley bore up against and struggled through the difficulties of her position. Living in a house that was unfinished and not half furnished, suffering for want of suitable food and clothing for herself and children, she did not despond or complain.

After enduring these trials for more than thirty years, she is heard saying that she has learned from the best observation she has been able to make, that it is "*much easier to be contented without riches than with them.*" In addition to her other responsibilities, she was the educator of her children, and gave six hours a day to the duties of the school-room. And she educated her children, using the word in its highest and best sense. Her success in certain of her efforts seems almost incredible. As an instance none of her children were allowed to cry aloud after they were a year old. How she prevented what she calls the "most odious noise" of the crying of children, we do not know and cannot guess, but the fact that she did prevent it rests on evidence that is not to be questioned. None of the children were taught to read before they were five years old, and then, with only one or two exceptions, each one learned the alphabet in a single day, and could read fluently within three months. Her system of education and discipline was one in which decision and tenderness were judiciously blended. And she enjoyed the high satisfaction of being surrounded by a family of children who were dutiful, affectionate, and pious. Yet these children—her dearest earthly joy—were to her a source of heaviness and sorrow of heart. She lived to follow nine of them to the grave. Several of her daughters were unhappily married. Referring to this subject in a letter to her brother, she says, in words wrung from the anguish of a mother's heart, "O brother! happy, thrice happy are you; happy is my sister that you buried your children in infancy, secure from temptation, secure from guilt, secure from want or shame, secure from the loss of friends. Believe me, it is better to mourn for ten children dead than one living, and I have buried many." God pity the poor mother who is compelled to feel that any tears can be more bitter than those that have fallen from her eyes upon the faces of her dead children! Mrs. Wesley declares that it was only the support of God's omnipotent goodness that sustained her under the burden that was laid upon her. It was in communion with the skies that she found the strength that enabled her to endure, as seeing him who is invisible. During her years of care and activity she found time to spend at least two hours in every day in secret devotion. She lived to a good old age, surviving her husband about seven years, and died as only the righteous die. Methodism and the whole Christian church should hold her memory in grateful remembrance for the influence she exerted in favor of lay preaching. It was only a few months before her death that Thomas Maxfield, one of John Wesley's helpers or exhorters, began to preach the Gospel in demonstration of the Spirit and with power. Mr Wesley, who was at Bristol, heard of this violation of church-order, and hastened to London to suppress it. On meeting his mother, she said to him, "My son, you know what my sentiments have been; you cannot suspect me of favoring readily anything of this kind. But I charge you before God, beware what you do, for Thomas Maxfield is as much called to preach the Gospel as ever you were. Examine the fruits of his preaching, and hear him also for yourself." Mr. Wesley, who venerated the character of his mother, and treated her judgment with the greatest respect, embraced an early opportunity to hear Maxfield preach, and came from the chapel saying, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." His prejudices against lay preaching were dispelled. Thomas Maxfield was welcomed to the work of the ministry, and encouraged as a son in the Gospel. It is wonderful that one at her time of life, devoted to the Established Church, and prejudiced against innovations upon his order, should have taken the liberal view and given the advice that she did. Not till the final consummation of all things will it be known how much the world owes to the mother of John and Charles Wesley.

ANOTHER GREAT ENGLISH LAWYER DEAD.—The grave has scarcely closed over the remains of the Lord Chancellor Campbell, before we hear of the death of another great English lawyer, Sir John Patteson. The event occurred at his country-seat in Devonshire, on Friday, June 28th, at the ripe age of seventy-one years. His studies were superintended by the well-known Littledale. During the years of his practice, he took equal rank in his profession with such men as Sir James Scarlett, Lord Wenleysdale, Baron Alderson, and Lord Brougham. He was called to the Queen's Bench at the age of forty—which was considered a very youthful age for that post. He was specially versed in the principles of the common law of England

READY!

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"WHEN Death calls the roll, always be ready to answer *Here!*" was the everyday motto of Cooper's famous trapper of the Prairie. There is a world of wisdom in the pithy maxim. It was the shrewd backwoodsman's paraphrase of a still wiser and holier maxim, "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." This is one of our Saviour's aphorisms that will be always timely to the end of time. Every one admits its truth. Every one will admit the necessity of preparation for death. And yet there may be many a reader of these columns, who is within a few months, or even a few weeks of the eternal world, and yet has a very indistinct idea of what constitutes a fit preparation for death. Perhaps the following brief questions may aid those who are sincerely desirous not to be found wanting when the grim messenger—in the trapper's expressive phrase—"calls the roll."

1. Is your business in the right state to be left? We do not mean is every honest debt paid? for it is hardly possible for even the most careful merchant or mechanic to so manage his affairs as to be entirely free from even the smallest obligations. But we do mean that every man should endeavor, as a matter of conscience, to keep his affairs in such a well-ordered state, that if death should meet him in the rail-car, or smite him from the summer-cloud, his creditors should not suffer the *unjust* loss of a single farthing. Nor should his executors be obliged to wade through a quagmire of confusion in order to arrive at an accurate knowledge of his estate, and its indebtedness. It is no more honest to cheat our fellow-men from our coffins than to cheat them while we are alive. The debt I bequeath to my family or my executors is just as binding as the note that to day lies in the bank with my signature on its face. It is hardly worthy of a Christian manhood to "take the benefit of the act" by creeping into one's sepulcher. Let us see to it that no reproaches of the wronged and the defrauded are ever heard above our sleeping dust.

2. Have you made your will? Some men are absolutely afraid to make their wills, lest death should overhear the scratch of the pen, and be the sooner in his summons to them to lay down the pen for ever. This is a strange and yet a very common superstition. Many a man dreads to draw up a will as if it were the signing of his own death-warrant. We will waste no words on such preposterous folly. Make a will, my friend! if you have no more property to devise than had that poor minister of Christ who sat down and wrote, "I bequeath to my darling wife my Bible and my sermons and my few books; to my dear children I bequeath these words, *I have been young and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread.*" The first provision in a good man's will should be for those whom God has made fairly *dependent* on him. Healthy and well-educated children do not always, of necessity, belong to this class. But infirm parents and bedridden kinsfolk commonly do. When we have provided for all who have an honest claim on our posthumous support, then it is wisest to make Christ our largest legatee. Whatever you leave to your children may be squandered; and in such a way too as to squander their moral character. But whatever you give to Jesus Christ, for the support of his enterprises of heaven-born charity, never can be lost. Christians—ay, and impenitent worldlings too—ought to remember that their wills are not only to be recorded in the surrogate's office, but in those books which will be opened on the day of judgment. Give everything you can spare to the Lord while you live; and leave him the rest when you die. It will be a blessed thing to have some well-trained orphan, or liberated slave, or Christianized outcast, come and plant roses on our tomb, and say with grateful tears, "Here lies one who cared for my soul."

3. Are you forgiven?

We do not refer now to such unhappy griefs or injuries as you may have thoughtlessly or intentionally inflicted on your fellow-men. Let not the sun of life go down on such wrongs unatoned. Let no injuries or harsh words unrepaired be buried with you in your coffin. It will be enough to make the nettles grow out of the greensward that covers your ashes.

But we refer especially at present to that forgiveness that you are to seek through the mediation of the Savior. Friend! you *need forgiveness*. That long hideous catalogue of sins; not mere mistakes, not mere slips of the hand and tongue, not mere infirmities, but sins black as midnight in God's view, they must be forgiven or you are lost. Those evil words that ought to have blistered the mouth that uttered them—those ungrateful deeds flung back into the face of heavenly love—those breakings of God's holy law—those profaned Sabbaths, and lost opportunities for saving souls—those woundings of Christ and grievings of the Spirit—those sins so exceeding sinful, have they been blotted out? The path of pardon you probably know. It leads to the cross of Christ. "Through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins." In the pages of my Bible I read, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Have you made honest confession of your offenses against God? Have you clenched the sincerity of your confession by abandoning all discovered sin, and by refusing any quarter to your dearest lusts? Have you earnestly and believingly sought pardon through the atoning Savior? Then do not distress yourself about any "*unpardonable* sin." There will be none such standing against you on God's book. For he has pledged himself to forgive every sin that you repent of in the name of Christ, and which you abandon to please your Redeemer. Blessed is the man whose transgressions are covered! Blessed is the man to whom God imputeth not sin!

4. Our last test question is, Are you regenerate? Have you a new heart? Have you had a new spiritual disposition implanted within you by the Holy Ghost? To the troubled Nicodemus Jesus said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." The new birth is an event of which a man is conscious. The very hour in which divine grace wrought the great change may not be always a well-defined date in the memory. But the change itself, the transfer of the affections from the things of earth to God, the incoming of new feelings, new aims, and new hopes, are quite as distinct matters of consciousness as the joy of meeting a returning child or the pang of parting from a parent. If you are a child of God, you ought to know it. And from your character and conduct, other people too ought to recognize the fact. Are you thus regenerate? Do not deem us impertinent or intrusive in pressing the question. For "except a man be converted, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.

Many other important questions might be started. But if you can give a prompt unhesitating *Yes* to the above-named interrogations, then fear not to hear your own name in the fatal roll-call. You are ready to answer "Here!" You need not to be either ashamed or afraid to make your appearance at the door of your Father's house. That door will open to you with an "abundant entrance." You will need to shed no tears on your dying bed. In view of parting with life you may say, with one of England's sweet singers:

"Life! we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not *good-night;* but in that happier clime,
Bid me *good-morning!*"

Sermons
BY
Henry Ward Beecher.*

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. E. Richards, in the Clerk's Office of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—HEB. iv. 16.

In all ages, and in all religions, reverence for God, or the gods, has been a prime element of religious instruction. Fear was born in the human heart before love. Obedience to God has always been sought first by motives addressed to this feeling, and with good reason. Until the understanding is developed, and the moral sense, so as to interpret the grandeur of God to us, there must be the production of reverence in a lower form, in its rudimentary form, of mere fear. And as compared with the final fruit and best estate of reverence, fear is poor, but as between that and nothing, fear is most useful. All methods of worship have, therefore, included provisions for the excitation of awe, and for a living, restraining fear.

There is a just reason for this, if it be not carried too far, and if veneration be coupled with other elements. There is a wide gulf between the highest created spirit and the eternal Creator. There is an inexpressible difference of dignity, of moral purity, of position, that imperatively requires our spirit, as an exercise of simple truth, to recognize our inferiority, and God's transcendent superiority.

This exhortation, therefore, to boldness, is not to be regarded as unqualified, and as unlimited. It is not as if the apostle had said, "In the old dispensation God was hedged about with dignities and grandeurs, and men were commanded to experience awe and trembling; but now all these are taken away, and in the new dispensation God is revealed so that men are henceforth freed from all duty of fear." That is not the message.

There is a boldness of ignorance, a low-mindedness, as if God were our like and equal. This is that quality which was reprehended in the chapter which we read in the opening service this morning, where men supposed God was one who could be fitly symbolized by a carved stick of wood, or an image of metal. There is a boldness which comes from a want of appreciation, or an adequate sense, of the grandeur of God, or the nobleness of his being.

There is also a boldness of irreverence, which is most guilty. This may be a thought that God is in moral relishes just like our own sinful selves. Against this we have the most pointed denunciations in the Word of God, as in the fiftieth Psalm:

"Unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth? Seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee. When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst with him, and hast been partaker with adulterers. Thou givest thy mouth to evil, and thy tongue frameth deceit. Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother; thou slanderest thine own mother's son. These things hast thou done, and I kept silence; thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself; but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes."

Or there may be a boldness of irreverence which springs from simple audacity and impudence of wicked men, as where it is declared, "They set their mouth against the heavens"—profane men, who say, "How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High?" who disbelieve in God's moral government, in God's throne, and, peradventure, in the very existence of God himself.

Boldness, also, may be from no intention of wickedness, and yet from a spirit that has in it no reverence whatever. It may have no regard to the fitness of things to the absolute relations of inferiority and superiority. Mere boldness has in it no quality. It is the spirit that lies back of it, and animates it, that determines whether it is good or bad. There is a boldness of unconscious childhood that is exceedingly pleasant and beautiful; because when a child, without a thought of the greatness of his father, quite unconscious of what a stir his father's name makes in the state or in the world, rushes to him, it is an indication of love. This very unconsciousness is called innocency. And over and above all that, the spirit of trust is so plain, and is in itself so beautiful, that nothing can be sweeter, nothing more estimable, than that boldness of utter unconsciousness which a child shows. But there is another kind of unconsciousness whose boldness is not so good. There may be the familiarity of a buzzing insect, of a summer fly, without respect, without trust, without intelligence—the impertinence of a petty pest. And there are such kinds of boldness in worship; or rather, in a want of worship—in a bold approach to God.

There is likewise a presumptuous boldness, which, in effect, puts men, overswollen with a sense of their own importance, into the very foreground, and dishonors God by a bold familiarity, such as one would bestow upon a servant or inferior. There are some men that seem to carry themselves as though they were first, and God was their indorser. They draw the face of the note, and only seem to go to God to have him authenticate it. In their speech and prayer it would seem as though they commanded, rather than importuned. They call God to witness and corroborate their tumid and presumptuous claims. All such irreverence and boldness is most culpable.

There is, besides, a boldness of unbelief. There is an unbelief which is sincere; and, usually, where men of deep natures are so unfortunate as to have made wreck of their faith, they are silent; they are like men lost in the forest, or floating upon a plank alone upon the sea. They are not garrulous of their unfaith. Indeed, I think no true nor noble nature ever finds itself unbelieving without a consciousness of moral wounding. Unbelief is a thing not to be shown. It is a sore. But in some men there is an unbelief that is coarse, low, brutal, disgusting. The profanities of infidel lips and literature would violate good taste, even if offered before idols, among heathen. There is no weakness in besotted superstition half so unmanly and degrading as the excess of unbelief. It is better to be just right, and err neither by excess nor lack; but believing, if carried to an extreme, is more noble than unbelief. Unbelieving natures are essentially bad natures. Even if men go to credulity, credulity is itself a weed that grows out of a good soil. It is an overgrown plant from a good seed.

There are many other reasons for boldness, and causes of it, but we will not mention them, proceeding, now, to speak of the kinds of boldness which are indulged in.

I. There is a boldness which comes from a strong faith in God's disposition to bless, where men have a conception of God's wisdom and bounty and nobleness which makes them feel that there is a blessing for them. Their boldness in such a case as this is God-blessed enterprise. You will find among the earliest histories recorded the strife of the patriarch, in the thirty-second chapter of Genesis, where an angel appeared, wrestling with him. It seems that the contest was a severe one, and the divine messenger oftentimes entreated or commanded the patriarch to let him go; and he, with a plain, blunt perseverance, with a boldness of utter faith and trust, says, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." And this boldness was counted to him as a righteousness. It was not an overswelling of his own will; it was a sense of the nearness of God's blessing, and a conviction that it required but importunity and perseverance to obtain it. Such boldness as this is blessed of God. If we draw near to the Father, not so much on account of arrogance in ourselves, or of any inordinate desire in ourselves, as with a sense of God's bounty; if we really feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and that in this fact God's nature is interpreted to us, then our boldness is altogether acceptable to him.

II. There is a boldness which springs from an enlightened sense of the virtue of importunity. We are commanded, in the most explicit terms, to exercise this virtue, in the eighteenth chapter of Luke. The Savior spoke a parable in which he taught that men ought always to pray, and not to faint. It is one of the most memorable parables, so far as logic is concerned, that was spoken by our Master:

"There was in a city a judge which feared not God, nor regarded man."

It does not say what city that was where such judges were. I am afraid there are such judges in almost every city. I am afraid that you will have help to interpret some parts of the Bible from the very place in which you live, from generation to generation. If it had been said of New York, "There was in that city a judge that feared not God, nor regarded man," our only trouble would be to know which one was meant: we would have no trouble at all as to the reality of the fact! Of course there could not be a worse man than that. He is cut off on both sides. In him there is nothing noble toward heaven and spirituality, and nothing noble in the direction of justice and humanity. A judge that fears not God, and regards not the rights and welfare of man, is simply a legal monster. Such an one as this Christ took as the best example for his present purpose.

"And there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary. And he would not for a while"—that was not in his line of business; but afterwards he concluded he would.

What was the process of thought that led him to do a humane and just thing? This is the way he talked:

"Though I fear not God nor regard man; yet, because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me."

It was not thoughts of God nor man that influenced him, but this: "I will not be troubled"—a selfish consideration of his own personal ease.

"And the Lord said, Hear what the unjust judge saith."

Now what is the application? It is as if our Master had said, "You cannot find a man out of whom every noble quality is gone; who is sucked dry of moral excellence; in whom there is not some encouragement of justice." He paints a monster at the very extremity of the scale. And from this our thoughts are apt to take a sweeping flight clear to the glorious antithesis, where God stands at the other end, higher than angels, clothed in justice, and love, and all glorious and gracious humanities. And the inference is, If even there, there is ground and reason in importunity for hope, how much more ground and reason for hope is there when you go before God?

"Hear what the unjust judge saith. And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you that he will avenge them speedily."

And what was this parable for?

"He spoke a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not faint."

He taught that men were to go to God for things needed and worthy of petition; with this invincible spirit, with this importunity that has its incitement and motive in the consciousness of all the realities that dwell in God's soul, and make up his character.

The same is taught in another form in the parable of the borrowed loaf, where a man goes to awaken his neighbor, and ask him for bread. He ought not to have been without bread, but he was. And though the man would not get up and give him because he was his friend, yet, because he wanted to go to sleep again, he would get up and give him all he wanted.

Now, if in these selfish reasons there is motive for importunity between man and man, how much more reason is there for importunity between man and God, who never acts from selfishness, but always from bounty, and justice, and generosity, and love!

III. There is a boldness which comes from a sense of the goodness of our own cause. This was the spirit which was manifested by Moses, who made bold to implead God's very decrees, that, as it were, stood in the path of the lightning. And when Jehovah was wroth with the people, and said, "Let them alone; I will raise up a seed in their place," Moses did not hesitate to stand and confront the majesty of the divine wrath, and plead with God, saying, "Spare them for thine own name's sake. What will the heathen say? They will declare that for mischief thou broughtest them into the wilderness; and thy name will suffer reproach." And God suffered Moses thus to plead with him, since his motive was zeal in the cause in hand, which he felt to be right; and God rewarded him.

IV. There is a boldness springing from the desperateness of one's cause. Up to a certain point, a consciousness of weakness and want intimidates one, and enfeebles enterprise; but there comes a state, sometimes, in human experience, when a consciousness of guilt, and of that which it entails, produces exactly the other result. There is an example of this recorded in the seventh chapter of Luke.

"And one of the Pharisees desired him [Christ] that he would eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat. And, behold, a woman in the city"—or, as it might have been said, a woman *of* the city—"which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him"—for, according to the oriental custom, he half reclined upon a couch, instead of sitting upon a chair—"and stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with ointment."

This is one of the most exquisite of scenes, and one depicted in a manner so brief and yet so clear, that only the hand of the Divine Artist could have touched the picture. And what was the interpretation of this inimitable beauty to the cold-hearted Pharisees there?

"When the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it"—the very man that wanted Christ to be his guest; the very man that wanted to show off before God—"he spake within himself, saying, This man, if he were a prophet"—he began to think Christ was not so much as he supposed he was—"would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him; for she is a sinner."

That is human; now let us see the divine:

"Jesus answering, said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on. There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I suppose that he to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged. And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss; but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint, but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven."

Tell me if in all the round and realm of literature there is another scene that looks so much like the very threshold of heaven itself, as this. Where else is explained to us in such unmistakable clearness the spirit and the beauty of that boldness of approach which a sinner can make to God, in the consciousness of his own sins, and of God's power to forgive?

V. There is a boldness which arises from an overmastering love of others. We shall find record of this, also, in the Evangelists—for there is no structure of argument that you wish to rear, there is no house which you want to build, for which you cannot cut timber in Mount Lebanon, where cedar grows abundantly. When anything is to be set forth, the best illustration of it, I think, can be found in the records of the Gospels or the Acts.

"When he came to his disciples"—(it was after his transfiguration)—"he saw a great multitude about them, and the scribes questioning with them. And straightway all the people, when they beheld him, were greatly amazed, and running to him saluted him. And he asked the scribes, What question ye with them? And one of the multitude answered and said, Master, I have brought unto thee my son, which hath a dumb spirit; and wheresoever he taketh him, he teareth him; and he foameth, and gnasheth with his teeth, and pineth away; and I spake to thy disciples that they should cast him out; and they could not. He answereth him, and saith, O faithless generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you? bring him unto me. And they brought him unto him; and when he saw him, straightway the spirit tare him; and he fell on the ground, and wallowed foaming. And he asked his father, How long is it since this came unto him? And he said, Of a child. And oftentimes it hath cast him into the fire, and into the waters, to destroy him; but if thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us. Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief. And straightway the father"—poor ignorant fellow that he was, going in the right way, but going blindly—"And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." I believe as well as I know how, and if I do not know how well enough, help me to believe better. "When Jesus saw that the people came running together, he rebuked the foul spirit, saying unto him, Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him, and enter no more into him. And the spirit cried, and rent him sore, and came out of him; and he was as one dead, insomuch that many said, He is dead. But Jesus took him by the hand, and lifted him up; and he arose.

Here is the boldness of parental love. How wonderful is that spirit! How worthless to this father must such a crippled demoniac child have been! and yet, by as much as it was a miserable, helpless object of pity, by so much he made his heart a nest, that it might there be brooded by him; and his time, his thoughts, and his life, were all for its service. And when he heard of the wonder of the disciples' Master, he came seeking him. He at first found only the disciples, and they could not cast out this disturber of the soul of his child. And when at last he came to Christ, he almost forgot everything but this: "My son; my child." And this boldness on account of another pleased Christ. It was eminently acceptable to him, and it was noble in the father.

VI. There is a boldness of spirit which originates in a sense of want profoundly wrapped in a consciousness of unworth, and so in humility. In the fifth chapter of Mark we have another of these exquisite scenes—these cameos of God's Word cut, with rarest beauty, in precious stones. Well, here are two of them, and they are nested together:

"And behold there cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name, and when he saw him, he fell at his feet, and besought him greatly, saying, My little daughter lieth at the point of death; I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live. And Jesus went with him, and much people followed him, and thronged him."

Now comes the case for which I turned to this place:

"A certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years, and had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing better, but rather grew worse"—as one might suppose—"when she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind him, and touched his garment."

Now do you see the difference between Jairus, the man, and this woman. He seems to have been well enough for a man. He came directly to Christ, and fell down before him, and besought him, it says, "greatly." *Besought* is a strong word, but the adjective was needed to give it full charge. He clasped the Master, and refused to let him go until he should give him a reply. But of this woman it is said:

"She came in the press behind, and touched his garment. For she said, If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole. And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up; and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague. And Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned himself about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes? And his disciples said unto him, Thou seest the multitude thronging thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me?" As much as to say, It would not be strange if every man here had touched you. "And he looked round about to see her that had done this thing. But the woman fearing and trembling, knowing what was done in her, came and fell down before him, and told him all the truth. And he said unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague."

VII. There is a boldness of fear which God permits. You will recollect when the disciples were toiling on the deep, in the night, how the Savior slept, and how, at last, in a panic, they rushed toward him, and awakened him, almost with reproaches. Said they, "Carest thou not that we perish?" They chid him. He rose and relieved them, and then he rebuked *them*, on account of their unbelief and want of faith. But he permitted the boldness. Peter likewise displayed the same spirit. When he would have fain walked on the water to Christ, and fear came upon him, and he began to sink, he boldly cried out, "Lord, save me, or I perish."

VIII. There is an eminent boldness compatible with profound humiliation of spirit. I will read but one more of these Scriptural examples—although I think they are the best part of my sermon. It is contained in the fifteenth chapter of Matthew. It is one of the most remarkable of these exquisite incidents, because it shows—I know not what to call it—that tentative, revelatory quality of Christ's nature, by which he carried himself so as to draw out men's ideas and thoughts.

"And behold, a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts, and cried unto him."

We must always interpret the history of past times by analogues and parallels of our own. Now the Canaanites, you know, were a despised and detested race, without regard to character. They had the prejudice of caste against them. If in our own day this occurrence had taken place, and there had been a parallel instance, it would have been that of an exceedingly black woman. Her relation to the public feeling—and religious feeling—of our times, would have been about that of this Canaanitess to the public feeling of the times of Christ.

"Behold, a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts, and cried unto him, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil. But he answered her not a word. And his disciples"—seeing that he carried himself with apparent indifference; for he acted like a Jew for the moment, and they were misled—"came and besought him, saying, Send her away; for she crieth after us."

It is such a trouble to have persons crying after us. People that are well off do not like to be bothered with those that are not. People that are free do not want those that are in bondage to be shaking their chains in their ears all the time. People that are good prefer to have nothing to do with those that are wicked. Insomuch that this woman was a Canaanitess, Christ drew himself up as though he was thinking of something else—perhaps religion; and the disciples, misled, and easily running into the snare, came to him and said, "Send her away; for she crieth after us." And this thing is done now, by us. We do it by the multitude. We do it in conventions, and great religious societies, and large missionary boards. When petitions come up from people in trouble, and despised, we say, "They are crying for ever after us;" and our advice is that they shall be cut off.

"But he answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

Then she caught the change in his face.

"Then came she and worshiped him, saying, Lord, help me."

But he had not done yet with this catechism.

"He answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs."

That is the way a Jew would have spoken, and he manifested toward her the common Jewish feeling, to see what it would avail in her case.

"And she said, Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."

She had the better of him.

"Then Jesus answered and said unto her"—for he held back no more; he flamed out with all the divinity in him—"O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour."

Now was not that beautiful boldness? See how humble it was, too. A mother's love brought her there, and against coldness she was not discouraged; against all this reasoning she did not lose heart. She admitted herself to be what she was—a poor heathen Canaanitess. And when Christ likened her to a dog, she said, "Yes, yes, I do not dispute that I am what you say I am; but even dogs love crumbs." And she got the whole loaf!

The case of the centurion is an illustration of the same thing. When he besought Christ to heal the servant that was sick in his family, and Christ said he would go and heal him, he said, "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof, but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed."

VIII. There is beyond this a boldness of love, more eminent, more beautiful, than any of the kinds of boldness of which I have spoken. An instance of this is given in that sentence which represents John as laying his head on Christ's bosom. That single act itself betokens the highest boldness conceivable. It was the fruit of the deepest love. He so loved Christ, and was so loved by Christ, that he was called Christ's beloved. He was the one of all the disciples most elected and selected, apparently, by Christ, as an object of love, and as a companion for personal intercourse.

I have given you these various illustrations, not merely to discriminate between a wicked boldness and a righteous one, but more particularly to open to your mind what is the habit of God toward us, and what are our permissions and liberties toward him. And I say, in summing up those instances,

1. There is no boldness permitted toward God which is from our lower instincts and fallings. The boldness with which a warrior meets his enemy; the boldness of mere physical courage; the boldness of unrestrained, irreverent zeal—these kinds of boldness are wicked before God. But, on the other hand, there is no one of our religious feelings, in its own estate pure and zealous, and inflamed, that does not permit us to come near to God. Not only has every Christian man a key to the kingdom of heaven, but every one of our moral sentiments or feelings has its own special key with which it has a right to open the door of God's privy chamber, and go in unto him. What is the feeling that animates you? Is it conscience? Is this feeling carried in accordance with God's truth and spirit? Then by it you may go boldly before God. Is it faith that irradiates the soul; that brings light from the heart clear up to heaven? Then as angels went up and down the sacred ladder, so by faith may you ascend into the very presence of God. Is it hope that fills the soul? To hope is given also the watch-word, and it may go to God without hesitation. Is it love? Love is a universal commoner. There is no thicket, or river, or obstacle, that love may not go through. It may go everywhere, carrying bounty, immense and universal, and only bounty. Is it want, that knows not how to speak a word? In heaven and before God the tears of want are louder than on earth are the loudest thunders. Is it sadness of heart or remorse? Whatever it is in the soul, that would fain draw near to God for relief, it may go to him boldly, and with confidence. There were telegraphs before Morse invented batteries or lines of wires. The longest telegraph ever made was that between the heart of God and suffering humanity. And every man that has a want is a battery; every want is a wire; every groan or tear sends a message quick to the central deposit of all petition—God's heart; and from thence come back mercies quicker than return messages are ever received by earthly telegraphs.

Let those, then, that are in trouble go boldly to God. What if your trouble is the result of your own guilt? You have more need of God if guilty than if innocent. What if you have brought it upon yourself by your own folly? You need all the more to go to God for light, that you may not stumble again in darkness. The worse your condition, the more you need him. If you have a sense of your own unworth; if you have a heart to do better; if you have a longing for deliverance; if you have a yearning for God, then you have a right to go boldly to the throne of grace. What! is this doctrine sound and true? Yes.

Now I will read the rest of the text, which I have kept back for the very closing, and of which the part that I have read is the inference:

"The word of God," the apostle says—and by "the word" here, you are not to understand God's written word. This expression, "the word of God," is a periphrasis for the mind of God himself. In olden times the Hebrews did not dare to say "Jehovah." To them that word was too sacred ever to be pronounced; and when they came to it in the text, they used the periphrasis used here—"the word of God." For nearly two thousand years they never pronounced this name of God, and when the letters of it came to the eye, it was always some other name that came to the tongue. From that habit came this phrase, "the word of God," in distinction from "God."

"The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight; but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do."

There is the declaration. God stands and looks down; and all things are naked and opened unto him. To him there are no locked-up covers; no concealed crypts; no dark caves; no secret places. There is nothing that is not disclosed before him. There is no man that is so encased or enrobed as to be hidden from him. He sees through the thoughts and feelings of men. He beholds the fountains of their feeling, and the sources of their thoughts. The intents of the heart—those psychological tremblings which indicate that the wires will show some thought or feeling—even these are known to him. The very beginnings of the life of the soul are plain unto him.

Now, then, what is the effect of a consciousness that these things are so? One would suppose, at first, that it would lead a man to exclaim, "Where shall I fly?" and to say to the mountains and rocks, "Fall on me and hide me from the face of God." Not so.

"Seeing, then, that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities"—who is unsympathetic toward us because we are so sinful; "but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." He has felt just the pressure that we are living under. "Let us, therefore"—on account of these two things; first, God's sympathy; and second, God's perfect knowledge of all our wickedness—"come boldly to the throne of grace"—and why?—"that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." We go not to exonerate ourselves, not to plead our righteousness: we go boldly, saying, "Thou knowest that I am sinful; but thou sentest thy Son to atone for sins; I am sick, but thou hast the medicine for souls that are sick; I am wicked, but thou art he that delightest to forgive wickedness. We are to go boldly to God's throne, because he is so full of mercies for our want; so full of goodness for our wickedness; so full of forgiveness for our sins. And God's knowledge of what we are, and all we do, instead of being an argument for fear, is an argument for confidence.

When a child has been away all day long, playing truant, and the afternoon comes, and with it hunger and the necessity of shelter, he must go home; and he goes toward his father's house, thinking to himself what plausible lie to tell; how he can make tattered truth seem like an unrent garment. And so, with an ill-feigned appearance of innocence, and perhaps with a forced smile on his face, he enters the door, trying to look as if he were not a guilty child. He runs with alacrity to perform every errand imposed upon him. His conduct, however, is suspicious; for he is too good for an innocent child. He thinks nothing is known of his disobedience. But while he sits with the family at tea, the burden on his mind grows heavier and heavier; and he says to himself, "They are very kind to me, and if I thought that they knew it all, and they were so kind, how happy I should be!" He expects that they will find it out, and that then there will be a time. Now his father and mother are pleasant toward him, but he thinks that by-and-by it will come out, and that then will follow chastisement and trouble. And that great undisclosed guilt in the soul, that account yet to be settled, takes away all the joys of his home, and makes the evening a torment. But if, when he came in, his mother had stolen behind him, and said to him in a gentle tone, "We know it all, my child; we are sorry; but we shall say nothing about it; we shall let it pass," the child, as soon as he found that it was all known and forgiven, and that he was recipient of so much love, not because they did not know it, but because knowing it they saw sufficient reasons why it should be passed by, and not laid to his account, how sweet to him would have been his father's and mother's kindness! It would have brought tears to his eyes as it had never done before. And when he went to his couch at night, how sweet would their unscolding forgiveness have been to him! It would have been all the sweeter because all the time they knew his guilt.

Now the apostle says, "With your guilt, with your trouble, go before God." He knows all. What nobody else knows, he knows. He knows what even the wife of your bosom does not know. He knows what has never been divulged to any living soul. Wicked thoughts and intentions in connection with your business, which perhaps no man knows except yourself, he knows. And when you feel an impulse to go before God, do not say, "I would go; but that crime." He knew of that crime before he invited you to go to him. Do not say, "I would go; but that unwashed lust." He has known that lust from the beginning. "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do." "Let us therefore," says the apostle, "come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help." *Grace to help*—that is it; grace to help you out of your sin. Let no one, then, who has a sense of his sinfulness, who is truly repentant, and who is striving to do better, hesitate to go to God, saying, "Have mercy upon me, and help me."

Now, Christian brethren, we are to renew our vows to God. We are to assemble as sinners around the table of the Lord, saying simply this: "Jesus, we are sinful, and in thy help we are to take these vows upon us." If there are those, then, in this presence, who are penetrated with a sense of their hearts' sinfulness, and of the unworthiness of their life before God; who so love God as to hate sin; who desire to renounce their wickedness; who are endeavoring by divine help to overcome it; and who are willing to take salvation at the hand of Christ, he says to every one of you, "Come; my blood shall cleanse you from all stain and spot." He says, "Come; because I live, you shall live also."

We invite you, then, the brethren of this church, to assemble in sweet fellowship around this table. We invite, also, those of other churches to sit with us, and for the time be brethren with us. And if there are those here who are repentant of sin, and who trust in Christ, having no hope of salvation but in the mercy of God, we invite you to come to your Master, and take him in symbol whom already you have taken in spirit.

After the blessing is pronounced, we will remain for the celebration of the Lord's Supper.

The Circulation of the Paris Press is given by a letter written in a London journal as follows: The *Moniteur* prints 18,700 copies; *La Siecle* (thorough Liberal and progressive), 55,700; the *Constitutionnel* (ponderous and governmental), 22,000; the *Debats* (refined and select), 11,300; *Le Monde* (clerical), 8,600; *L'Ami de la Religion* (milder and less offensive), 3,700; *L'Union* (Henry V.), 5,000. Each evening, *La Presse* (go-ahead) puts out 21,000; *La Patrie* (semi-official), 29,000; *L'Opinion Nationale* (Prince Jerome), 21,500; *Le Pays* (Mires), 6,000; *Gazette de France* (Henry V.), 5,500; *La Temps* (Protestant), 2,100.

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* Preached at Plymouth church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, Nov. 4, 1860, and reported for *The Independent* by T. J. ELLINWOOD.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

GENTLEMEN: My thoughts are continually on America; but the more I read and ponder on the subject, the less confidence I feel in my own judgment on the great problems which are in the course of solution in the events of Providence. It is right, however, to speak freely when we are conscious of a sincere desire to advance only that which is right and good. My earnest prayer is for the integrity, unity, freedom, security, and progress of the country I have been taught to love with an affection like that which I feel for the land of my birth. Whatever may be said or surmised to the contrary, the prevailing sentiment in England is that of concern that America may come out of the present struggle stronger, purer, and in the enjoyment of richer blessings. You will do your country injustice if you entertain any other opinion.

True national greatness is never attained but through conflict and suffering. History abounds with examples. We do not as a people imagine that because the North has risen in such wonderful unity to grapple with anarchy, and to resist aggression, that we may date from this resurrection the period of your decadence. It is only the narrow, the selfish, and the victims of prejudice that rejoice either secretly or openly in the decay of any nation. We are not sunk, be assured, to this condition of moral debasement. No doubt there are parties in trade and in politics who can take only sectional views. The necessities of journalism do not always allow of a clear comprehension of a great and apparently complicated movement, and editors who have yet to master your geography, and to discriminate between Charlestown and Charleston, do not predict with unerring certainty the course of events. The data of facts cannot be relied upon in every case. There is much need therefore of patience.

The truth is, the march of opinion in America in favor of freedom connected with order has been far more rapid than you seem fully to estimate. It ought not to surprise you that our people fail to appreciate at once the unity of your purpose and the grandeur of your aim. Military movements are far more exciting with you than they are with us. Your brothers and sons go to the camp from the farm and from the college and from the store, to devote themselves as a sacrifice. The British army is put in motion as a state machine by an order from the Horse Guards. The effect on home sensibilities is not felt here, therefore, so intensely nor so widely as in the United States. It is our habit to expect reserve in our great commanders. We look for the coolness and prudence of Wellington rather than for the fanfaronade of Sir Charles Napier. The testimony of Channing in favor of General Scott awakens, on this account, for the veteran British respect. The change of opinion in England on the subject of slavery is marked—not, however, in the sense some suppose. The non-fellowship party, so incurably self-complacent, go on passing resolutions, perfectly harmless, as you know—and they will always command admirers so long as there are people to be found who believe that no American can equal an Englishman in anti-slavery feeling. They burn incense to themselves, and enjoy its fragrance. Commercial men are likely to feel their equilibrium disturbed by hostile tariffs, heavy risks, and unfavorable exchanges. Politically, the American question has scarcely been raised. But apart from all these, the thoughtful people of the community are receiving a deeper conviction that slavery is a grievous wrong and a bitter curse. It can only exist by extending beyond it an area of despotism, and it must always endanger social stability and disturb the peace of the world. With this conviction, the impression also exists that the chronic evil from which you suffer is not to be removed by a single stroke, and that there is in dealing with it a limit to responsibility. Just as the desire for the removal of slavery becomes real and earnest, it is felt that there must be patience with those who are practically striving to effect its complete extinction. None can anticipate the divine plan.

What surprises us much is that you should be so sensitive to the cynical or unfriendly criticism of *The Times* newspaper. Every good practical object for which the friends of freedom in England have had to struggle has been discouraged, ridiculed, and opposed at the outset.

We are trained in consequence to count the cost. You have no idea (to compare great things with small) what an amount of secret resistance there has been to the movement for the Memorial church—and that on the part of men who, from their professed principles, should have been the most earnest in its promotion. We have a Dissenting millionaire whose frown casts a chilling shadow on whatever he feels prejudiced against. He shakes his head—and other heads move in sympathy. All we can do is to ignore such resistance and work when we can, and when this is impossible—wait. We go round the rock when we cannot sail through it. Exposure, menace, and querulous complaint would sink us. With right and patient perseverance, under God, we are invincible. Why should you be affected in any way by the variable opinions of men who cannot judge impartially, and who are too far from the scene of conflict to understand your aim? You are prepared to devote property and life to the cause of freedom. Certainly, with determination so firm and self-denying you can afford to wait until the issue shall explain and justify all. I have reason to know in particular that the Congregationalists of America are no longer ranked as a pro slavery body. Be generous, and if some have sought to affix the undeserved stigma, recognize nevertheless their own services in the cause of the negro. I trust you will bear with me in expressing the opinion that the sword will not in itself secure freedom. It will be by moral force that the grandest triumph will be achieved. The hour is coming when the fidelity and courage of the North will be put to a test severer than any which the field of battle can furnish. Calmly, deliberately, consentaneously, and irrevocably, her sons will have to say, Never more will we act toward any human being as if he were a chattel. Come what will!—never more. Not in malignity, not in revenge, not in compensation even for our sacrifices, but that the blessing of heaven may rest on the South and on the North, and that we may dwell together in unity, we shall never consent again to send men of like passions with ourselves to the house of bondage. Will the North advance to that point of decision, and there stand firm? For one I believe that God will give the strength to do this. With such a purpose not a word should be spoken incompatible with the moral dignity of the occasion.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,
JOHN WADDINGTON.

THOUGHTS AND THINGS IN LONDON.

BY REV. WILLIAM PATTON, D.D.

LONDON, June 28, 1861.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

In my last I gave you some evidence that the plan of the great rebellion was known here, in its minute details, before a blow was actually struck. There can be no reasonable doubt that when the drama opened and moved on according to the programme, and especially when there were no steps taken to arrest it by President Buchanan, the Government here were convinced that what the Southern agents told them would be, had actually come to pass. They were given to understand that the plan was so surely laid, (if not with the consent and co-operation of Buchanan, certainly with the understanding that he would do nothing to prevent its progress,) that it could not fail. Nay, more, they supposed that the Government, when it should come into the hands of Mr. Lincoln, would be so paralyzed—having neither army, navy, nor money at hand, and with the whole Democratic party opposed to him and sympathizing with the South—that no resistance could be made, and that the Confederates would certainly be the power—the nation. This view was also industriously instilled into the minds of the editors. Instead of showing these editors and others the actual existing Constitution of the United States, they must have stuffed them with the original thirteen articles of confederation, formed in 1777 and adopted by all in 1781, and which distinctly, in preamble and articles, recognized the states as sovereign and independent. Now you know that so terrible were the evils which were inevitable from this confederacy of sovereign states, that in their legislative action they demanded some other form of government, which led to the appointment of the Convention in 1787 at Philadelphia, which drafted the present Constitution, which merged all independent sovereignties into one nation—the United States. Of this Constitution the people here know very little, but they are slowly beginning to find out that it is radically different from the old and abandoned articles of confederation. As the true position of things is becoming better understood, the feeling is becoming more and more settled that this Southern Confederacy is nothing less than a gigantic rebellion.

The Government.

Intelligent Englishmen, as well as the Americans here, now believe that when Lord John Russell took the position of recognizing the Confederates as belligerents, it was *only* the *first step*, and that he intended soon to take a second and a bolder one—not because of hostility to the United States, but because from the knowledge which he then had, and from the actual facts in progress confirming that knowledge, he supposed that the Confederacy would be a success, and that there would actually be two nations formed out of the thirty-four states. He then saw no help for this conclusion, and judged it wise and proper to act accordingly. Had a different class of men been here to represent the United States, or had the men now here been on the ground six weeks or two months earlier, I do not think that Lord John Russell would have moved at all. The present state of affairs in the United States has poured a flood of light upon the mind of the Government here, and has arrested all progress in the Southern direction. Their honest wish, I have no doubt, is so to conduct all affairs as not to irritate the United States. It is somewhat difficult for a great Government openly to take the back track. Consistency is an excellent political jewel. They are opposed to all agitation of the American difficulties in Parliament—hence the indefinite postponement of the resolutions of recognition introduced by Mr. Gregory, the member from Galway. A little incident, somewhat personal, may show how sensitive is the feeling at present.

National Club.

Some English friends who perfectly knew the views which I hold, having submitted to them the outline of my argument under the following heads—

1. The United States one nation;
2. The strange disruption;
3. The political issues;
4. The plan of the rebellion;
5. The execution of the plan;
6. The question of power: how it was used and how it will be;
7. The encouragements: that slavery will be abolished—were very desirous that I should deliver the same before the National Club, which is composed largely of members of Parliament of both houses, and other distinguished and influential gentlemen. The necessary steps were taken. The Earl of Shaftesbury had consented to preside—the requisite names of members of Parliament to sign the invitation, and pledging themselves to be present, had been obtained. Having gone thus far, my friends who suggested this method said, All that is now wanting is the mere formality of getting the consent of the committee, and finding out the evening when the Earl can preside—this will come in a few days. I suggested my doubts whether it would be acceptable to the Government to have a discussion on this topic introduced into a Club composed mainly of members of Parliament;—it might precipitate a discussion, or commit members to a position. For myself, I should love to speak for my country there, and take any part in the discussion which might fall to my lot. My friends thought I should be subjected to the severest questioning, as diverse interests would be represented there. "Well, let them question. It is not the first time

nest desire of the Government of India to improve the condition of the people of that country by all means within its power; to raise them from the depression which had been theirs for ages, and place them among the growing nations, by putting into their hands a source of wealth and power.

The causes of this failure are various. The one most commonly assigned, and which is of widest application, is the unskillful modes of cultivation adopted by the natives. They could not see any adequate reward in the future for the increased care which the foreign plant required. Their own cultivation of the native plant was profitable; they were not assured that the foreign would be enough more profitable to warrant their adopting it with all the care and labor it required, and with the strong probability of a failure, which certainly has thus far attended the cultivation. There is nothing strange in this; nor is there any ground for concluding that the Hindoo cultivators are "more brutish" than other people because they have acted on the principles which govern most other people in the world. The price of cotton in India has not yet been high enough to induce the people to enter upon its cultivation from American seed very largely. The supply from America has kept pace with the demand. Let that supply be cut off by the blockade, and other causes now at work, and we shall be likely to see a large amount of good cotton coming to market from India.

English gentlemen in India have been very successful in raising the American cotton, in small patches, grown under their own superintendence. The result of all the "experiments" of the past will be that the natives will gradually become better acquainted with the proper management of the plant, and will acquire a confidence in its cultivation which they have not felt hitherto. They are as keen to see and make use of a pecuniary advantage as most other people, and the customs of the country do not prevent them from taking up new articles of cultivation, as is the case among the natives of Africa, especially the southeastern part of that continent.

The Native Cotton.

There seems then good reason for concluding that the quality of cotton from India may improve under increased demand for it. A supply of cotton from India does not, however, depend upon the successful cultivation of the plant from American seed. We may expect the native cotton to be more and more used. The fiber is short; it has usually come to market badly ginned, sometimes full of seeds and dirt and leaves. The Whitney gin was said to tear the fiber very much, rendering it still less valuable. The native gin did its work well enough for the native spinners and weavers, in a land where labor is cheap, and it could be cleaned over again; but it would not leave the cotton in a fit state for English mills. The natives, it used to be said, would not learn the way to manage the Whitney gin, but would cling to their own *chakra*, (wheel.) A new invention is said to have been recently introduced, on the principle of this native machine, which works well. With proper care this native cotton might be brought into extensive use. If the machinery now in use cannot work it up to the best advantage, we may hear of new machinery brought into use, adapted to the short staple of the India cotton.

The London Examiner says the cotton of India has sustained "no improvement" in the seventy years that have elapsed since it was first introduced. This statement sounds much like a predetermined depreciation of the article. No pains have been spared by merchants in the great marts of India, and by their agents in the cotton-growing districts in the interior, to increase the value of the cotton shipped to England by all means in their power. The Government has cordially co-operated with these men in their efforts. Stringent laws have been passed against frauds in cotton—a great source of complaint some years since. Communication with the cotton-growing districts is every year becoming easier, and all things point to improvement in the quality and condition of the cotton shipped from India.

The clothing worn by the great mass of the people in India is manufactured there. Some articles they make are of very fine texture. The great bulk of native cloths are coarse. But that fine articles can be made from the native cotton, would seem to point to improved methods of manufacture as desirable in bringing the article into more extensive use. The cotton grows there abundantly, and among the results to be expected from an increased demand, at a remunerative price, may be the application of science to the mode of culture, thus producing an article superior to the present from the same stock.

Religious Intelligence.

CONGREGATIONAL.

General Associations, etc.

PLACE AND TIME OF THEIR APPROACHING MEETINGS.

General Assoc. of New Hampshire, Portsmouth, Aug. 27th.
General Conference of Mass., Newburyport, Sept. 10th.
General Assoc. of New York, Binghamton, Sept. 24th.
Presb. and Cong. Con. of Wis., Milwaukee, Sept. 25th.
General Conference of Minnesota, Anoka, Oct. 10th.

MASSACHUSETTS—Somerset.—A Congregational church of twenty-two members was organized July 3d, in the town of Somerset. Rev. Mr. Maltby of Taunton was Moderator of the council; Rev. S. P. Fay of Fall River, Scribe. The occasion derived additional interest from the fact that this is the first attempt ever made to plant a Congregational church in the town. Quakers, Baptists, Christians, and Methodists were there, but no Congregationalists, till these twenty-two brethren and sisters, mostly seceders from the Methodist Episcopal Church, of their own accord, and without even the knowledge of a Congregational pastor in the neighborhood, assumed this form. It is pleasant to find that such a denominational preference can be indulged without provoking a denominational war. A number of disciples, constituting seven-eighths of a Methodist church, desire to have a voice in choosing the man who is to be their spiritual guide and teacher. The presiding elder, in the rightful exercise of powers with which he is invested, denies that favor; whereupon the larger part of them, beholding the liberty enjoyed by kindred disciples outside of their communion, decide to cast in their lot with them, and are forthwith furnished with testimonials of good Christian character and ecclesiastical standing. Somerset was originally a part of Swansey or Wannamoiset, where the redoubtable Obadiah Holmes, of "Anabaptist" notoriety, took refuge with his fellow "come-outers" when driver from Rehoboth for troubling Rev. Samuel Newman's church. This unhappy affair, the memory of which is still cherished in bitter sarcasms among a certain class of old settlers, has doubtless availed to keep Congregationalism out of Swansey and Somerset till this late day. But prejudices are as sure to soften under the influence of intelligence as the hoar-frost of the night is to melt away before the morning sun.

In the public services of the occasion, Rev. Mr. Child of Rehoboth invoked the divine blessing and read the Scriptures; Rev. J. S. Clark of Boston preached a sermon on Isaiah lviii. 12: "Thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations," etc., wherein the old Puritan foundations were laid bare, and the infant church encouraged to build thereon; Rev. Mr. Maltby of Taunton read the Confession of Faith and recognized the church; Rev. Mr. Fay of Fall River gave the Right Hand of Fellowship in a very cordial and felicitous address; and Rev. Charles Lothrop, who has supplied the flock with preaching most of the time since their separation from the Methodists, gave a feeling and affectionate Charge. It is understood that they are looking for a pastor, and with that view have been supplied, for a few Sabbaths past, from the senior class at Andover. At present they worship in a hall,—not the most convenient place,—but are purposing to erect a house of worship at their earliest convenience. They will need the help of their sister churches in this enterprise, and are well deserving of it. It may be that they will also feel the necessity of leaning for a short time on the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society in establishing the ministry, in which case their plea will be candidly heard.—*Correspondence of Congregationalist.*

CONNECTICUT—Licensed.—At a meeting of the Hartford Fourth Association, June 24th, a license to preach the Gospel was granted to the following members of the middle class of the Theological Institute, at East Windsor Hill: Messrs. W. H. Barrows, Hollis S. Clarke, Elijah Cutler, J. W. Grush, E. W. Merritt, C. C. Painter, and J. E. Wheeler. The whole number of students this year is twenty-seven.

WISCONSIN—Koskanong.—A new Congregational house of worship in Koskanong, Wis., was dedicated to God on Thursday, the 27th ult.

Invocation and statement of the financial condition of the society, by Rev. S. S. Bicknell, present stated supply; Reading of the Scriptures, Rev. Mr. Howd of the Methodist church; Prayer, Rev. D. C. Curtiss, Fort Atkinson; Sermon, M. P. Kinney, Janesville; Dedicatory prayer, Rev. E. G. Miner, Whitewater; Benediction, Rev. Mr. Howd.

It was a glad day to this people. They had long needed a more convenient place of worship, and have now a neat and convenient house, 44 by 28 feet, which will seat about 200 persons. The services throughout were interesting and impressive. The high expectations entertained in regard to the sermon were fully realized. It was truly a model sermon for the occasion, and was heard by many more than were able to find seats.

The house has been built and furnished wholly by the people of the place, at a cost of $1,000, and it is confidently believed will be paid for in full within a few months. Seats are to be free, and the singing congregational, led by a small choir. We bless God for what he hath wrought for us, and pray that in this earthly sanctuary souls may be nurtured and prepared for the sanctuary above.—*Correspondence of Congregational Herald.*

Beloit.—Rev. S. J. Humphrey, late of Newark, Ohio, was installed over the First Congregational church at Beloit, on the 3d of July, by a council. The exercises were as follows:

Rev. D. Clary, the first pastor of the church, presided and offered the invocation; Rev. N. D. Graves, of the Second Congregational church of Beloit, read the Scriptures; Rev. Wm. Adams, of the Presbyterian church of Beloit, offered prayer; Prof. J. J. Blaisdel, of Beloit College, preached the sermon; Rev. Ralph Emerson, D.D., of Rockford, offered the installing prayer; Rev. E. G. Miner of Whitewater gave the charge to the pastor; Rev. J. Coille of Delavan gave the right hand of fellowship; Rev. H. N. Brinsmaid, D.D., late pastor of the church, gave the address to the people.

METHODIST.

Rev. William Arthur.—It is reported that Rev. William Arthur has recently received a legacy of two hundred thousand dollars, and faithfully carrying out his principle concerning the duty of Christians giving a stated amount of their income to the cause of benevolence, he has given five thousand dollars to the British and Foreign Bible Society, fifteen thousand dollars to the Wesleyan Metropolitan Chapel-Building Fund, and five thousand dollars to the Wesleyan Missionary Society; making in all twenty-five thousand dollars. At a recent meeting of the Chapel-Building Fund, held in London, Mr. Arthur announced that the design of this Society was "to cover London with chapels. It was really fearful to think that within the last year there had been added sixty thousand people to this one city. There ought to be a chapel to every ten thousand people in London, and, by the blessing of God, they would have it so." At the meeting the receipts were announced by Mr. Corderoy to be upward of seventy-nine thousand dollars.

BAPTIST.

Secessionism.—A Kentucky Baptist writes to *The Louisville Journal* denying a statement which was made in *The Savannah Republican*, to the effect that the secession-glorifying resolutions of the Baptist Convention were unanimously adopted by a body having "a constituency of six or seven hundred thousand Christians." He says that of the 132 delegates composing the Convention at its session in Savannah, 114 were from the three states of Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina, leaving but 18 from all the other Southern states, and that but two were from Kentucky, and one of these was not a regular resident of the state. He says that if the resolutions adopted by the Convention at Savannah had been presented to the General Association of Kentucky Baptists, recently held in the City of Lexington, they would have been voted down by an overwhelming majority.

Mr. Spurgeon.—Mr. Spurgeon is at Windermere, amid the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland. He has not been able to seclude himself, but has preached several times. He had quietly ensconced himself in a corner in a chapel at Kiswick, when he was recognized, and then came forward to address and pray with the congregation. He has since assisted the evangelical incumbent at his prayer-meeting.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Secession.—At a meeting of the Presbytery of Memphis held in Sommerville, Tenn., on Thursday, June 13th, a paper on the action of the General Assembly on the state of the country was adopted, unanimously withdrawing from the Assembly.

Presbytery of Egypt.—The United Presbyterian Church of America has now a presbytery in Egypt; the first, probably, that has been in operation there since the third century of the Christian era. There are now at least four presbyteries in Africa.

The Separatioa Advancing.—The secession feeling has taken firm hold upon some Northern men who had cast in their lot at the South. Their love of country has yielded to other attractions. Some ministers, born and educated among freemen, have become enamored with a system of bondage. But while we mourn *their* fall, we are glad to know that there are others who remain firm, though an adherence to principle makes great sacrifices necessary. All Northern men—ministers as well as others—who cannot become actually on rebellion's side, have to fly.

Our young friend, Rev. John E. Annan, who was comfortably settled at Charlottesville, Va., chose rather to give up his charge and return North, than to participate in rebellion. So also Rev. J. S. Hays, who had charge of the Second Presbyterian church, Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Hays is from Washington county, Pa., and was very acceptable to his congregation. But it was not enough that he should preach the Gospel, and avoid all political issues. Of his six elders, as a friend informs us, three were Secessionists. These called on Mr. Hays and asked him to intercede for secession in his public prayers. He declined, and proposed to call a congregational meeting and ask for a release. This becoming known, his proposition was strenuously resisted. But the *noble* three were not satisfied. They again called on Mr. H., and told him he must pray for secession or leave. He then peremptorily called the meeting and tendered his resignation.—*Presbyter.*

EPISCOPAL.

Canada.—The Lord Bishop of Montreal, Metropolitan of Canada, has appointed Wednesday, the 10th day of September, as the day for the meeting of the first Provincial Synod of the Church of England in Canada, instead of July 23d, as originally proposed.—*Church Chronicle.*

Rupert's Land.—A letter received from Bishop Anderson at Red River, dated May 2, 1861, says:

"We are, I am sorry to say, passing through another of our periodical floods, which plunge a large portion of our people in great distress. They affect the center of our settlement, near the confluence of the Red River and the Assiniboine, while the two extremities nearly escape. The interval between the two former floods had been twenty-five years, and we had perhaps too fondly hoped for exemption for a like period. But now it comes after a couple of years only. But we hope that it will not quite equal in severity the last of 1852."

Rev. Mr. Smith, who brought us the Bishop's letter, traveled three hundred miles on his way in a birch canoe with two men, and has now returned again to his missionary station, seven hundred miles north of the Bishop's home, and three thousand miles northwest from New York. There, with his youthful English wife, whom he here met, and for whom he made the journey, he is laboring for Jesus, in the direct employment of the Church Missionary Society.—*Protestant Churchman.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

American Bible Society.—At the July meeting of the Board of Managers, there were interesting letters received from Rev. R. P. Thompson, Brownsville, Texas, Agent in Mexico, stating the difficulty at this time of obtaining books, and saying that the country is now open for the distribution of the Scriptures; from Rev. Thomas Hurlburt, Port Sarnia, C. W., commending the American translation of the Ojibwa Testament, and asking a supply for the use of the Indian Mission in Canada; from Col. Tronchin, Geneva, in behalf of the Swiss-Italian Committee, giving the names and expenses of colporters employed in behalf of this Society, and asking additional appropriation on account of increased labor and expense of transportation; from Rev. Dr. Anderson of Boston, Secretary A. B. C. F. M., in regard to defraying the expense of making translations of the Scriptures; from the Rev. John Mee, Secretary of British and Foreign Bible Society, the Rev. Dr. Riggs of Constantinople, and the Rev. Isaac G. Bliss, in regard to the translation of the Bulgarian Testament.

MINISTERIAL AND CHURCH REGISTER.

Batt—Rev. Wm. J Batt was dismissed from the pastoral charge of the church in Stoneham, July 9 h.

Beach—Rev. C. F. Beach was installed pastor of the Presbyterian church, Dunton, Ill., on the 13th of June.

Boyd—Rev. J. F. Boyd has received a call to Mount Nebo church, Allegheny Presbytery.

Bullock—Rev. Dr. J. J. Bullock has accepted the call from the Franklin-street church, Baltimore.

Burt—The honorary degree of D.D. was conferred on Rev. N. C. Burt of Cincinnati by Hanover College, Ind.

Cheeney—Rev. S. W. Cheeney of the Mulberry church has removed to Winchester, Ky.

Clark—Rev. E. W. Clark of Auburndale was, at his own request, dismissed from his pastoral relation, by action of an ecclesiastical council, on the 20th ult.

Colton—Rev. Erastus Colton has been dismissed at his own request from the pastorate of the Congregational church in Southwick, Mass., and now resides at Bellville, N. J.

Davenport—The Congregational church and society in West Killingly, Ct., have given Rev. Wm. W. Davenport of Roxbury, Mass., a call to become their pastor.

Dickson—Mr. Wm. Dickson, late of the Allegheny Theological Seminary, was ordained on the 11th ult., by the Presbytery of New Lisbon, in the church of Long's Run.

Eastman—Rev. J. Eastman was installed, June 26th, as pastor of the Congregational church in Danville, Vt. Sermon by Rev. E. C. Cummings.

Evans—Rev. P. S. Evans of Stamford, Ct., resigned, but at a regular church meeting was requested to reconsider it, which, after deliberation, he did.

Hagany—Rev. J. B. Hagany of St. Paul's church, New York, has had the degree of D.D. conferred upon him by the Genesee College.

Hammond—Rev. H. L. Hammond, late of *The Congregational Herald*, has taken temporary charge of the Congregational church of Princeton, Ill.

Heacock—At a meeting of the North Presbyterian church, Buffalo, held on Monday, June 17th, a unanimous call was extended to Dr. Heacock to become their pastor.

Hendrick—Rev. Calvin S. Hendrick of Paducah, Ky., son of Rev. Dr. John T. Hendrick, has received a unanimous call to the church in Baton Rouge, La.

Howland—Rev. H. O. Howland has resigned his pastorate of the Congregational church in Chester, N. H.

Janes—Bishop Janes touched at Southampton on his way to the British Conference June 15th, and reached Liverpool the next evening.

Jobson—Rev. Dr. Jobson and wife reached home June 11th, after a journey to Australia of nearly 30,000 miles.

Kemper—Mr. A. S. Kemper, late of the Danville Seminary, has received and accepted an invitation to take charge of the churches of Matroon, Ill.

Lightbody—Rev. Thomas Lightbody, late of Churchville, N. Y., has accepted a unanimous call from the Congregational church in Castile, Wyoming co., N. Y.

Lowrie—Miami University, Ohio, has conferred the degree of D.D. upon the Rev. John M. Lowrie of Fort Wayne, Ind.

Mather—Rev. W. L. Mather of Geneva, Wis., has joined the Third Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers as their chaplain.

M'Kinney—Mr. W. W. M'Kinney has received and accepted a call to Center church, Allegheny Presbytery.

M'Mullen—Rev. J. W. T. M'Mullen has been elected chaplain of the Seventeenth Indiana Regiment.

Moffat—Rev. John Moffat's post-office address is changed from St. Clairsville, Ohio, to Bellair City, Ohio.

Neill—Rev. E. D. Neill of St. Paul's is chaplain of the First Minnesota Regiment, enlisted for the war.

Punshon—The Wesleyan University, at its last commencement, conferred the degree of D.D. on Rev. Wm. Morley Punshon, the celebrated Wesleyan orator.

Rosseel—Rev. J. A. Rosseel has resigned his charge at Neenah, Wisconsin.

Rupley—Rev. F. A. Rupley has accepted a call from the German Reformed church in Middletown, Md.

Smith—Rev. Dr. A. D. Smith of New York is to deliver the annual address at the Anniversary of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, July 25th

Stewart—Rev. A. S. Stewart has given up his charge in Fort Washington, Wisconsin.

Thomson—Dr. Thomson, of *The Advocate and Journal*, makes the address before the Alumnæ of the Ohio Wesleyan Female College, Tuesday.

Tinker—Rev. Joseph E. Tinker was ordained and installed by the Presbytery of Cleveland, pastor of the church in Willoughby, O., on the 26th of June. This is the first pastor which has ever been settled over the church, though it has been in existence for more than twenty years.

Walden—Rev. J. M. Walden of the Cincinnati Conference, has been elected chaplain of the First Kentucky Regiment.

Waldo—Rev. L. F. Waldo has resigned his charge of the church in La Salle, and has accepted a unanimous call to the Congregational church of Allegan, Mich.

Walker—Rev. Adiace Walker has resigned in West Rutland, Vt., on account of ill health.

Wishard—Rev. S. E. Wishard has removed from Rushville, Illinois, to Tecumseh, Mich.

Woodrow—Rev. Dr. Thos. Woodrow's post-office address is changed from Nicholasville, Ky., to Columbus, O.

The Pro-Slavery Rebellion.

THE EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Southwestern Virginia.

Ex-Governor Wise, with his son, O. Jennings Wise, are at Charlestown, on the Kanawha,—a very important strategic point,—with a small force of rebels, harassing the Union men almost with impunity. Let us hope that means will speedily be found to drive him back, if not to capture him. Charlestown ought to have been occupied by our troops a month ago.

Mr. May's Mission to Richmond.

Mr. Henry May, lately elected to Congress from Baltimore, in place of Henry Winter Davis, instead of being in his seat, giving support to the Union cause, in accordance with the professions by which he won support from Union men, is at Richmond, hobnobbing with the leaders of the rebellion. The Washington correspondent of *The Philadelphia Inquirer* professes to tell the real object of his visit as follows:

"I am in possession of some facts which may throw some light upon the mysterious movements connected with the visit of Hon. Henry May to Richmond. It is an undeniable fact that at the time Mr. May was a candidate for Congress in Baltimore, he received the votes not only of Republican Union men, but also of Union men who did not take ground in favor of the war; and also the votes of many whose sympathies were with the South. It is certain, too, that his election was regarded with pleasure at the South. So far as Mr. May himself is concerned, I am positive in saying that he is a most unconditional friend to the Union, and wishes it reconstructed. But he is opposed to the war, which he believes to be unjust and unnecessary. He believes, too, that the war will never cause or result in the reconstruction of the Union; but that the longer it is continued the more impossible will Union become. Mr. Davis, knowing these to be his views, invited him to Richmond, hoping that through his influence in Congress the door of reconciliation might be again opened.

"Before going to Richmond Mr. May came to Washington, and had two interviews with the President. You may rely upon the fact that he received no countenance in his undertaking from Mr. Lincoln. But that President is firm in his determination to hold no parley with the rebels but at the cannon's mouth, and so expressed himself to Mr. May."

The Richmond correspondent of *The Charleston Courier*, under date July 4th, refers to the visit of Mr. May in terms by no means calculated to assure us of the loyalty of the man appointed to represent Baltimore in the U. S. Congress:

"The principal bubble upon the wave of Richmond life to-day, or rather yesterday, was the arrival of the Hon. Henry May of Baltimore, the successful competitor in the recent contest for a member of Congress there, against Henry Winter Davis, the Black Republican champion. The object of his visit has not transpired, but it is loudly whispered that it looks toward certain events in Maryland which may have an influence in determining the continuance of the war. The intelligence he brings from there is gloomy enough to make an American weep. According to his statements, Baltimore is as effectually under the heel of the tyrant as if the hand of every man was in iron fetters. Federal troops are encamped in its squares and patrol its streets; cannon are planted at corners, citizens are arrested for even breathing secession, women insulted with impunity; outrages are perpetrated that make humanity blush; and, in a word, a reign of terror has been inaugurated, which, if not as cruel in results, is as bad in principle as that of Robespierre, when he enshrined a harlot as a goddess of liberty, and bade the people fall down and worship."

Mr. May arrived in Washington on Saturday night, and is reported to be ill. He says the confidence of the Southerners in their ability to triumph over the North is unbounded.

Tennessee—The State to be Reorganized.

The loyal citizens of Eastern Tennessee are about to follow the example set them in Western Virginia—to organize a new state government loyal to the Union, to supersede the one in the hands of the rebels. This movement will no doubt be sustained at Washington, and we trust it will prove entirely successful.

A Sad Picture.

While we have abundant reasons for congratulation in the character and behavior of the great body of our soldiers, there is another side to the picture which should not be overlooked. A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from Washington on the 5th, tells this sad tale:

"Never before have I been so fully impressed with the truth of the remark that 'great armies are great evils.' Our country, hitherto a stranger to a military spectacle, is now the point of assemblage, passing through an experience of their corrupting influence upon society. Washington, being the central point, feels it more than any other city in the nation. How much our military organization from lack in discipline may be inferred from the fact that the streets of the city, from day to day and night after night, are filled with drunken, riotous, quarrelsome soldiers, who are permitted to crowd saloons and hotels, and to engage in brawls in the streets with entire impunity. I confess I cannot understand it. Our soldiers in the city are fearfully demoralized—and citizens walk the streets with no positive immunity against assault of any kind. It is impossible to go the length of the Avenue without refusing several applications from drunken soldiers for money to buy liquor or a plug of tobacco. Fights are frequent and bloody, and in many instances pistols and bayonets are flourished by men maddened with liquor. Nearly all the saloons of the city were closed yesterday by the proprietors through fear of the soldiery, and all those which were open fights were of constant occurrence. It seems to me that a proper regard for the peace of the city and the safety of its inhabitants, even if military considerations fail, should cause such an enforcement of discipline as will at least amount to protection and safety."

Senator Wilson, we observe, proposes to correct these evils as far as possible by some changes in the laws regulating the sale of intoxicating drinks in the District of Columbia.

Missouri—Another Victory.

Another victory has been gained by our arms at Monroe, Mo. Col. Smith, with the small Union force under his command, was occupying the Academy building at Monroe. The rebels under Gen. Harris were posted on the surrounding prairies with artillery, and Col. Smith seemed for a time to be in great peril. He sent out a flag of truce, which the enemy disregarded. On Thursday, the 11th inst., just in the nick of time, Col. Smith was re-enforced by three companies of mounted men, and the battle opened. The rebels, 1,200 strong, were grouped around over the prairies, out of the reach of Col. Smith's rifles.

They had two pieces of artillery, which were brought to bear, but the distance was so great that their balls were almost spent before they reached the Union lines. Col. Smith's artillery of longer range did considerable execution. The fight lasted until dusk. The last shot from Col. Smith's guns dismounted one of the enemy's guns. Just at that moment Gov. Wood of Illinois fell on their rear with the cavalry sent from Quincy, Ill., completely routing them, and taking seventy-five prisoners, one gun, and a large number of horses. Twenty or thirty of the enemy were killed, but not a man of the Federal forces was killed, although several were severely wounded. Col. Smith is determined to shoot the most prominent rebels. General Thomas Harris, the rebel leader, escaped.

ST. LOUIS, Thursday, July 11, 1861.

A special dispatch to *The Democrat* from Jefferson City says that large armed bands of rebels from Boone and Calloway counties are crossing the Missouri River to join Gov. Jackson's forces. Col. Boernstein has sent a detachment of 250 troops and two mountain howitzers to act in conjunction with the Home Guard at Cole Camp and Syracuse, to intercept and drive them back. A squad of cavalry will also be pushed forward on Gen. Lyon's left flank, to keep open the communication with him.

About 400 men belonging to Col. McNeil's regiment, a reserve corps, visited *The State Journal* office at Jefferson City early this morning, removing the type, paper, etc. They then read an order from Gen. Lyon, prohibiting the further publication of that sheet. The proprietors of *The Journal* will respect the order, and lay the whole matter before Gen. Fremont on his arrival here.

A private dispatch from Jefferson City says that Gen. Rains was killed in the battle near Carthage.

The Rebels want a Monarchy.

The Charleston papers are very irate in view of Mr. Russell's disclosures in *The London Times* of the longing of the rebel leaders for a monarchy. They pronounce his statements false, but it is not credible that Mr. Russell put into the mouths of the planters language they did not utter. And besides, his story is confirmed by the revelations of Mr. W. W. Miller of the sloop-of-war Iroquois, who lately arrived from the Mediterranean squadron. He says that secret efforts were made to corrupt the officers of the Mediterranean squadron so long ago as last December. He states that Capt. D. N. Ingraham (a South Carolinian, since resigned, then in command of the fleet,) invited a number of other officers to meet him on the 20th of December last at Spezzia, and that he (Miller) was one of those so invited and present. The result of this session was not satisfactory, and another was held at Genoa in January. At this conclave Ingraham and several more determined to desert the service and join the rebels, and, as an inducement to Mr. Miller to join them, they told him that this movement in the South would soon end in a Monarchy; that was the design; and that all who now went over would be made noblemen and given high preferments. As soon as this was announced Mr. Miller left the council-board, telling them that he intended to live and die beneath the flag he was hailing under. After that they had no further use for him.

New State Government for Missouri.

A majority of the State Convention of Missouri, charged with the duty of convening that convention at such time prior to the third Monday in December, 1861, and at such place as they may think the public exigencies require, have issued a call for the convention to meet at Jefferson City, on the 22d day of the present month. We understand, says *The Times*, that the programme agreed on for the convention is to depose Gov. Jackson, Lieut.-Gov. T. C. Reynolds, and the State Legislature now in office, and proceed to elect, by the convention, a new set of executive officers. Robert Wilson of Andrew county (the county next north of Buchanan, in which St. Joseph is situated) is spoken of as the probable new Governor. John B. Henderson of Pike county (on the Mississippi River, south of Hannibal) is also mentioned very favorably in this connection. Mr. Wilson is a farmer, of the old Clay school of politics, and has been long prominent and much honored among all parties of Missouri. Mr. Henderson is a much younger man, a lawyer of ability, and was a warm Douglas Democrat in the late Presidential campaign. Both gentlemen are decided and unconditional Union men, and both members of the present Missouri State Convention.

Condition of Eli Thayer's Colony in Virginia.

A letter from Ceredo, Wayne county, Virginia, written by one of Eli Thayer's colonists, appears in the Boston papers. It tells this sorry story:

"We are in a miserably confused condition here. The 'reign of terror' has not yet commenced in this county, but the traitors are trying it, and would, if they dared, begin to arrest and drive off Union men. At the voting on the ordinance of secession, the county gave five hundred and eighty-six majority against the ordinance; but many of the votes against it were obtained by careful and discreet management, (altogether different from the mode of managing such matters in your state,) and the votes cannot be relied upon. We cannot depend upon more than half the number in an emergency.

"The excitement has been intense here for three weeks. The camp of the rebels on the Kanawha is fifty miles from here, and is designed to 'straighten up things' in the six or eight refractory counties in this part of the state. The rebels are constantly drumming up recruits here for their camp, and the secret and all prominent tories do nothing else but operate upon undecided and timid men, to induce them to either join the wrong party or refuse to countenance the loyal men. They do turn many, and this is why the panics are so frequent and so distressing.

"We have hopes that Government will send in a few troops; but there are very many places in Western Virginia where troops are needed as much or more than here. So we mean to do all we can to protect ourselves, and a good many will resist to the death. It is a very bad condition of things, however. Nearly half the crops of the country are totally neglected, and while there is so much excitement no one can properly attend to his business."

Rebel Privateering.

The agents of the Board of Underwriters at Newport on Friday telegraphed Elwood Walter, Secretary of that Board, that a part of the crew of the brig John Welsh had arrived at Newport, and reported that vessel as captured by the privateer Jeff. Davis, off Cape Hatteras—the other part of the crew being put on board of another vessel, the Mary Goodel, bound to Montevideo, which had been boarded by the same piratical craft. The pirates ransacked the ship, taking what they wished, and then allowed her to proceed, because her draft of water—nineteen feet—would not allow of her being taken into any of their Southern ports. The same authority says the schooner J. C. Warner of New York, and a brig whose name is not known, were captured one hundred miles southeast of Nantucket South Shoal; also the schooner Enchantress from Boston, bound to St. Jago de Cuba, was captured by the Jeff. Davis on the 8th inst. Still other captures are reported by vessels which have arrived at Northern ports. The pirate vessel Jeff. Davis is represented to be a brig-rigged vessel, with several guns in the waist, and is supposed to be the same vessel formerly known as the slaver Echo. Three of the revenue cutters which have been doing coast-guard service were ordered away, and left suddenly on Friday about 5 o'clock P.M. It is rumored that they have gone in pursuit of the privateer, reported to be cruising off Nantucket Shoals.

A correspondent of the Havana *Diaro de la Marina*, writing from Cienfuegos, states that there arrived in that port on the evening of the 6th, in the custody of the privateer steamer Sumter or Habana, six sailing vessels of the United States, one of which appears to belong to one of the most respectable commercial houses of that city, which had registered her in the Federal States. The cargo of the six prizes consisted principally of sugar and molasses, loaded during the latter part of June and the first two or three days of this month at Cienfuegos and Trinidad. The commander of the privateer, it was rumored, brought in these prizes with the demand that since the cargoes were Spanish they should be landed immediately, and that the vessels should be delivered to him in order that he might destroy them. According to another rumor, he demanded the vessels immediately, and that the cargoes should be kept in charge until the Government of the Confederate States should declare whether they were or were not a legal prize. It appears that after hearing the Junta de Autoridades, his Excellency the Superior Civil Governor communicated orders to the acting Governor of Cienfaegos, that he should immediately direct the privateer to leave that port, and that he should retain the captured vessels until the determination of Her Majesty's Government should be known, which will be consulted as soon as possible. It is almost certain that the privateer captured the vessels abovementioned within the waters under the jurisdiction of Cuba, or within three nautical miles of the coast.

A Governess at Richmond and Manassas.

The Tribune states that a young lady who has for a year past been engaged in the family of a Southern planter as a governess, reached Washington on the 10th inst. She reached Richmond twelve days ago, and heard it said that there were about 5,000 troops at that point, a large number having left for Norfolk and Yorktown. During the two days she remained in Richmond, there were no arrivals of troops from the cotton states. She says the extravagant language made use of by the rebel leaders, in their recent speeches and proclamations, seems to have had the desired effect, as it is firmly believed that the Northern troops intend to set the blacks at liberty, and array them against their masters, and perpetrate all the other enormities so vividly portrayed by Beauregard in his lying proclamation. She says nothing under heaven save actual experience, with a Federal army amid them, will dispel this absurd belief; but that when the dawn breaks, and the real intention of the Federal Government is made known, the reaction will be terrific, and the indignation of the people who have been so basely deluded by the rebel leaders uncontrollable.

On reaching Manassas Junction, the young lady was put under arrest and marched off to the quarters of General Beauregard, from whom she actually begged a pass through the rebel lines. She was told that the matter would be considered, but a final answer was not given until the end of the third day of her stay there, during which she was treated as a prisoner; at length she was told by Beauregard that she could not be accommodated with a pass, as "he would not give a pass to his own mother." Determined not to be baffled in her attempt to reach her friends and a land of civilization, she went to Winchester and thence to Harper's Ferry, by which route she traveled without much interruption. While at Manassas her trunks were examined and her person rudely searched. She was warned that she had better remain South, "as Washington might not, perhaps, be a very agreeable city to reside in after a short time."

A Flag of Truce Fired Upon.

Com. Stringham, in a dispatch dated July 8th, gives an account of the firing upon a flag of truce off Sewall's Point. A small steamer was sent with a flag, Commander Case in command, for the purpose of taking away a daughter of Col. Segur, in compliance with instructions from the Navy Department, and after notice to Brig.-Gen. Benj. Huger. After passing the batteries at Sewall's Point and Bush Point, a shot was fired at the tug from Craney Island, which passed directly across the bow and struck within twenty feet. Had not the engine been stopped, says Commander Case in his report, at the flash and the boat turned a little to starboard the shot must, I think, have struck her. Commander Case then took to his barge, but had not proceeded more than three or four boat's lengths from the tug toward Craney Island, where the flags were usually communicated, when a second shot was fired at the barge, which passed directly over and struck about thirty yards from her.

Two officers came off in a boat, and to the question of Commander Case, "Who commanded at Craney Island?" they answered, "Col. Richardson." To the question, "whether they intended to fire upon a flag of truce," the senior officer replied: "It was the result of ignorance. The commanding officer had given the word to fire the shot and stop her."

After this explanation, Commodore Stringham's letter, stating that Commodore Case was ready to receive Miss Segur, was forwarded to Gen. Huger, and receiving no answer, returned after four hours' waiting.

Commodore Stringham closes his dispatch as follows:

"I can but express very great surprise at such treatment, considering the courtesy with which flags of truce from Norfolk have been received by me. I feel unwilling to hold further communication until a full explanation is offered by Brigadier-General Huger or the commanding officer at Norfolk."

The Battle at Carthage, Mo.

From a condensation of Col. Siegel's dispatches to headquarters in St. Louis, and from a narrative given by Lieut. Toskin, Col. Siegel's Adjutant, we have an authentic account of the battle—for it is worthy to be dignified with that name—which took place at Briar Forks, near Carthage, on the 5th inst. The forces engaged were about twelve hundred Nationals, with ten pieces of artillery, against about six thousand rebels with five pieces of cannon, but having the advantage of a considerable body of cavalry. Col. Siegel commenced the attack on the enemy's line of battle at 9½ o'clock in the morning, and succeeded, after about two hours' fighting, in silencing his artillery. The rebel cavalry then made a movement to outflank him, and make an attack upon his baggage-train, but Col. Siegel maneuvered in such admirable style that the attempt entirely failed. The National forces retired until a point was reached where the road runs between two high bluffs—the opening being occupied by the rebel cavalry—when, by a ruse, he drew them into a solid body to within a hundred and fifty yards of his position, where he opened upon them with a cross fire of artillery, and charged them at double-quick with his infantry, scattering them in every direction. The enemy finally retired to Carthage, and Col. Siegel fell back on Sarcoxie, and the next day went to Mount Vernon to await re-enforcements. The National loss in this affair appears to have been inconsiderable, while that of the State troops, it is thought, cannot be less than from three to five hundred. No second battle was fought, as at first reported.

How Senator Green was Captured.

A letter from Canton, Mo., from the troops under Col. Palmer, has the following:

"The troops are doing good work. Yesterday, twelve miles from here, they caught the flying ex-United States Senator James S. Green. They demanded Mr. Green to halt, which he did not do; the next was a gun fired over his head, which brought him to a stop. They brought him to the University as a prisoner of war, where he is still remaining. It is rumored in town that the ex-Senator will not swear allegiance to the United States, and if he would swear, the commanding officer would not accept it. I expect Uncle Sam will give him his due. A great many of the Secessionists have fled since the arrival of the troops. Arrests are constantly made, and in a short time we shall hear of good times. At the residence of Mr. Green the stars and stripes were run up by the command instead of the secession flag, which was captured by the troops."

Unfortunate Ambuscade.

FORTRESS MONROE, Saturday, July 13, 1861.

A scouting party from the Seventh New York Regiment, numbering 37 men, under command of Lieuts. Herrengen and Mosebeck, fell into an ambuscade yesterday noon, nine miles above Newport News, and lost 13 men, including the two lieutenants, killed or missing. They were attacked by a company of cavalry one hundred strong, and on retreating to the woods were met by a strong force of infantry. Two or three of the Germans are known to be killed, and Lieut. Herrengen was seen to fall under his horse, which was shot. Four or five of the horsemen were killed. Of the missing, those not killed are undoubtedly prisoners in the rebels' hands. Seven companies of the Seventh went out in the afternoon, and picked up some stragglers, and found one or two dead bodies of the rebels. The conflict was most sanguinary. The expedition was undertaken without Col. Phelps's knowledge or

The Independent.

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OVERDOING.

"Overdoing is the devil's way of undoing." This aphorism of shrewd and honest Richard Baxter is as true in our times as it was in his.

The "carping press" may be presumed to be honest in its continual efforts to make the people believe that the Administration at Washington is only half-hearted in the conflict with this great rebellion; or that its proceedings are irresolute and slow; or that it is kept back by some foolish hope of negotiating with the rebel chiefs; or that it is utterly deficient in wisdom and courage. There is no need of imputing to personal disappointment, or to any malignant motive, these daily censures on the Government, now striking at the President, now at one or another of the Heads of Departments, now at General Scott, and now at some other military commander. We will not doubt that our contemporaries of "the carping press" in this city are as desirous as we are to see this war prosecuted with the utmost possible activity, and so brought to the earliest possible termination which will give any hope of a permanent peace. Doubtless they believe with all their hearts, whatever they say against the Administration. Doubtless they think they are serving their country well, and are moving all their loyal readers to a higher courage against the enemy and a more resolute determination against any compromise with rebellion.

But the truth is, their influence with a large class of their readers—and indeed with all readers over whom they have influence—is tending to the very result which they most dread. Certain journals here and elsewhere in the loyal states—journals which we need not describe otherwise than by saying that they represent, not the Democratic party, but only that faction from which the Democratic party as a whole has seceded—are well understood to be working in the interest of treason; and there is little danger of their infecting the loyal heart of the people with any distrust or discouragement. But when they learn from the daily testimony of journals whose zeal for the Union is undoubted, that the leaders in whom they have trusted, and to whose wisdom and fidelity the preservation of the Union and the Constitution has been committed, are unworthy of their confidence, incapable, inefficient, irresolute, lacking in every qualification for leadership at such a crisis, the effect on the loyal heart of the people is not new courage and a firmer resolution, but a feeling of despondency. We are not now inferring merely that this *must be* the effect. We affirm the matter of fact, competently testified to us, that this *is* the effect. Honest, loyal, patriotic men, who have received with too much faith the representations which they find repeated by the carping press, are ready to despair of the Republic, and are beginning to feel that the inevitable compromise may as well be accepted first as last.

And why should they not come to this conclusion? If there is no vigor and no wisdom in the Government—if the President, or the Secretary of State, or the controlling influence in the Administration, is not hearty in the professed purpose to maintain the integrity of the Union, and to crush out by force the pretended right of secession—if the senility and the general incapacity of Gen. Scott paralyze all the efforts of patriotism—what can we do? We cannot wait for another Presidential election to give us another Administration, which, if we may judge from the experience of more than seventy years, will hardly be better than this. We cannot afford to meet the insurrection at the South by the perilous chances of an insurrection at the North, overturning the Government, and installing in its place a Committee of Public Safety. The Southern insurrection must be put down by the people, acting by the Government of their choice, and under the forms of the Constitution, or it cannot be put down at all. If then the Government, in the hands to which it has been constitutionally committed, is imbecile or faithless, it only remains for us to make such terms as we can with Davis and his fellow-rebels, and so obtain a dishonorable peace before accumulated disasters and discouragements shall compel us to accept a peace still more dishonorable.

We are happy, for our own part, in the belief that there is no such necessity. Having no confidence in the representations given out by our contemporaries of the carping press, we have full confidence in the honesty, the patriotism, the moral courage, and the ability of the President and of the Administration as a whole. For the same reason we have full confidence in the military capacity of General Scott, and are sure that his plan of the campaign is more likely to extinguish the rebellion than any plan would be which these unprofessional advisers could substitute for it.

NATIONAL CHURCH-UNITY.

We have already made honorable mention of the patriotic position taken by the Old-School General Assembly at its late session in Philadelphia, and, in particular, of the venerable Dr. Spring's agency in moving and carrying their resolutions against strenuous opposition. But we invite attention to the principal objection taken by the minority of that body in the excited debate on that occasion. They argued that by siding with the United States against Southern secession, by avowing loyalty in opposition to treason, the Assembly would divide the Church; that its unity could be retained only by non-committal on the part of the Assembly, as between the Federal Government and the rebels; that therefore they should keep a silent neutrality on the question that now convulses the whole country. This was their principal plea; for the scruple that this question lies out of the province of ecclesiastical action, among "the things that are Cæsar's," would not have been thought of had the Assembly been of one mind: all would have agreed that the support of civil government is ranked by the New Testament among "the things that are God's." And they made so much account of their unity on two grounds. First, it was a tie between the North and South, and hence should be carefully guarded for the sake of political union itself. We cannot but reckon it an amusing stretch of conceit in those Old-School Presbyterians, to fancy that the United States will hang together or fall to pieces with their General Assembly. The seceded states did not wait for any schism in that body, and we have not heard it whispered, out of their debates, that the states now wavering will stay or go on that contingency. Soberly, if all the Christian churches in this land had been organized in one body, it could not have prevented, and could not now arrest, the disunion movement, any more than the Romish or Papal unity in the states of South America prevented first their severance from Spain, and then their internal ruptures; and what could be expected from one denomination, whether the Old-School Presbyterian or any other, among the many in our country? The fact is, the same causes that are at work to rend the Federal Union, operate on the materials of every religious organization that extends into the North and the South, and the two sections within that General Assembly are already divided as really as they are out of it. But the unity of the Assembly was pleaded for on another ground—its own intrinsic value and preciousness. "We pray you," the minority virtually said, "not to pass these resolutions, which commit our Church to the side of the Federal Government and against the Southern rebellion, for you will thus drive off our Southern members, and rend this Church, the church of our affections." The plea here is mainly for "ecclesiastical unity." Yet, after all, the unity meant is not properly ecclesiastical, but only *denominational*. The distinction is significant, and ought to be better understood than it is. The minority in the Assembly make pathetic appeal and protest in behalf of "our Church;" almost insensibly they often exchange this phrase for "*the* Church," still meaning the same thing; in the same view they are ready to sing, "I love thy church, O God," and to quote the promise, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it," and the Savior's prayer for the oneness of his followers. All this is *as if* the Old-School Presbyterian body were the church universal, the veritable "body of Christ." Yet these brethren know that any group of churches, however numerous, and however organized, which does not include *all* Christian churches, is not a church at all in any Scriptural sense of that title, the Scriptures always using it either for a single congregation of Christians, or for all Christians considered collectively. They admit that their whole body is not the church catholic or universal; that it does not include the whole body of Presbyterians in the world, or even in this country; that even all the Presbyterian churches in the world do not constitute the church universal. Confessedly they mean only one of several Protestant denominations, while the church universal they acknowledge to be larger than all these. *Their* church, they own, is at best only a part of a part of *the* church. Moreover, that organic unity which they contend for within that part involves its more complete organic separation from every other part. It is for such a unity of such a body that they are so zealous. For the sake of this they would have their General Assembly stand speechless in the presence of the armed Southern rebellion, and refuse every utterance of loyalty toward the most beneficent of governments in the hour of its utmost peril. So much more do they care for the aspect of unanimity in their own denomination, than for the maintenance of "the powers that be," which "are ordained of God:" so stands the account between their loyalty and their denominationalism. Let our readers mark this quality of the sentiment that opposed itself to the action of the Old-School Assembly, and bear in mind the narrowness of its ecclesiasticism and the hollowness of its patriotism. It calls itself church-feeling, as all evil things affect amicable names; yet it is sheer sectarianism, if such a thing can be defined at all. And we point it out, and point at it thus, because the same evil puts on the same guise in so many other instances. Sectarianism loves to interchange the terms "our church" and "the church." Its church is *no* church, but a *sect*. Its very unity is schism. Under whatever forms, whether of Romanism or Presbyterianism, Episcopacy or Methodism, it is wedded to a religious faction, and therefore adulterously alienated from the body of Christ. No wonder if it favors treason in the state, since it is itself treason in the church.

THE "CONTRABAND" NEGROES.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

The sermon of Rev. Dr. Thompson, which we published in full in the last number of the *The Independent*, proposes a method of dealing with the question of slavery as affected by the existing war, which has already excited the interest and met the approbation of many citizens. The general question which Dr. Thompson has treated with so much freedom and boldness is connected with embarrassments which we need not describe, and which demand for it a fuller consideration from men of various positions, antecedents, and ways of thinking, than it has yet received.

There is a particular point of the negro question, however, which has received a disproportionate amount of discussion from the newspapers, without any corresponding increase of light; and that is the point which we have stated at the head of this article. It has been treated by writers, from the Secretary of War downwards, as if there was a great difficulty or obscurity about it, and the ultimate decision of it has been postponed in expectation of a clearing up.

We do not perceive where the difficulty of this case lies. It is as plain a case of governmental duty as can ever arise. The only argument needed on the case is the right statement of it; and it can be stated in a nutshell.

To begin with: It must be admitted that General Butler's famous decision—"*contraband of war*," which so mightily amused the Yankee nation for its smartness, was only a clever trick of that ingenious lawyer to avoid a dilemma growing, not out of the difficulty of the subject, but out of his own political antecedents. As a neat evasion of immediate responsibility, it was capital. As an *argumentum ad hominem* against the claimants for the fugitives in Fort Monroe, it was inimitable. As a suggestion of the possible reach and bearings of martial law, it was highly instructive and salutary. But as a settlement of the question, it was *nil*. And so Mr. Secretary Cameron rightly judged.

How then shall we treat persons of color escaping to the lines of our army from the regions occupied by the rebel forces?

Answer: *Exactly as we do white persons in the same predicament*; perhaps as prisoners of war; perhaps as deserters from the enemy; perhaps as loyal subjects of the Government, rescued from the violence of traitors; perhaps, in some instances, as persons liable to be impressed into the service of the rebel army, whom, for military reasons, it may be needful to hold in security, or to impress into our own service; but *never* as contraband *property*. Our present Administration, unless it is faithless to its antecedents and its pledges, will not entertain the presumption that a negro is a chattel until he can prove himself a man.

And *why should not* a black refugee be treated in all respects like a white one? What reason is there for discriminating between a throng of black men and women asking the protection of General Butler at the gate of Fortress Monroe, and a deck-load of white fugitives from Norfolk, presented to Captain Stringham under a flag of truce off Old Point Comfort?

It may be suggested, in reply to these questions, that the black fugitives are liable to be claimed as slaves.

And suppose they are so claimed; on what law is the claim founded? Certainly not on any principle of common equity as between owner and slave. Is it on the provision of the Constitution? That provides only for the rendition of the fugitive from one state to another; not at all to the restoration of runaways within the state in which they are "held to service." Is it on the Fugitive-Slave law? That is excluded from application to this case by the same reason. The claim, then, is made under the laws of Virginia—a code which, we apprehend, General Butler is under no responsibility to enforce, *until duly called on by the constituted and recognized authorities* of that commonwealth. Until that time his whole duty of police must be in maintaining order and the public peace, according to the common principles of justice, and especially in protecting the poor and feeble against violent oppression.

Let our Government take this position simply, that all peculiar claims of property founded on peculiar laws of Virginia must be presented to magistrates of the *loyal* government of that state, and we have done more than adjourn a troublesome question. We have put the Government at once fair and square on the old doctrine of the fathers—*Freedom National: Slavery Sectional*—as enounced in the great speech of Senator Sumner; and it cannot be put there a moment too soon. We have done more even than this. We have put the whole state of Virginia *under bonds*, to the value of their slaves, to take care that the authority of Governor Pierpont and the Wheeling Declaration is established at the earliest moment in every county of the Old Dominion.

Let us suppose a case under this new regimen. Hon. Beverly Fitz Fairfax, F. F. V., applies to General Butler to recover his dozen of able field-hands, supposed to have strayed carelessly within the lines of Camp Hamilton. The patriarchal gentleman can be bluffed off only for a brief time with the grim old joke of "contraband of war," for he is ready to swear as many oaths of allegiance as General Lee of Arlington could break in a month; and as a good and loyal citizen he claims for his "property" the protection of the Constitution and the Fugitive-Slave law.

The able practitioner in command of that Department at once persuades him in the most convincing manner that the documents to which he refers have no earthly application to the present case, and if they had, a Major-General is not the proper functionary to apply to under them.

"But," responds the Honorable Fitz Fairfax, "the niggers are mine—bought and paid for—I hold them by authority of the state of Virginia."

"Ah!" says the General, "I should be extremely sorry to put any hindrance to the due execution of the laws of the state. I shall not stand in the way of the service of regular legal process except on a military necessity."

The Honorable Beverly is not unprepared for this emergency, and from the recess of his breast-pocket he plucks forth a document duly tied with a red tape and authenticated with the mark of Justice Wolf, functionary under the government of John Letcher, Governor of Virginia.

"Don't know any such person as this. Pierpont we know, and Carlisle we know, but who is Letcher? Whenever you will bring authority from any proper officer of the loyal state of Virginia, it shall be duly respected."

"But before we can do that the niggers will run away."

"That's not my affair. You will have to settle that account with the state government; and allow me to suggest that the sooner you have a state government in these parts in working order, the more convenient it will be for all parties. Good morning, sir."

And a fine old Virginia gentleman retires thoughtfully to his plantation, balancing in his divided mind the claims of Letcher and states' rights against those of Pierpont and property.

The only other objection which we can anticipate to the course which we have recommended, is the difficulty of providing for the great mass of recently emancipated slaves in such a way that they should not become mere idlers, marauders, and "a curse to the community."

The danger here suggested is not one to be trifled with; and yet it is difficult to see how the existence of it can justify the United States Government in meddling with a matter of local state jurisdiction, in which it has no immediate concern. Owing to the misgovernment of Virginia in past years, various classes of her population have come, at different times, to be spoken of severally as "a curse to the community." Sometimes the "poor whites," then the "free blacks," always the slaves, and now at last the slaveholders. The population, if we can believe these various testimonies, seems to consist largely of "curses to the community." But it has never been suggested before, we believe, that the Federal Government should intrude upon the jurisdiction of Virginia to relieve her of these misfortunes. No philanthropist has proposed a foray to capture the "poor white" curses, and transport them to New Zealand. Why then suggest a governmental deportation of the poor black curses to Hayti or Micronesia? This is a state matter. If the Federal authorities are worried over it, Governor Pierpont is the man; let them write and ask him to attend to it, so far as it needs political care. If they wish the services of an "Emigrant Aid Association" to assist a voluntary migration, here are the Colonization Society and Mr. Redpath eager for a chance to do good. And if what is wanted for the liberated captives is Christian care and instruction and charitable relief, the Southern Aid Society is out of work, and this labor would be exactly in their line of business. The United States Government has enough in hand to occupy all its attention, without addressing itself to the conduct of foreign and domestic missions, or the administration of the Virginia statutes.

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY.

On the 6th day of June the Corporation of the City of London presented to Mr. Richard Cobden, M.P., the "freedom of the city," as a complimentary acknowledgement of his eminent services in the recent treaty of commercial reciprocity with France. The *City* of London proper is one of the oldest chartered incorporations in the realm—its rights dating from before the Conquest. Under the general incorporation various branches of trade and manufacture are represented by incorporated companies or guilds—*e.g.*, mercers, grocers, drapers, fishmongers, goldsmiths, salters, ironmongers, etc.—"honorable companies out of which the Lord Mayor is chosen yearly because those of inferior rank are not capable of such dignity." These select the livery as they are styled, who in turn elect the alderman, and so the old chartered city is a grand close corporation representing the commercial interests of the commercial center of the world. The "freedom of the city" can be conferred upon one not belonging to any of its guilds, only by vote of the Corporation itself; and this is reserved as a special honor for great services to the city or the public interests. On Tuursday, June 6th, the venerable Guildhall was filled with the wealth and grandeur of the Corporation, the Lord Mayor presiding, when the Chamberlain or Treasurer of the city presented Mr. Cobden with the title of citizenship, contained in a handsome box of oak and gold. Mr. Chamberlain Scott in making the presentation addressed Mr. Cobden very appropriately, and in acknowledging the compliment Mr. Cobden entered at considerable length into a consideration of the recent commercial treaty with France, defending it in principle, and expressing full confidence in the soundness of the policy by which it was dictated, as calculated to unite more closely the material interests of the two countries.

The occasion was worthy of the dignity of the city and the fame of its distinguished guest.

In ancient cities this honor was conferred for eminent services, or was sometimes purchased "with a great sum." Paul boasted that he was free-born. The name of every Roman citizen was dully enrolled in the censor's books. This ceremonial suggests the beautiful significance of the allusions in the New Testament to the citizenship of true believers, whose names are written in heaven. This enrollment is not for personal merit, but is the reward of grace through the redemption of Christ. They which are written in the Lamb's book of life, and that do the commandments of the King, "have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

The Southern Conspirators on the Western Coast.—A correspondent in the West writes to us that a few well-known Virginians who flourished a few years ago in California, where they attempted to incite Northern Mexico, and particularly Sonora, into a revolution, are still plotting a scheme to seize Sonora and hold it as a conquest of the Southern Confederacy. The port of Guaymas, (pronounced Wymas,) on the Eastern shore of the Gulf of California, is to be made a rendezvous for the Pacific pirates who sail under the Stars and Bars. The plan of the conspirators is said to be first to occupy Sonora, and then Arizona. Some of the agents of this movement are now at Panama, making arrangements, as we are informed, to intercept and plunder the rich commerce that comes from San Francisco by way of the Isthmus. So Jefferson Davis has to be watched from the Potomac to the Golden Gate.

THEOLOGY AND PIETY.

It is sometimes objected to the study of theology as a science, that by making the truths of the Bible the subject of intellectual analysis, it diminishes their otherwise simple and natural power over the heart; that the theological student forms the habit of scientific disquisition upon religious truth at the expense of that simple-hearted faith which makes such truth the life of the soul. Now it may be true that the study of theology as a science at the first disturbs the repose of an unreasoning faith, and sometimes begets a tendency to speculate where it were more comforting simply to believe. And unless this tendency is regulated by the habit of prayerful communion with God, religion itself may come to be more a matter of intellectual processes than of heart-experience. As Isaac Taylor suggests, one who has been through a course of theological training, "may often be tempted to envy the felicity of some simple-hearted Christian people, who, uninformed in such matters, and quite mindless as toward every species of gainsaying, are content to hold fast the form of sound words which they have been taught; and thus they live, and breathe, and thrive, walking and resting in the sunny Beulah of untroubled faith." But as the same writer observes, "although it is not permitted us to fall back upon the immunities of simple ignorance, if once these have been forfeited, there is still a way in which a more solid peace may be secured than the peace of ignorance can be, and where a safer anchorage may be found than is that of the shoal of mindless assentation;" and that way is, to "think on to the end." But in order to gain this peace, one must be careful to keep his heart in constant communion with truths already settled, and thus to hold fast his anchorage of faith. Hence the study of theology should always be attended with prayer for that spiritual illumination which will make the truth the light of the soul.

In an address at the inauguration of Rev. H. R. Reynolds as President of Cheshunt College, Rev. Thomas Binney of London thus clearly and forcibly sets forth the mutual relations of theology and piety:

"The difference between your office and that of the ordinary minister may be said to be this—that while the minister is to be most intent on instructing in religion, in exciting the religious feelings, and nourishing the religious life, the divinity professor has to teach theology, properly so called; to set it forth systematically and orderly before the reason and understanding, and to sustain it by proofs and processes of argument which directly bear on the intellectual apprehension of the objective truth. Not but that the minister and the tutor have alike to do with both theology and religion. All the appeals of the preacher must be based on correct theological conceptions; and all the discussions of the professor must be religiously conducted. In the preacher, scientific theology must be felt rather than seen; felt as the firm basis underlying all his religious teaching, and all his earnest appeals. Religion, as a spiritual and practical power, must be with him the more obvious and manifested element, coming into contact with the spiritual affections of the audience; but this, to be effective, must be sustained and regulated by a true theology—a theology which, without being scientifically set forth, shall be there as the soul and strength of the discourse; just as all eloquence, to be worth anything, must be based on argument, according to the description of the eloquence of Demosthenes—'Strong logic made red-hot by passion.' In the preacher, then, theology is not so much to be set forth and seen, as understood and felt. Sermons very frequently have been too much theological discussions, and too little religious appeals. On the other hand, in the professor, this process is to be reversed; in his hands theology must be seen,—*that* has to be the great object of contemplation and study presented to the intellectual reason of his class; but it should be so taught, that the religious element shall always be felt, and the religious faculty stimulated and developed. In the preacher, warmth must emanate from light; and in the professor, the light must be accompanied by warmth. Even scientific theology is not a thing to be adequately understood by the intellect alone; it is not perceived and apprehended solely by the reason; the spiritual faculty is the proper organ for correctly admitting it. The understanding may see the shape and stature of the truth, but it cannot hear its voice or mark the expression of its living countenance. The religious mode in which the scientific truth is presented, must call forth a sentiment in the soul, thus kindling the affections as well as stimulating the reason. The demonstration and argument must glow and burn as well as reveal."

The same address makes a practical application of this thought to the work of the theological instructor, which may be read with profit by both teachers and students of divinity:

"Dependence on divine help attaches itself, in a devout mind, to everything. It can be taken with us into the ordinary business of life, and felt in relation to the meanest things; but it is more especially to be recognised when we come to touch divine things. If the ministry is to be exercised under the influence of the sentiment, much more must the duties of that office be so discharged, the end of which is to prepare men for the sacred function. Other professors, those at least of the profane or secular sciences, may pursue their demonstrations and make their statements, and the powers of teacher and pupil alike may be fully adequate to their respective responsibilities; —the one carrying everything successfully to the intellect, and the other exercising a perfect intellectual reciprocity. But though this, too, may be the case in respect to the dogmatic or mere scientific statement of sacred truth, it is by no means sufficient to the full spiritual impression of that truth, or such a perception of it as shall call forth the religious faculty so clearly as the rationalist—and without this your work would be but half done. Hence the necessity, both for professor and student, of divine help and heavenly influence; hence, too, the necessity of constant dependence on and earnest prayer for the blessing by all concerned. Especially will the professor feel the solemn obligation of daily seeking divine guidance, both for himself and his most important charge. It will be for you, my dear friend, so to conduct your instructions that your devout dependence on God shall be something always to be felt by the pupil, a presence and influence constantly affecting him for good. The divine Spirit operates more directly on the moral feelings and faculties than on the intellectual; on the heart rather than on the understanding; or on the reason and intellect, through the spiritual and moral affections. The temperament of the soul being raised and purified, objective truth can then be perceived in its clearness of outline and felt in its attributes of beauty. 'The life is the light of men.'"

The study of theology thus pursued may prove a most delightful and profitable means of grace; and the theological lecture-room become the highest school of personal religion.

THE TRUE OFFICE OF LOCAL HISTORIES.

It was well said by Dr. Withington of Newburyport, in an excellent though quite too brief address at the celebration of Dr. Storrs's Fiftieth Anniversary at Braintree, that one of the best services which a man familiar with the social life of half a century ago can render to the public is to portray the lights and shades of that life as he remembers them; so fixing them on the page that those who come after us can see for themselves the manners and habits, and enter into the peculiar moral life, of those who lived before steam-boats were common or railways were thought of, while newspapers were still the luxuries of the few, and the church in each village was not only the center of moral impulse and intellectual culture, but in the great majority of cases was the only prominent public institution. The special aspects of that state of society have faded away so rapidly and completely that they cannot now be reproduced except by one who was himself familiar with them, and whose power to render them with accuracy and vividness remains unimpaired by the progress of years. Yet it is of great public importance that they be so recorded, and that the recollection of them be permanently preserved. The thought was naturally suggested at the time to the ardent and sympathetic mind of Dr. Withington by the narratives which had already been given, and the incidental delineations of the customs of fifty years ago, in the historical discourse of Dr. Storrs in the morning, and the animated and entertaining address of Dr. Alden in the afternoon. But it was a thought which well deserves the attention of others than those who heard it there expressed, and which we put on record here in the hope that some mind specially prepared for the office thus indicated will undertake and perform it.

Local histories—of which so many are now being prepared from year to year—are too apt to be occupied mainly if not exclusively with dates and names, which in their own place are important enough, but which by no means take the place or compensate for the want of these finer and more difficult delineations of life, and of the now banished usages of society. It is these which our children will chiefly want to know, when they hereafter are moved to look back to the days of their ancestors. How it was that men lived without High-schools or Lectures, that Christians were educated without Sunday-schools, tracts, or missionary societies—what degrees of intelligence and general culture were realized by those who had no access to all the rich literature of the fifty years past, to whom the newspaper came at most but once a week, and who would just as soon have thought of having a new sun created of God to illuminate their nights as of being able to communicate in a moment from New York to St. Louis—these will be matters of great interest to those who live to the close of the present century, as well as to those who at any time afterward investigate the Past.

Two ages meet in the present century. Two widely different forms of society are vividly represented within it. The slow-moving canal-boat, and the occasional mail-wagon, are exponents of the one. The lightning-train, the triumphant steam-ship, power presses, continental and oceanic lines of telegraph, are indices to the other. The one was more studious, reflective, meditative. The other is far more inventive and aggressive. The one had a deeper spiritual life. The other has a nobler evangelic activity. The one studied most the Old Testament histories, the New Testament epistles. The other studies most the Prophecies, the Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles. The one had more depth, perhaps, certainly more concentration and intensity. The other has far more extension and motion. The former did not so much culminate in the latter, as find itself suddenly superseded and surpassed by it. The former has now passed away so completely that it lives only in the recollections of the aged. The latter surrounds us everywhere at this hour with the rush of its excitements and the roar of its machineries.

It is the peculiar prerogative of a ministry that has encompassed half a century, to band together these different and essentially dissimilar periods, and to show that one Gospel, faithfully preached, applies to both, and can win from either with equal success its appropriate trophies. It should be now the prized office of the local historian, as it will be by-and-by of him who compiles from pamphlets and speeches the mere general History, to portray the life that has thus passed away, and to bring its sluggish but thoughtful aspects, and its strong flavor of quaint and tenacious provincial peculiarities, to contrast the external and superficial activities which now fill the earth and the air with their din.

COUNT GASPARIN COTTONIZED!

Alas for Count Gasparin's attempt to deal faithfully with the apologists for American slavery! His own book has fallen under the very influence which he so aptly describes as infecting this seaboard commercial metropolis, and making New York virtually "a prolongation of the South." To use his expressive term, Count Gasparin's book has been *cottonized* by the American translator, for the New York market! Though the distinguished author has advised us that his work in the original has been forwarded to an editor of this journal, the copy has not yet come to hand, and it was only the other day that we chanced to see the French edition at Mr. Christern's store on Broadway. In turning over its pages, our eye caught a passage on p. 114, which we will translate literally, with the author's own italics:

"I know what is that theology, too well named *cottony* (*cottoneuse*) which displays itself in the clerical columns of *The New York Observer*. At the same time, I hasten to say that these revolting excesses seldom occur except in seaports, and particularly in New York. The interests of that great city are so much bound up with those of the cotton-producing states, that one may literally consider New York as a prolongation of the South. Let us not wonder, therefore, if there are found there some congregations ruled by the prejudices of the South. Besides, even in New York, other churches protest with a holy energy, and other journals, among which I will cite *The Independent*, an organ of Congregationalists, combat slavery without ceasing, in the name of the Gospel."

Upon p. 76 of the American edition of Count Gasparin's book, we read, "I know the nature of that theology, too truly styled *cottony*, which is displayed in the clerical columns of a weekly religious newspaper;"—the remainder of the paragraph being given substantially as above. De Gasparin's emphatic specification of the most prominent example of that cottonized theology which is so "revolting" to European Christendom—"*The New York Observer*"—is itself softly cottonized into "a *weekly religious newspaper*."

What excuse can be offered for this deviation from the original? Count Gasparin is entitled to the free expression of his opinion, and is able to meet all its liabilities. We feel confident that Mr. Scribner will be as much surprised as ourselves to find that such a liberty has been taken by the translator, and that he will at once cause the plates to be altered so as to conform to the text. It is due alike to the author, the publisher, and the public, that the book be printed as the author wrote it. Dr. Baird, to whom the translator acknowledges her indebtedness for a sketch of Count de Gasparin, could have advised her against taking such a liberty with the deliberate statements of that high-minded Christian gentleman. Had the translator added a few foot-notes, correcting the author's slight inadvertencies in matters of fact, the value of the book would have been increased. But there can be no excuse for thus altering the text.

This custom of cottonizing foreign authors, introduced by the Nassau-street Tract Society in the cases of Legh Richmond, Dr. Harris, Joseph John Gurney, Mrs. Duncan, and others, ought not to be sanctioned by the respectable portion of the book-trade.

Regretting the necessity for the animadversion here made, we take pleasure in saying that the translation of Count Gasparin's "Uprising of a Great People" is executed in the main with fidelity and spirit, and that we have detected no other important variation from the original. The translator is well skilled in both French and English idioms. The work itself cannot be too highly commended, and in the cheap and portable form in which Mr. Scribner has issued it, it should be circulated by tens of thousands. Those who wish to consult the original, will find it at Christern's, No. 763 Broadway.

EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.

The question of the comparative value and efficiency of extemporaneous and written discourses in the pulpit, cannot be determined by any general rules. It is largely a question of personal aptitude in the preacher. Robert Hall rarely preached a written discourse, Dr. Chalmers almost always read closely from his manuscript. Who shall decide which of these two was the most effective preacher? The main thing is for the preacher to be perfectly true to himself in method and manner. It is possible so to combine extemporaneous and written discourse as to gain the advantages of both.

Dr. Leonard Withington, in his valuable essay on sermonizing, published in *The Bibliotheca Sacra* for July, makes the following suggestion touching the introduction to a sermon:

"The most important place for a suitable introduction is when you extemporize. Here I can only speak from my own experience. Every man, no doubt, has expedients of his own invention, which as he has devised them most readily assist his own practice. Our mental habits differ. For myself I must say it is a great thing to get a-going; not to stumble at the threshold. It is necessary for me to begin as simply as possible; not with a truism, but something that is plain and excites attention. A narration is useful; something that I know I can remember even before I have recovered from my first confusion. Here I must beg leave to contradict Cicero. He says that an elegant, artificial sentence trims your mind and elevates your subsequent spontaneous style. It is just the reverse with me. To me it is like a headland on the sea. I walk from wavy grass and blooming flowers to plunge down to extemporaneous waves, all of whose waters pass over my head and sink me in their tumult and confusion."

Rev. Thomas Binney of London is one of the greatest masters of extemporaneous discourse—finished, logical, earnest, eloquent. In some recent hints for the benefit of theological students, he makes the following valuable suggestions as the fruit of his own experience. Addressing the new Principal of Cheshunt College, Mr. Binney said:

"Inculcate the duty of acquiring the habit of free speech—of facile and forcible utterance. To this end they must neither neglect previous written preparation, nor burden themselves by committing a discourse to memory to be verbally repeated, nor sink down into the invariable readers of sermons. Let them learn the best methods of charging their minds with the subject to be set forth—arranging the order and process of argument, the regular successive steps by which they are to reach a certain end—selecting their illustrations and illustrative Scriptural statements—burning the whole into their souls by prolonged thought, and baptizing it by fervent prayer—and then, standing up, with humble dependence on divine aid, and with faith in themselves, in their power to do what they have undertaken, and in their honesty and conscientiousness—let them thus seek to bring out the truth that is in them, as it has fashioned itself to the intellect and been fused in the soul, with plain, pungent, unaffected speech, the language of the heart, words, for the most part, of the common people and of common life—and they will not fail, God helping them, of acceptance and success. I have no great faith in extemporized thought, nor much in the throes and efforts of verbal memory; but thought being got, mastered, wrought out, arranged, language may be very much left to the hour of utterance. Many passages of the previous preparation will be recalled as they stand, and many better will be suggested at the time."

In a word, then, extemporary preaching should always be matter of diligent, methodical, conscientious, prayerful preparation;—"extemporized thought" and verbal flippancy are commonly nothing but *bosh*.

KENTUCKY.

A correspondent in Louisville, Kentucky, writing to *The Independent* of the public sentiment of that state, says:

"The young men of what is ridiculously called 'the better class' are Secessionists; but the *hard-working* men are for the Union."

The same writer mentions that Louisville has supplied the Southern army with a large portion of its rations:

"Through this gate," he observes, "has passed the produce of the West in one steady stream for weeks. Perhaps you think it 'cunning o' fence' to exhaust your adversary by draining him of his gold and silver. But which do you think Robinson Crusoe would have preferred—*a bag of sovereigns or a barrel of pork?* When Richelieu built the great dyke across the harbor of Rochelle, shut out the English fleet, and starved out his Huguenot enemies, history nowhere relates that the inhabitants ever succeeded in making a savory stew or any kind of digestible ailment out of their gold and silver. Between two and three millions of gold have been brought here—the enemies' money—but what detriment has this been to the enemy? What want they of gold when the Government's 'promises to pay' can be forced upon their own home-creditors at the point of the bayonet? With every avenue to foreign commerce closed on them, their gold was worthless, and they were glad to get rid of it for something to eat."

Our correspondent's remarks are pithy and true. It has been plainly seen from the beginning that the so-called "neutrality" of Kentucky was devised as an ingenious makeshift to aid the traitors while appearing not to aid them. But our friend's comments on the worthlessness of gold and silver in blockaded states are somewhat overdrawn. These states have pressing uses for gold and silver. They cannot buy even a pinch of snuff of any foreign power without solid specie. They could not even have bought army rations in Louisville without paying hard cash. So long as their purse of bullion lasts, they will still be able to feed the maw of the rebellion by sending agents to Louisville. But when they spend all their gold and silver, even Kentucky "neutrality" will not answer them for a market-place. Kentucky "neutrals," buying grain of the West for cash, will not sell it to the South for "promises to pay." The French king was right when he said: "Wars are won by the last guinea." Gold and silver will finally turn the scale.

SUNDAY STILLNESS, AT ITS HIGHT.

If one would really appreciate the stillness of a New England Sabbath, he should go to the Massasoit House in Springfield, and take up his abode there for a Sunday.—If our memory serves us right, some one else has said this before, and no doubt has said it better than we can. But the impression of the fact is at this moment so freshly upon us that we cannot but record it, and a truth ought to lose nothing by being twice stated!

On all the other days of the week this famous hostelry is the center of as much and as various noise as can possibly be compressed into a half-mile square of atmosphere. The clamor of bells, the scream of steam-whistles, the everlasting roar of trains arriving and departing, hackmen clamorous, passengers vociferous, cattle-trains sonorous, newsboys shouting, dogs barking, horses neighing, trunks banged without mercy on the platforms, carriages rattling over the pavements, knives and forks beating a continual tattoo in the dining-room, women expostulating, children crying, all men talking at the tops of their voices, gongs yelling with terrific simultaneousness in half-a dozen different directions—of all the ear-piercing and air shattering contrivances of the present generation, of either native growth or foreign manufacture, it has seemed to us that a perfect and complete exhibition was made at this great traveling center of New England. Even the night there is noisier than the days are in most thriving factory villages. And unless specially favored of the landlord in respect of his room, one who would go to stop there at any hour earlier than midnight must practice for it almost as carefully as a sailor-boy learning to climb the shrouds, or an inexperienced gymnast striving to emulate the distinguished Blondin in walking the tight-rope. It shows how admirably the hotel is conducted that in spite of this infinitude of noise which usually surrounds it, it is perhaps the most popular house outside of the cities, along all the lines of the New England railways.

But on Sunday the change is really magical! The house is as quiet, within and without—we might almost say without exaggeration—as a farm-house in the fields, or a fisherman's cabin on the distant sea-beach. It is wonderfully still; and there is something exceedingly significant and impressive in its stillness. As it was said of Whitefield that 'what he said was admirable, but his pauses were tremendous!' so it may be said of this hotel, and of the busy and hurrying life amid which it is placed. The clamor which surrounds and pervades it through the week shows the eager and accomplishing enterprise of the age, and especially of the community in which this is located. But its quietness on Sunday shows how wide-spread and how effective is that firm-seated religious principle which honors and cherishes, as beyond all price, the solemn "Lord's-Day," and fences it out from the rest of the week for reverent and careful religious observance!

—In these two forces, thus interlocking and limiting each other, the fervent secular enterprise on the one hand and the deep sense of religious obligation on the other, is the secret of New England's power and progress, and the key to those still greater successes and still grander developments which await her in the Future!

EAST TENNESSEE.

We have a correspondent in East Tennessee who has from time to time kept us informed of the state of public sentiment in that region. In a recent note, dated July 12th, he says the Union men have had assurances from the Federal Government that arms and ammunition would be sent to them speedily, and that the Secessionists were lying in wait to capture these supplies on their way. A force of 1,500 rebels was posted at the gaps in the Cumberland Mountains between East Tennessee and Kentucky. Bands of

Secessionists from various parts of Tennessee and Kentucky are continually marching eastward, ostensibly to Richmond, but in reality to seize the Cumberland and other gaps, to prevent their occupancy by loyal men. He says: "East Tennessee is under a Secession Blockade." The Federal Government owes it to the brave and loyal men of these mountains to leave no effort untried for their defense—which, we believe, will be best accomplished by giving them the means of defending themselves. They are as brave and true as the Swiss.

THE FALL RIVER LINE, TO BOSTON.

The well established popularity of this favorite line between New York and the intellectual 'Hub' of the Universe, continues entirely undiminished by all the costly and attractive improvements introduced from time to time into the steam-boats and cars on other routes. Going on a few evenings since by the magnificent Metropolis, than which no stancher or more superb boat walks the water, we were surprised to find the company of passengers assembled on board so large—so large that even her immense capacity was none too ample for their accommodation. The first impression involuntarily was that some extraordinary occurrence or occasion had caused a couple of squares in New York suddenly to empty Eastward their whole population. Yet this was only the usual number of those passing Eastward at this season of the year, by the boats of this line, for Newport or Boston.

The arrangement which allows families to remain on the Boat at Fall River till seven o'clock in the morning, and then after breakfasting to reach Boston at nine—and the other arrangement which gives to them when coming this way a comfortable supper between seven and eight, on the quiet waters of Narragansett Bay, and postpones the peculiar Point-Judith performances until after bedtime—these make the route especially desirable for those having ladies and children in charge, and with the excellent management of the line in other respects fully account for its constant popularity. One who contrasts the coolness and refreshment of the trip over the Sound with the heat and fatigue of the overland journey, will be tempted to shake off the dust not of his feet only, but of his face and hat, and every article of his dress, against the New Haven and Springfield cars—at least till winter has come again!

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AT GENEVA.

The fourth general conference of evangelical Christians of all countries is to be held at Geneva in September next. Though the meeting will be under the general direction of the Geneva Committee of the Evangelical Alliance, their invitation is not restricted to members of the Alliance, but is extended to all evangelical Christians. The terms of this invitation are as follows:

"Nor do we only invite the members of the Evangelical Alliance, but Christians of every nation, language, and church, who are one with us by faith in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the living and true God. Scattered though we are throughout so many different lands and denominations, there exists between us a great spiritual unity, which it would be to us a delight and a benefit to enjoy, and to show forth in our approaching meetings. To this end two things are essential: first, constant prayers that the Lord will be in our midst, and enable us, by his Spirit, to be of a truth one body; and, secondly, great watchfulness over ourselves, in order that we may abide, notwithstanding some minor points of difference, in the spirit of humility, concord, and love."

The meeting will open on Monday, the second day of September, and will continue nearly a fortnight. The following programme of the session has been arranged by the Committee:

Monday, September 2d. Opening Meeting: Address by the President of the French Branch: Speeches of the Presidents and of the delegates of the different sections: Salutations from other brethren.—Concluding Address by Mr. Barde, Pastor, (Geneva.)

"The Sabbath, and the best means of promoting its sanctification." Paper by Mr. Godet, Professor (Neuchatel.) First Speaker: Mr. F. Coulin, Pastor, (Geneva.)

Tuesday, September 3d. "The religious destitution and immorality of the masses in all countries, together with the means which wisdom and experience may point out for the application of the only efficient remedy for these great evils." Paper by Mr. Rosseeuw-Saint-Hilaire, (Paris.) We hope that the question will be taken up by a special speaker for each country; more particularly for England and Germany.

"Missionary labors among the heathen, since the Berlin Conference." Paper by Mr. Christ, President of the Missionary Society of Bale. First Speaker: Mr. L. Bridel, Pastor, (Vaud.)

Wednesday, September 4th. "Critical Examination of the Skepticism of the present day in France." Paper by Mr. Ernest Naville, (Geneva.) First Speaker: Mr. Beatie Pastor, (France.)

"The people of Israel and the Gospel of Jesus Christ." Paper by Dr. Capadose, (Holland.) First Speaker: Mr. Wm. Petavel, (Neuchatel.)—Dr. Gaussen (Geneva) is preven ed by the state of his health from engaging to speak.

Thursday, September 5th. (No meeting in the morning.)

Italian Meeting. "Italy and the Gospel." Paper by Mr. Meille, Pastor, (Turin.) First Speaker: Professor Mazzarella, (Bologna.) The speeches may be either in Italian or in French.

Friday, September 6th. "The characteristics of the Reformation and of the Reformer of Geneva." Paper by Dr. Merle d'Aubigne, (Geneva.) First Speaker: Professor Herzog, (Erlangen.)

"Sunday-Schools." Paper by Rev. J. C. Fletcher, (New York.) First Speaker: Mr. Paul Cook, Pastor, (Calais.)

Saturday, September 7th. "Religious Liberty considered as the guarantee of the order and peace of States." Paper by Mr. E. de Pressensé Pastor, (Paris.) First Speaker: Mr. Viguet, Pastor, (Geneva.)

American Meeting, (in English.) "Influence of Civil and Religious Liberty on Roman Catholicism in the United States." Paper by Rev. Dr. Baird, (New York.)

Sunday, September 8th.

Monday, September 9th. English Meeting. "The Colonies of the Anglo Saxon race, with regard to the dissemination of Evangelical Christianity throughout the world, and the means by which this may be successfully accomplished."

"Religious condition of the nations of Eastern Europe and of Western Asia." Papers by Mr. Fred. de Rougemont, (Neuchatel.) Mr. Monnell, Pastor, (Ireland.)

The names of the Reporter, and of the Speakers from England, Scotland, and Ireland, will be given hereafter.

Tuesday, September 10th. "Importance of uniting doctrine with Christian life in order to the prosperity of the Church." Paper by Mr. Bauty, Pastor, (Vaud.) First Speaker: Mr. Grandpierre, Pastor, (Paris.)

"The Religious Movement in Germany since the Berlin Conference." Paper by Mr. L. Bonnet, Pastor, (Frankfort.) First Speaker: Professor Tholuck, (Halle.)

Wednesday, September 11th. Meeting reserved for German Switzerland. "The principal points in which the Rationalism of our day, especially that of German Switzerland, is in opposition to Evangelical Christianity." Paper by Professor Riggenbach, (Bale.)

Meeting devoted to Germany.—Its organization is yet to be determined. German is the language that will be employed in both the meetings of this day.

Thursday, September 12th. "Christian Brotherhood, and what should be the character of polemics between Christians." Paper by the Count Agenor de Gasparin, (France.) First Speaker: Mr. Tournier, Pastor, (Geneva.)

"Revivals throughout the whole Church." Paper by Mr. Anet, Pastor, (Belgium.) First Speaker: Mr. Fred. Monod, (Paris.)

Meeting for prayer and leave-taking.

The state of affairs will prevent a large attendance from the United States. If Dr. Baird and others shall go, we trust they will not exhibit that false timidity upon the subject of slavery which some Americans betrayed at the meeting of the Alliance in Berlin. Surely the Providence of God has brought American slavery into a position where good men from this country need not hesitate to speak honestly against it in Geneva,—for fear of wounding the sensibilities of evangelical Christians in the South. Those who purpose to attend the Conference should send early notice to Mons. *J. Adrien Naville*, President of the Committee, *Rue des Chanoines*, 121, Geneva, Switzerland.

INDEX EXPURGATORIUS.

Almost everybody who is familiar with hymns knows the well-known hymn beginning—

> "Oppression shall not always reign;
> There comes a brighter day,
> When freedom, burst from every chain,
> Shall have triumphant sway."

These beautiful words of Ware's, set to the Moravian tune of "Westmoreland," are frequently sung by the great congregation of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, with thrilling effect.

When the "Soldiers' Hymn-Book," issued at the Depository of the American Sunday-School Union, was in preparation, it was proposed by one of the compilers to insert this hymn, but he was immediately met with the objection, on the part of one of the officers of that association, "We cannot put our imprint upon that hymn; it is too abolition in its sentiments." So the verses were thrown out. But the compiler who had proposed its insertion immediately compiled a new collection, including Ware's hymn, which has been published under the title of "The Union Hymn-Book," issued by the New York Evangelical Alliance.

The New York Young Men's Christian Association, in their good work of distributing books and tracts in the army (for which they deserve all praise) have done themselves no great credit by adopting as their own, stamping with their own imprint, and circulating in their own name the feeble little volume that pretends to meet the Crisis by omitting what the hour most needs—a battle-cry against oppression.

ONWARD!

The news reaches us as we go to press on Wednesday, that Gen. McDowell, with his grand division of more than 50,000 troops, is on the march from Washington to Fairfax Court-House, Virginia. This fine army is organized into five sub-divisions, each under the command of a well-known officer. The entire force numbers fifty regiments. With each brigade go corps of cavalry and artillery. General Beauregard at Manassas Gap will receive news of this advance with no enviable satisfaction. The strategic movements of General Scott point unmistakeably to a surrounding of the rebel forces, and their compulsory surrender or inevitable defeat. With Gen. McClellan already the victorious master of Western Virginia, with Gen. Patterson's column marching down from the Upper Potomac, with Gen. McDowell's grand army at Fairfax, and with Gen. Butler ready at a moment's notice to come up from the southeast, the hopes of the conspirators in Virginia seem to be on the point of vanishing into thin air. How much longer shall we call the Old Dominion a slave state?

REPORTED DEATH OF THE POPE.

We have received a private letter from Genoa, dated June 23d, announcing the death of Pius IX. The writer says:

"*The Pope is dead!* The people here say they will not have any other. I never saw a better opening for the introduction of the Protestant religion than there is in this city.

"The people are opposed to the priests, and want to get rid of them. Of one hundred churches in this city more than fifty are closed. There are two Presbyterian churches here, and I learn that they are well attended. A good Protestant missionary is needed very much."

Our correspondent, from whose letter we have given the above extract, believed in common with the citizens of Genoa, that the news of the Pope's death was authentic. But the rumor afterwards proved premature. The Pope is not yet dead, but very sick. His present disease is an abscess in the right leg, affecting his whole system. But he has for years been in enfeebled health. The Pontiff, now that the Sultan is no more, is the "Sick Man of Europe."

THE COTTON QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

To the Editors of The Independent:

A meeting was recently held in St. Mary's Hall, Coventry, Warwickshire, England, at which were present, on the platform, Lord Leigh, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, the Mayor of Coventry, C. H. Bracebridge, Esq., and other gentlemen—Rev. Sidney H. Widdrington, M.A., vicar of St. Michael's, in the chair. The question of the present American crisis, and the consequent uncertainty of an adequate cotton supply; the wide opening for cotton cultivation which our West Indian islands present; the supply which may be obtained from Africa, especially Liberia, Yoruba, and the mission plains of Abbeokuta, were brought forward and pressed upon the meeting by Rev. Theo. Bourne, on behalf of those who are desirous to introduce Free-Labor Cotton as the chief, if not the only mode of extinguishing the horrible slave-trade in Africa and in the Southern states of America.

The warmest expressions of feeling pervaded the meeting from all assembled in the Hall, into which thousands could not gain entrance. In consequence of the feeling then manifested, it has been subsequently resolved to lose no time in the formation of a Free-Labor Cotton Company, Coventry being considered a most suitable town for the purpose. The Company is to be formed under the Limited Liabilities Act, with a capital of £50 000, in shares of £5 each. The ground will be selected in the most advantageous position, and the works will be proceeded with as soon as the capital is subscribed. It is anticipated that those who are intent on the abolition of slavery will speedily take up the shares. S. H. W.

The Comet as Seen in England.—The Comet has made a sensation, not only here, but in England. The following notice is from *The London Daily News*:

"There is now visible in the heavens a comet of so extraordinary a magnitude as even to exceed that which made its appearance some three years ago. Last evening it showed itself at 10 o'clock, in spite of the strong twilight at that time prevailing, with a nucleus tolerably well defined, apparently as large as a teacup, and with the usual tail appendage, extending nearly 30 degrees in length."

Plymouth Church.—The Sunday-school connected with Mr. Beecher's church, Brooklyn, closes annually about the middle of July for a summer vacation. The occasion is always made one of special and unusual interest to the children and their friends. Next Sunday afternoon this annual festivity will be held. Mr. Beecher will be present, and take part in the exercises. The services will begin at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and there will be no sermon in the evening.

Ontario Female Seminary, Canandaigua, N. Y.—The 36th anniversary exercises took place June 20th, consisting of Latin salutatory and original essays by the graduating class, and the annual address by Professor S. M. Hopkins, D.D., of Auburn. The diplomas were conferred by Gen. I. A. Granger, President of the Board of Trustees, and the charge to the graduates was given by Prof. Tyler, Principal. Among the graduates were representatives of Ohio, Michigan, and Alabama, as well as New York.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

☞ GREAT PREMIUM. ☜

We have concluded an arrangement by which we now offer to any old subscriber a premium of a copy of Webster's Abridged Dictionary, containing nearly five hundred pages, for the name of every new subscriber for one year sent us with two dollars. The price of the Dictionary alone at the Book-stores is $1 60. The book will be delivered at our office, or be sent by express as desired.

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NOTICES.

Evangelical Alliance.—On Sunday evening at 8 o'clock a meeting will be held at the Fifth-avenue Dutch Reformed church, (Dr. McCauley's,) in reference to systematizing the religious reading for the army. A report by Rev. Chas. C. Goss, and addresses by Rev. Drs. Tyng, Spring, McCauley, and Hitchcock.

MARRIED.

CRAMPTON—MILLER—At the Fourth-avenue Presbyterian church, (Dr. Perkins,) on Wednesday, July 10th, by Rev. T. Ralston Smith, Henry E. Crampton, M.D., of Sandy Hill, N. Y., to Dora M. Miller, daughter of Jacob Miller, Esq., of New York city.

DIED.

PECK—At Northampton, Mass., July 5th, of diphtheria, Mary Hammond, only child of Eben Peck, Esq., of Jacksonville, Ill.

BAYLISS—At Rochester, N. Y., July 10, 1861, Benjamin Bayliss, Esq., aged 84, father of Rev. Samuel Bayliss of Brooklyn, and of James Bayliss, Esq., of Massillon, Ohio

Mr. Bayliss was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, and came to this country with a large family in 1817. He had resided in Rochester for upwards of thirty years, was very generally known, and universally esteemed as a man of the strictest probity in all the public and private relations of life. But more than this—he was a humble and devoted Christian. Openly professing Christ when but 17 years of age, his hope and joy grew brighter and brighter, even unto the end. Almost the last words he uttered were, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

PUTNAM—Died suddenly, July 9, 1861, at Herkimer, N. Y., Mrs. Sophia Dickerman, wife of Alfred Putnam, Esq., in the 75th year of her age

She emigrated from Brattleboro, Vermont, to Herkimer in 1810. Shortly after, she was led through the personal conversation of a dear friend to embrace the Saviour. She was a member of the Presbyterian church of Herkimer till it became extinct, and then of the Reformed Protestant Dutch church till her death. She early dedicated her children to the God of Abraham, and lived to see most of them hopefully converted.

The Independent was a helper of her faith "to pray for the down-trodden and oppressed."

When bidding adieu to her remains, her eldest son exclaimed: "Sleep sweetly in Jesus, mother, I'll meet you in heaven."

PLATT—In this city, on Sunday, July 7th, Jane D., wife of N. C. Platt. It may be appropriately said concerning the deceased that though dead she yet speaketh. Her exemplary life in the sphere in which she moved, especially in her own family, will be cherished in their memory, and will also be appreciated by many others who knew her, as a rich and blessed legacy.

How true it is that our best blessings are not sufficiently valued until they are gone! A wife, a mother, after the Bible pattern; discreet, chaste, a keeper at home, good, a lover of good things, showing all good fidelity, whose adorning is that of good works, a meek and quiet spirit. A life thus exemplifying and adorning the doctrine of God our Savior in all things, is surely a *jewel* which will not only be placed for ever in our Redeemer's crown of glory, but will also reflect the light of Christianity on surviving kindred, acquaintances, and friends, who gladly receive this blessed light, and appreciate its heavenly influence in guiding them to the same happy destiny.

But while the life of the deceased was thus distinguished in exemplifying the doctrines and principles of Christianity, and while this may be regarded as satisfactory evidence of her union to her Savior by a living faith; yet nothing could be further from her thoughts than the idea of placing the slightest reliance upon anything she ever had done or could do as a basis of salvation. No; her trust was only in her redeeming God, and in his great and all-sufficient atonement. She showed her faith by her works. And upon the dying bed, which is surely an honest test of character, this was substantially the confession of her faith, made but a short period prior to her departure:

> "Just as I am, without one plea,
> But that thy blood was shed for me,
> And that thou bidst me come to thee,
> O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

BUSINESS NOTICES.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE
CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 18 Wall street.

CASH CAPITAL	$500,000 00
ASSETS, July 1, 1861	1,061,135 93
LIABILITIES	16,188 02

The DIRECTORS of this COMPANY have this day declared a DIVIDEND of

35 PER CENT.

TO ITS CUSTOMERS;

upon the premiums earned during the year ending 1st inst., on all policies entitling the holders to participate in the profits of the Company's business, and Scrip will be issued on the 10th of September to Policy-Holders for the amounts to which they are respectively entitled, and upon the same day SIX PER CENT. INTEREST will be payable upon the outstanding Scrip issued by the Company.

A semi-annual cash Dividend of SEVEN PER CENT. will be paid to the Stockholders, or their legal representatives, on and after MONDAY, 15th inst.

New York, July 11, 1861.

This Company continues the business of INSURANCE on favorable terms.

H. H. Lawrence, Secretary. GEO. T. HOPE, President.
Cyrus Peck, Assistant Secretary.

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Dividends, July, 1861.

MARKET FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

NO. 37 WALL STREET.

New York, July 9, 1861.

The Board of Directors have this day declared a SCRIP DIVIDEND of

Forty-Five Per Cent.

On the premiums on the policies written with the participation provision, and MARKED OFF during the year ended 30th June ult. The Scrip to be ready for delivery on and after August 1st. The Board also declared

SIX PER CENT.

Interest on the outstanding Scrip of the Company, to be paid on and after 15th inst.

And a Semi-Annual Dividend of

SIX AND A HALF PER CENT.

On the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on demand.

☞ The First Division of Profits, July, 1860, was 38½ per cent.

The Assets of the Company on 1st inst., amounted to $278,792 00
Net Surplus (estimated) to 70,397 00

ASHER TAYLOR, President.
H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

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Family Reading.

THE LILY OF THE FIELD.

BY REV. HENRY S. OSBORN.

There are no flowers which exhibit the various elements of beauty to greater perfection than those of the lily. Nor are there any wherein the mysteries of color are more remarkably developed. Imagine, if you can, that a few atoms are traveling upward to form the colored part of the petal of a lily flower. They start, perhaps, from the fibrous rootlets or from the bulb, and pass by the whorled or scattered leaves on their course; while other atoms, by the side of which they hitherto have traveled, part company, and run into nearer channels. But onward these tiny color-atoms move. Guided by some mysterious attraction, they turn neither to the right nor left, until, at the end of their journey, they have reached that destined spot, to form a circle or line of red or brown or black, just where, for a thousand years, their progenitors did the same for other flowers. There is a mystery in the coloring of all flowers, but of none more so than of lilies.

There is no genus of plants under the Natural System which presents such seeming confusion of species as that to which the lily belongs. Yet the "Lily of the Field" may be identified with less difficulty than many other of the flowers of sacred and classic writings.

Lilies Among the Ancients.

The word "lily" is but an abbreviation of "lilium," used by Latin writers long before the Gospels were written. A Latin poet, Propertius, born before the commencement of the Christian era, calls them "*the bright*" and "*silver lilies*," ("lilia lucida" and "argentea.") Ovid styles the same flower the "*white shining lily*," using an adjective (candentia) which was applied to the light of the moon. ("candentia lunæ," *Vitruvius.*) Virgil calls it the "large or noble lily," ("grandia lilia," Ec. x. 24,) and speaks of the lily as growing freely among thorns, (Song of Sol. ii. 2,) and inviting the bees which yielded delicious honey first to that farmer who had planted lilies upon a sterile farm. (Georg. iv. 130–140.) Pliny says that one lily root would in his time bear fifty bulbs, "than which," he thought, "no plant could be more fruitful." (N. H., Lib. 21, c. 5.) Horace writes of lilies scattered upon the feast-tables in honor of a friend returned to his home, and calls them "the short-lived lily." The poets whose feast-tables were strewn with its flowers, have long since returned to the dust; the very empire whose glory they extolled has crumbled and perished; but that "short-lived lily" still decks the fields and perfumes the air of Italy with undiminished beauty and fragrance. In that country and further East it may be seen beside fallen blocks and pillars, the shattered and corroded fragments of ruined halls and temples, which in its unaltered beauty it has survived. These bright lilies, quietly blooming around the scattered ruins of the East, seem like constant though feeble stars, shining out unceasingly upon the dark night of desolation which has followed the sunset of Roman grandeur.

What has been said of the Latin word for lily may even more emphatically be asserted of the Greek word. There were two words in the Greek tongue for this flower, either of which was applicable to the white lily. One, however, designated the lily *in general*, the other the *white lily particularly*. The former was the word used by our Savior in the sentence, "Consider the lilies of the field." This distinction was made use of before the commencement of the Christian era, as is seen in the writings of the celebrated Greek botanist, Theophrastus, (H.P. 6, 6, 3.) We may therefore reasonably infer that it was known in the time of our Savior. In Syria there were red and purple as well as white lilies, and Pliny, the naturalist, says that in that land the white was held in less esteem than the red. In the passage making mention of this fact, he includes all the varieties under the generic term "lilia." So that the lily of the Latin included the red and purple as well as the white.

If it be asked how we know that the flower intended by our Savior was the "lilium" of which we have spoken, we answer—first, that the description of the flower by the Greek writers is more true to nature than even that of the Latin writers; and, second, that when in early years the Greek was translated into Latin, or the Latin into Greek, the two words were interchangeable. Thus, when Jerome translated into Latin the passages in the Gospels above referred to, he changed the Greek generic word into the Latin "lilium," wherever it occurred, and in doing so he only adopted a rendering which had been used before.

The Lily of the Old Testament.

We have said that the English word "lily" is derived from the Latin "lilium." It is interesting to know that the latter is derived from the Greek word "leirion," the specific term in that tongue for the "white lily." Homer, we believe, is the first classic author who made use of the word, (Hym. Hom. Cer. 427,) and this is the earliest known record of the lily in any language, if we except the Hebrew in 1 Kings vii. 19, 26. In this chapter are described the carvings for the capitals of two important pillars, and for the rim of the "molten sea," which were made for Solomon's temple. The Hebrew word translated "lily" appears to have originated in Persia, the land of the lily. In the title "Shushan," frequently used in the Book of Esther in connection with "the Palace," which was the scene of the trials and triumphs of that queen, we have the very Hebrew word which is translated lily in other places. In Persia, among the ruins of Susa, the ancient Shushan, the lily has lately been found carved upon the remains of its marble palaces, or reproduced in the form of vases and other antique ornaments.* (Loftus, "*Susiana and Chaldea.*") Now it is important to remember that, according to two celebrated Greek writers, (Dioscorides and Athenæus,) this "Shushan of the Persians was the lily of the Greeks," and in this announcement they use the very Greek word which, in the original, was used by our Savior.

It is noticeable that the Arabs of Syria call the various colored lilies, but especially the white lily, "*soosan*," a name radically the same as that by which, in the Hebrew, it was known in the days of Solomon.

Thus we have an interesting series of links in the evidence which leads us to the conclusion, that the lily of the Old Testament and that of the New were the same.

The Probable "Lily of the Field."

Of all writers, the Greeks were most explicit and eloquent in their description of the lily. The poet Moschus, who wrote 200 B.C., represents the beautiful Europa as

"Plucking the fragrant white lilies on the soft meadow-lands,"

in which line more is told of the lily than in any other classic line of equal shortness. Another Greek writer, (Dionysius,) about the commencement of the Christian era, prettily describes the same flower in an epigram, as "the white-skinned lily," using the same word for lily which is found in the Gospels. Other writers abound in beauteous similes drawn from the lily, or in interesting allusions to it. (Pind. N. 7, 116; Polyb. Crat. Matth. 1; Ar. Nub. 911.)

From all this it is evident that the same flower which is so well known to us, was known and valued in earliest times, but, as we have already remarked, while the white was valued most in other lands, the red and purple were better known and more highly esteemed in Syria. The term used by our Savior, it is plain, referred to all lilies as a class, and the efforts to limit its meaning to any particular variety of flower now blooming on the hills of Syria, especially of a kind not known as the lily, can only give rise to confusion.

* This is an entirely distinct form from that of the Egyptian Lotus, (Nymphæa.) Herodotus (2, 92) describes "a kind of lily resembling roses," which grew in the Nile. They resembled lilies *in color*, being white; and roses *in form*, being many-leaved. The carvings above referred to are distinctly intended to represent lilies, and are six-leaved and bell-formed. A beautiful variety of the Nymphæa, (many-leaved,) has lately been noticed by Rev. Frederick Knighton of Oxford, N. J., growing in profusion in the Musconetcong Valley in the northern part of that state. It is invariably a plant of lowlands, or those which are partially submerged, which is not favorable to the supposition that it was the lily of Syria.

Flowers Supposed to be "the Lily of the Field."

It may, however, prove interesting, in passing, to notice the opinions on this subject. Even tulips, white, red, blue, and otherwise colored, have been offered as "the lilies of the field," simply because they bloomed on the fields of Palestine, although their name has always been distinct, and they exhale no such fragrance as did the lilies of Solomon's imagery. (Song v. 13.) Sir J. E. Smith has urged a golden liliaceous flower called, formerly, the *Amaryllis lutea*, now *Oporanthus luteus*. Prof. Lindley thinks that it was a flower which now blooms in Palestine, (the Ixiolirion Montanum,) with slender stem and clusters of delicate violet flowers, allied to the Amaryllis. Nor does the fact that it is chiefly found upon the mountains lessen the faith of that botanist in the supposed identity. The "Crown Imperial," (*Fritellaria Imperialis*,) a large red and yellow pendent flower, a native of Persia, seldom seen in Syria, is supposed by others to be the lily in question. Dr. Royle, in Kitto's Cyclopedia, feels confident that it is the brilliant red flower, half the size of the common "tiger lily," (supposed to be the *lilium Chalcedonicum*, or *scarlet Martagon*,) which blooms in April and May near the Sea of Galilee, as seen by Dr. Bowring.

This probably completes the list, so far as any intelligible description of flowers has been offered.

"Consider the Lilies of the Field."

Our Savior was sitting on the side of one of the hills near the western shore of the Sea of Galilee. These hills were on the southern border of a broad and fertile meadow, stretching inland for more than a mile. The red and purple lilies were well known there, as Pliny has told us, and they readily suggested, by their colors, the robes which in those days were a part of the insignia of monarchs; whence the fitness of the allusion to the apparel of "Solomon in all his glory." There could have been no flower more appropriately "considered," none more forcibly associated with Solomon and the times of his "glory." It was at once a royal and a sacred flower. It had been wrought upon the molten sea, and carved upon the two noted pillars of the temple porch. It was the favorite in the flower imagery of the Song of Solomon, and now these lilies were blooming upon the plains and fields before them. Their grace and beauty were the more remarkable in that they grew so freely. They sprang up upon every field, shedding their fragrance upon every passing breeze, decorating the thorn as well as the olive, indebted to no one's care but God's, to his sunshine and his rains alone, for their existence and their beauty. They had survived the rending apart of the kingdom. They had remained upon the fields, and had been "clothed" and renewed in their weakness, while strong ones had been carried into captivity, or scourged by sword and by pestilence. "Consider the lilies of the field." In all this, every lily had its duty to perform—its place to fill in the cycles of the Creator's great and various purposes. Every lily-stalk was gifted with its minute channels up which it drew the life-sap God had provided—it opened its petals in due season, and lavishly gave to the passing breeze its grateful incense of fragrance, or it smiled in its beauty under the warm rays of a spring-time sun. There it stood, quietly working out its duty and its history—"toiling not nor spinning"—a never-failing witness to God's condescending care and mysterious providence—a picture of a sublime truth enfolded in its petal, that God's eternal power may be felt and known in a leaf as in a world, and that the footprints of God's loving presence may be very near us, while to find them we are wandering far away.

EXCHANGE FOR A SOUL.

A TALE.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

Swift Eckles, the well-freckled, red-haired boy, employed to sweep the Clifton Post-Office, and to run of errands for the telegraph operator, was at work early one morning before his employers were astir, when his attention was caught away from ash-pail, dust-pan, broom, and bellows, by a letter that lay conspicuously among the uppermost in the basket under the Drop.

He took it up and looked at it. It had no address. He felt slowly round the edges of the envelop. It had contents, certainly. He slipped the nameless thing into his pocket, and went on with his work more energetically than before, whistling the while. Now and then he had seen letters resembling this—a blank in the place of address, and had felt tempted to examine their contents. Of course this was not in the line of his business—he was in the office to sweep, clean the lamps, run the errands, etc., but—he had now possession of this letter, and, saith Democritus Junior, "No man among us so sound that hath not some impediment of body or mind."

Swift Eckles ran home to his breakfast when his work was done, and as he went he made good the opportunity to examine more closely the letter, of which he was the uncommissioned carrier. He broke the seal without feeling that the act was nefarious, or that it might prove the breaking of a seven-sealed vision to him.

The school in which he had been trained was not one that would endow a youth with better morality than he happened to be born with. Two or three fortunate turns had brought him out of the street into the post-office. His intelligent face had served him one good turn, his manners another, his dexterity, ubiquity, excellent spirits, all had won him favor. The postmaster, who was himself not so rigid in virtue as to look for perfection anywhere, had taken a fancy to the lad, and had therefore befriended him. Once in the office, he was trusted almost as a matter of course. Until he had this letter in his hands, actually broken open, he had hardly thought twice on the meaning of honesty; but now he had a twinge of conscience that told him with considerable distinctness what honesty was *not*.

The letter, a hurriedly written scrawl, ran thus: "I return the money. If I starved I could not use it. If I deserve nothing better of you, I can at least earn bread for Janet. I send you her likeness. She sits before me at this minute, attesting the truth of the picture. It is a face you cannot look at without remembering that I trusted you as a woman believes that she may trust her husband." So abruptly, and without signature, it ended. A curious epistle for an errand-boy to be reading—not very entertaining; nor, though he was perfectly acquainted with many forms of distress, quite intelligible to Swift. As he slowly possessed himself of the contents he became more and more disturbed. He knew not what to do. The letter had an address inside; yes, and a moment's distinct coherent consideration of the fact would have shown him that it was immediately possible to perform not only a duty, but a service also. Let him only address the letter externally, as he found it addressed within, and he could shorten its wanderings by so much as a journey to and from the Dead Letter Office, and prove himself not a knave, but a deputy worthy of the name.

Such escape from his dilemma never occurred to the lad. Out of the strange position in which he found himself he could devise no way of escape except by destroying the letter. But, when that was done his perplexity remained. He could not destroy the bank-bill! still less the miniature. So he put them into his pocket and walked home sobedly.

But when he came to the common stair, on the third landing of which, in the garret in fact, his mother lodged, as his foot touched the steps he sprang forward with his accustomed sprightliness, and whistled all the way up, arriving at his mother's door in the usual glow and hurry. He was three minutes behind time this morning; it surprised the dame—for Swift's pride was to keep pace with the town-clock, and when the long finger pointed to a figure on the dial in the church-tower, which she could see from her window, she listened for her boy, and he came.

It was easy for him to account for his lingering, however. His mother heard him say that there was more work than usual to be done at the office, with the simple comment, "I thought you wouldn't be so foolish as to waste your time on the road when you know what a minute man Mr. Harris is."

"I guess not," he answered, and sat down to his breakfast with such hearty good-will, that his admiring mother could not refrain from adding,

"You've earned the name we give you. Mercy knows I've seen trouble enough come of being slow."

When he went off again he had set her up in cheerfulness for the day, according to his custom. He would surprise her, he said, when he came back at night. He had such a rare supper in his mind. What else, pray, should he do with the money that had come in his way, except make his poor mother comfortable? So she sat down to her coarse tailoring, and worked with a will that had no impediment, all day long. How should she look before her into a future so beyond imagination as the ruinous days of the sewing-machines? Young Howe slept innocently in his cradle at that moment, and scores of babes beside, who at this hour struggle like young Titans to turn the old world upside down—with every prospect of success.

Swift ran back to the office—he was rarely known to walk. He had now one great object in view—to change the bank-bill into more serviceable coin. He had already put down conscience, and was in comfortable possession of that feeling of defiance, not entirely unknown perhaps to the best soul among us. A defiance that explained briefly to powers, supernal and other, his perfect competence to manage his own affairs.

Anything so pretty as the miniature he carried in its wrap of tissue paper, safe in his vest pocket, the boy had never seen. Twenty times that day he had it out, and scanned it with admiring eyes. For whom could the trinket have been intended? For some one, he concluded, who, as like as not, would have done with it as the writer of the letter had attempted to do with the money. The letter would only have made some family quarrel worse. As to the money, the man had given it away—he could not expect it back. And there wasn't in Clifton a harder working woman than his mother; and winter was coming on, work was getting scarce. Try as they might, this winter could hardly be an improvement on the last—and last winter, through many a day and night, hunger and cold had lodged with them.

How long did Monica pray for her Augustine? Thirty years, do they say? St. Monica! St. Augustine! There were few saints in Block House. I know not that Dame Eckles had ever prayed a single hour for Swift. One conscious prayer for himself it is likely he had not breathed.

The ten dollars were, in point of fact, equal to any ten that circulated in the country. They brought, how many things that made winter, for the first time in long years, look in upon them with something like mild courtesy, for winter is a worldling after all; there are to whom he is even obsequious. Clothe yourself in fur and wool, and wander where you will, see if he will pinch you black and blue as he does the ragged, half-fed men and women, and the little children, whom you cannot fail to meet.

The feeling of pride Swift had in "providing for the old woman," had a kind of virtue in it, that was not entirely sacrificed by the manner of the provision. This was his day of nature—despise it not. For, though tempted he might be, and was, he never repeated his investigation of unaddressed letters. Whenever, in any doubtful state of his affairs, this resource presented itself to him, he turned himself from it with a sudden entireness that seemed to express his abiding conviction in regard to the old experiment.

As time went on, no person employed about the offices Post and Telegraph deserved, or received, more frequent tokens of confidence than Swift Eckles. It was before his mother died that he was advanced to the dignity of a clerk, by the master who had first befriended him. She had that satisfaction. "To this last, even as unto thee." And her dying testimony was with the mourning lad for a memorial; of all friends she had ever known her son was the truest and most tender.

He had been five years employed as a clerk, steadily attending to his business, unobtrusive and efficient, looking out, however, now and then from his place, keeping vigilant watch indeed of affairs going on around him, for he was ambitious, and did not propose always to remain in his present subordinate position, when he was subjected to a shock that startled him into a state of consciousness as new to him as was that possession of himself into which the idiot was accidentally and violently knocked, tossed, as it were, out of the kingdom of darkness and of chaos into the kingdom of light and of knowledge.

Affairs that had always run in the smoothest of worn grooves under the master's administration, took a sudden turn one day. Letters were missing. Money was lost. There was a great buzz in Clifton, and at last a public investigation of postal matters, for suspicion had gone wild, attacking in turn employer and employed, till the Government came in its dignity to examine the matter and pronounce upon it.

This investigation resulted in the acquittal of all suspected persons except the man who had been suspected least. It was the old head clerk of the office who was proved guilty of long-continued robberies, many of which were brought out into daylight from masses of evidence that had quite other revelations for an aim.

Swift Eckles was of course in the very heat and confusion of this trial. The shock of the final exposure affected him with only less violence than it did the convicted man, who had been for years his model of uprightness, honor, and success. He was a gentleman while yet Swift ran on his errands, and many an act of kindness bestowed on servant by official had sunk deep into his heart's recollections.

Once, and once only, he was heard to denounce the man who had been so long in authority over him. The mere utterance of these words seemed to bring him light in which to see that deed, and, as well, another deed, of the past! And though clearly he might discern, his mouth was stopped. "The judgment wherewith ye judge, with this shall ye be judged." Great good came to him by the trial he had passed through. He had won the perfect confidence of his employer, and it seemed to *him* now that the whole world stopped to look, or turned to smile on him, with a "Behold the youth who could pass from the streets where he begged once to a post of temptation and maintain through each advance integrity unspotted."

The result of his safe passage through suspicion and trial to the head clerk's vacant place—for Swift was at once promoted—was hightened by other influences that were acting on his life.

In spiritual realms, where powers are brought to "see and remember and understand" by struggles and conjunctions which rude human endeavors merely typify, growth is promoted by such combinations, interchange, communion, as Batavi and Germans exhibited in old time, in their mundane manner.

Two lives were acting on the hidden life of Eckles in ways beyond the reach of the general public or the special postmaster. These were Dr. Welfare's daughter and Miss Dyce, the Deaconess.

The minister, who was a doctor of divinity, indeed, but none the less the shepherd of his flock and the father of his charge, had not allowed a beggar to retire from the streets to engage in respectable service, and to grow up in that service unregarding, careless. But without detracting from the credit of the good man, we may say that it was a woman in this instance who made his duty clear and easy to him.

It was Miss Dyce who saw Swift running up the street one day, with a look on his face that is never seen in the face of youth except in some dire extremity. She turned and followed him. After the flying feet, the scarcely less swift, but less desperate, ascent, till she came to the garret and the bedside—saw the pale face, heard the difficult breathing, and sat down, nurse, consoler, woman, to ease the languishing, light the darkness, cheer the solitude, allay the fear.

Afterwards Dr. Welfare might toil up the stairs, and pray for the life that was to ascend yet higher—Anna might come and shine like a star in the gloom, but for ever Miss Dyce had her place chief among the angels Swift Eckles would marvel at and worship. The Doctor said that out of the rawest material she had would be made an honorable, useful man. Miss Dyce saw more, but did not say as much.

But for this her recognition, that year by year grew clearer, would Swift at last, do you think, have gone the length of procuring a lithograph of the miniature he had never before allowed out of his hands, or for a day lost sight of? For, when the portrait was lithographed, brought forth into life size, printed on a fine white sheet of card-board, what did he do with it? He carried it to Miss Anna; but do you suppose he did so merely that she might copy, and send to the Exhibition for a prize, as he actually proposed?

There was Miss Dyce going constantly about among all classes of people, dealing with the world of Clifton more directly than even the best doctor of the town—possibly she might—what! somehow in his behalf, make a restitution! Was this really his hope? At least she could say for him that there was no end to his giving—that she herself had more than once put a limit to his charities. *Was* he thinking of restitution? There was light in the young man's soul—but not perfect daylight yet.

The evening on which he left this picture with the minister's daughter, Miss Dyce came home from her labors, wearied in body and spirit.

She had hardly entered her room when Anna followed, the picture in her hand, rapping at the door with the quick rap of impatient fingers which could hardly resist their impulse to throw the door wide open.

"See, dear aunty!" she exclaimed, "I'm to paint this for the Exhibition! May I?"

This question was evidently asked because Anna thought that Miss Dyce looked not perfectly well pleased.

Her answer seemed to express surprise that on the instant of her return she must begin again to listen to the long, long tale of wants, cares, and incompetence. Yet Miss Dyce said kindly:

"I can see no objection. What does your papa say?"

"Delighted, of course. It's enough for him that Swift is concerned. You know who is his hero and model. *He* brought it to me. Look what a face it is? Did you ever see anything so beautiful? Of course you will say yes; but I never did."

Miss Dyce took the picture. Long she studied it. Her first quick glance was lost on Anna, for that young lady was recalling what she had said about Swift just now, and wondering what sort of sound the words could have in the ears of the Deaconess.

If there was anything except surprise in the question of the tranquil eyes, making a steady study of the child's face, it had fled from them before Anna's thoughts had returned from their excursion.

Miss Dyce might well study the picture. Miss Dyce loved the faces of children. She was accustomed, moreover, to childhood's every phase—a rare critic, therefore. Who frequented oftener the places where orphaned and destitute infancy found shelter, than the fair Charity of Clifton?

"Where did you find this sweet face? What has Swift Eckles to do with it?" she asked Anna at last, laying the picture on the table, and sitting back in her arm-chair, half shading her eyes, in the attitude most common to her when she sat for some half hour at rest from her labors—gone into retirement.

"He brought it," said Anna, looking out of the window. "He picked it up somewhere. He is so fortunate always! He says I told him I wanted some such face. I did, to be sure. But I don't remember saying so to him. You see, 'tis quite a common lithograph; but though I've hunted over portfolios at the shops, I never saw one so sweet."

"Who lithographed it?" asked Miss Dyce.

Anna took up the sheet, but the name of the artist was omitted from the usual place. She examined each corner.

"Whose is it?" asked Miss Dyce again.

"No name at all."

Miss Dyce did not say "I supposed so," but that was her secret comment.

"Ten hours yet before I can begin; and I'm in such a hurry. Don't you wish it were half-past six in the morning."

"No, I wish the clock had just struck seven, and I heard a call to tea."

At that Anna ran laughing from the room, and in a minute more the tea-bell sounded.

Miss Dyce had spoken as if she had quite entered into what she saw was the happy mood of her young friend. Such a part was easily within her power of acting. You could not believe that her life, aims, desires even, were quite distinct from yours, whatever yours, so excellent was her sympathy. But no sooner had Anna gone below, than she returned to herself from afar.

And thought of anything rather than the minutes of that day's doings prepared for the pastor's oversight. Yet not of her fatigues she thought, nor of the brain-tasking and heart-tasking to which she had been subjected. The present, with its interests, many and real though they were, had been as in a moment carried out of sight, and beyond recollection.

Ten years ago, when Anna was eight years of age, Miss Dyce came to the minister's house, an older woman than she is to-night. She came hurrying from the past, eager to throw herself into such duties of the future as should hold her for her life. She said to Dr. Welfare:

"I am a stranger to you, but I have not thought it needful to supply myself with testimonials. I do not pretend that my life has been a perfectly blameless one. If it had been, I should not have felt what I feel, for I should not have known what I know. I have come to you because your reputation has made you seem less a stranger to me than others in Clifton of your calling. Besides, I believe in your doctrines. I thought, too, you would wish to point out to such a person as I am, alone and without obligations in any direction that would hinder any service on my part to which you could assign me, duties I am not at present capable of performing; and that you would put me in the way to entering on some foreign mission."

She stood in his study by night, a stranger to him, speaking thus. Within the next fortnight she was under the shelter of the Doctor's roof, the guest of weeks; she remained—a resident of years.

He habitually spoke of her first coming as one of the most blessed of all providential dispensations he had known—not only for the comfort and joy she had proved in his household under trials many and burdensome, and prosperities not too rare, but as the agent by whom he should at last bring into shape the thought and the dream of years.

But to-night "the cause" had lost her. For an hour at least. Secretly and certainly, not openly and sensibly, or Clifton lanes and highways had rung with sharp cries of distress. Trivial thoughts engaged her, instead of the great and desperate struggle to which spirit and flesh were pledged! Of Anna and her pretty work she thought. Of the girl's satisfaction in her contemplated endeavor. Was any one so dull as not to understand it?

So long did Miss Dyce think of all these things that Anna must needs return for her after the warning tinkle of the bell had remained for an unreasonable time unanswered. Then she thrust from her "the vanities of this wicked world," and walked down stairs to tea-drinking, talk, and an evening of work and of planning, of review and of preparation. That was the way in which she spent her evenings the year round; and do not require me to say that when she returned to her room she recalled "the world" from its banishment.

My business is with facts. The next day, as Miss Dyce went her rounds, she met Swift Eckles on a corner. Not accidentally. He had watched for her; had slept ill in anticipation of this meeting, for he fancied she would bring him some important tidings out of Dr. Welfare's house. He had taken a leap in the dark—and in darkness waited for light. What would she say to that picture?

The unexpectedness of the meeting startled Miss Dyce into questioning—her first words were,

"Swift, where did you find the engraving you brought Miss Welfare yesterday?"

Such an impulse as had now and then manifested itself to himself merely in the desire that she could know the particulars, each and every, of the story he *might* tell her, seized upon Swift now with an enlightened force of which he had not been conscious before. The time in which he delayed his answer and she waited for it was a crisis in his story; finally he answered plausibly enough, for he had determined that as he had, after much deliberation, chosen his method of repairing a wrong, he would not precipitate results,

"I found it in one of the print-shops," said he.

"The lithographer's name doesn't appear as usual."

She spoke in her natural tone, and slowly as was her wont. Who could imagine what she thought of, speaking now?

"Does it not?" asked Eckles. He dared only to glance at the Deaconess as he asked, for inexplicable, incommunicable thoughts were driving madly through his brain, and his heart was on fire. A glance was sufficient. The haunting hope that was in that heart, the strong element of fear, was about to receive a revelation. What else could her look betoken?

"I was curious to ascertain," she answered, "something in the face reminded me of another."

"Whose?" asked Swift.

"The face of a little child I saw once."

"No oftener, Miss Dyce?"

"Oh yes, yes. I saw it often. I saw it often."

"What became of the child then? That's the question. How often I've asked it? But I might as well have gone to Egypt and asked it of the Sphynx."

So agitated, so desperate was he, as not to heed that scarcely less, though in quite another manner, Miss Dyce herself was moved. So agitated, so desperate, who would now keep his secret for him, or restrain his lips from confession before one whose confidence in him was his highest pride and honor? Of himself he thought not. Neither of his secret as a secret.

"The child I knew is dead," said the Deaconess.

"Dead! Miss Dyce?"

For the first time since they had begun to speak their eyes met. They met with a collision that shook the soul of each. She did not remove her gaze from him now as she spoke, and steadily as she looked, she said,

"It died of a sickness brought on by hunger, Swift. Such things are in this world. You and I have reason to know it better than the most of those we see."

"Hunger! don't say that! A child! it's worse than starvation to hear it. But I seemed to know that I should hear it, for now it is as if I had heard it all before. But the child I am looking for."

"Are you really looking for a child?"

"For a lost one, yes. Did you believe that all I wanted of the picture was that *she* should paint it and send it to the Exhibition?"

"I know that you are pleased when Anna succeeds well," replied the Deaconess. But it was spoken with difficulty. Miss Dyce was not disposed to talk idly no more than Swift himself, who said,

"It wasn't for that; but for an advertisement. I have thought often I'd ask you about it;—you are in the way of seeing so many children, little and big. See here, Miss Dyce."

If this was frenzy that had seized on Eckles, it was surely a divine one, and would carry him on with a divine strength against which human vanity and common prudence were mere threads of opposition. He took from his pocket-book the miniature, and Miss Dyce need not have looked at it before she answered,

"I painted that little face. The child is the very same."

"O my God!" said Eckles.

There was a pause between the young man's exclamation and the question next asked by the Deaconess. It almost seemed that she might fear the answer he would give.

"Why do you speak in that way, Swift? What means it that—"

"It means that I'm damned. What became of the portrait after you painted it?"

"I never knew," she said, and of a certainty the seeming rudeness of his speech was lost upon the lady. "It was to have gone to the father of the child."

"It did not go to him."

"No. Where did it go?"

"To me."

"Swift, I cannot understand you."

"I mean what seems unspeakable," said Swift; and as his eyes now met the gaze of the Deaconess, he feared to say what he knew. But he had gone too far for retreat.

"The mother of the child meant it should be sent to the father," said she. "I knew as much as this. There were the most unfortunate circumstances. Sinful, too, if hate and wrath are sins. She thought he could not be appealed to by such a face in vain. Poor woman! she tried in a mad way for reconciliation. It is only one of ten thousand thousand tragedies. You and I have been able to do a little for such unhappy, unloving, unforgiving souls. God be thanked for that."

"But the baby starved to death!"

"The mother was ill for a long time. Disabled. She had fallen out of everybody's sight. God and man seemed to overlook her and her child. But he took the child. It was well."

"But Miss Dyce, where is that woman? In heaven's name, where is she? I must see her, Miss Dyce."

"She left her old place long ago. It would be difficult to tell what became of her. But let us hope the best for her. For there is no end to God's mercy."

"You understand me. . . . *Do* you understand?" gasped Swift in an agony.

"No." Clearly she did not. How should she indeed, was his instant comment. How could she imagine the revelation that trembled on his lips?

"I found that letter," he began.

"Say no more." She saw, she feared too much. What would he say? Fain, fain would she not know. So many false hearts in the world, let not this dear lad be taken from her generous trust. But he answered, suddenly growing calm, and speaking with strange composure:

"I must speak; I can no more hide it from you than I can hide it from God. You have brought me to this! Don't put me off! Don't hinder me! I cannot know you are alive through another day, and keep silence. Years and years I have been trying to tell you. Let God have his way."

She folded the thought around her, and grew likewise calm. Calm with divine composure. Hitherto with all energy and persistence she had fought her fight; in Doing she had sought to atone and to retrieve. What was it he said? In merely Being she had brought a soul out of the darkness of sin into the light of truth. This was something more than she had dared to hope for. Beyond all *achievement* it seemed to attest her. This poor fellow was saying what the flowers might say to the sun. Attesting her veracity with an attestation that hunger fed, nakedness clothed, or even sickness healed, had failed to give. Let him speak. Why should she fear?

"Say on," she bade.

Let him speak. The Almighty already was aware. And, brighter than saint or angel, had risen over his consciousness the vision of the Highest

"I found the letter. It had no address."

"Impossible, Swift! There surely was an address."

"Wait a moment, Miss Dyce, and you'll see that you must not doubt me. The letter was lying where it was crime for me to touch it—where it had been dropped—by whom? The woman who wrote it, possibly. Out of her poor hands, within my base reach! I took it, and opened it. And I excused myself. It could go nowhere. It had no direction. There were ten dollars inside—and this picture. I spent the money. Here's the token."

Of whom was he speaking? It seemed now that it could not be of himself. He was a witness, and a judge. No harsher sentence need he fear than he had passed on himself. Low and hurried was Miss Dyce's voice when she asked:

"Was there no address within, Swift, for if there was none ——"

"There was!"

"For whom?"

"I do not know. I was afraid. I destroyed the letter, as any thief would have done. But if I had kept it for an hour, I do not believe I could have chosen to curse myself with a secret that has risen up against me at every step, and shamed and disgraced me to myself, so that I have blushed to think that you, or any one, has ever trusted me. And now I can make no manner of restitution, Miss Dyce! Repentance can come too late."

At that exclamation she roused from her silent, heavy thoughts—her wonderful thoughts.

"Impossible!" she said. "Repentance cannot be too late,—never, at least, for you! Do not mourn for the child. Better words were at last spoken in the ear of that man than those intended for his eyes, which you took care of. Better words they must have been, for there was a reconciliation between those two whose sole hope for eternity lay in their forgiveness of each other in time. Time was given them for that."

"God's mercy! is it so? Even out of such an evil to bring any good! But the child! the child will haunt me till I die."

"Her mother, if she knew you as do I, would forgive you all the pain you caused that little one. She often said she was not fit to train the child. Be comforted."

"When I can forget. Keep the miniature, if you will. You painted it. You have at least a right in it—but I have none. I never dared to part with it till now. It was the skeleton in my house."

"And the angel in mine—it shall be." She actually smiled on him as she looked at Swift and spoke these words. Do you think there was ever saint in shrine before whom worshiper bowed with more perfect love than was in the heart of the youth for the noble woman by whose side, in the dingy street, he walked?

When Anna hung the completed picture in the room of the Deaconess—not on the exhibition wall—the sweet child-face was not there to haunt her hours of rest with disastrous reminiscence. It shone out, the image, rather, of a redeemed childhood, happy under the smile of a sun that looks not on the fading of beauty, the failure of blessedness.

To new labors of love, with the eternal patience of hope, she went her way rejoicing, wiser, even as Swift Eckles, wiser in humiliation than the proud are in their pride. Atoning, as he also, day by day, but not merely for her own past; reconciliation was the sacred seal wherewith each—in manner how different!—had sealed the finished book of youth; but atoning day by day for others' sins, brave and honest he, for manhood; unwavering in patience and in faith she, for all of womankind.

SHORTSIGHTEDNESS OF MAN.

A dew-drop, falling on the ocean wave,
Exclaimed in fear—"I perish in this grave;"
But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvelous beauty grew;
And, happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth—as it had feared—to die;
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed.
O unbelieving! So it came to gleam,
Chief jewel, in a monarch's diadem.—*Trench.*

Intelligence of the Lark.—A pair of larks had built their nest in a grass-field, where they hatched a brood of young. Very soon after the young birds were out of their nest, the owner of the field was forced to set the mowers to work, the state of the weather forcing him to cut his grass sooner than usual. As the laborers approached the nest, the parent birds seemed to take alarm, and at last the mother laid herself flat upon the ground with outspread wings and tail, while the male bird took one of her young out of the nest, and by dint of pushing and pulling got it on its mother's back. She then flew with her young one over the fields, and soon returned for another. This time the father took his turn to carry one of the offspring, being assisted by the mother in getting it firmly on his back; and in this manner they carried off the whole brood before the mowers had reached their nest.—*Routledge's Illustrated Natural History.*

Selections.

YEAR AFTER YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Year after year the cowslips fill the meadow,
Year after year the skylarks thrill the air,
Year after year, in sunshine or in shadow,
Rolls the world round, love, and finds us as we were.

Year after year, as sure as birds' returning,
Or field flowers' blossoming above the wintry mold,
Year after year, in work, or mirth, or mourning,
Love we with love's own youth, that never can grow old.

Sweetheart and lady-love, queen of boyish passion,
Strong hope of manhood, content of age begun;
Loved in a hundred ways, each in a different fashion,
Yet loved supremely, solely, as we cannot love save one.

Dearest and bonniest! though blanched those curling tresses,
Though loose clings the wedding-ring to that thin hand of thine—
Brightest of all eyes the eye that love expresses!
Sweetest of all lips the lips long since kissed mine!

So let the world go round with all its sights and sinning,
Its mad shout o'er fancied bliss, its howls o'er pleasures past;
That which it calls love's end to us was love's beginning;—
I clasp arms about thy neck and love thee to the last.
—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

AN OLD FABLE REVIVED.

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless: each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:

"I confess myself to be the whole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands. "Very good," replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how would you like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do?" "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here: and, although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out of it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours: perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being *quick* at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself—'I'll stop.'"

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden action. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do: which, although it may fatigue us

THE GLORY OF THE PINES.

MAGNIFICENT!—nay, sometimes, almost terrible. Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, and partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever without awe stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its companies of pine, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it—upright, fixed, spectral as troops of ghosts standing on the wall of Hades, not knowing each other—dumb for ever. You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them—those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs. All comfortless they stand, between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock; yet with such iron will, that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark energy of delicate life and monotony of enchanted pride; unnumbered, unconquerable.—*Ruskin.*

THE GATHERING HOME.

THE following lines by the daughter of an English Baptist missionary in Calcutta, seem to us worth preserving:

They are gathering homeward from every land
One by one,
As their weary feet touch the shining strand
One by one,
Their brows are inclosed in a golden crown,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,
And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead,
Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead
One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife
One by one,
Through the waters of death they enter life
One by one.
To some are the floods of the river still
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill,
To others the waves run fiercely and wild,
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled
One by one.

We too shall come to the river side
One by one,
We are nearer its waters each eventide
One by one,
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream
Now and again through our life's deep dream,
Sometimes the floods all the banks o'erflow,
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go
One by one.

MINISTERS' SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

THE salaries of the clergy of the United States do not average five hundred dollars a year, and yet, as a class, they are the best educated, the most influential, the most active, refined, and elevated of the nation. With less culture, with less character, with less mental power, there are men, all over the land, who earn from one to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. But look at the results. Taking them as they come, the biographies of a hundred clergymen who have families, show that, of their sons, one hundred and ten became ministers; and of the remainder of the sons, by far the larger number rose to eminence as professional men, merchants, and scholars.

As to the daughters, their names are merged into others; but there is a significant fact, which we do not remember to have seen noticed in that connection, that not only here but in England, where titles are so highly prized, and the possession of "gentle blood" is a passport to high places, it is very often referred to as a matter of note, as indicating safety and respectability—"His mother was a daughter of a clergyman." We will venture the opinion that three-fourths of the great men of this nation are not over two degrees removed from clergymen's families, or from families strictly religious. When it can be said of a man or woman that the father or grandfather was a clergyman, there is a feeling within us of a certain elevation of character, a kind of guarantee of respectability of blood, of purity and integrity.

We need not ask if the history of any other hundred families, taken as they come, of renowned generals, of great statesmen, of successful merchants, of splendid orators, or eminent physicians and lawyers, can give another hundred and ten sons to occupy positions as respectable as theirs own. Never, nor is there any approach to it.

"ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS."

HOW TO AVOID THE LAW.

THE keenest interest was recently awakened in Liverpool by an order of the Bishop of Chester prohibiting Rev. Henry Bristow Wilson (one of the Essayists and Reviewers) from preaching in St. Chrysostom's church on the occasion of the opening of a new organ. Advertisements were issued that Prof. Wilson would preach on Friday evening and on Sunday, but on Friday afternoon Rev. J. McNaught, incumbent of the church, was served with a formal notice admonishing him "not to permit" Prof. Wilson to preach. Unaware of this prohibition, a crowded congregation assembled, and Rev. Mr. McNaught, after explaining to them that both he and Mr. Wilson had agreed (without expressing any opinion as to its legality) to obey the injunction, read the sermon which had been prepared by Mr. Wilson, *the latter being seated quietly in one of the pews.* Mr. McNaught stated that Mr. Wilson's engagement to preach was one of two years' standing. The sermons on Sunday were to be read by Mr. McNaught. Yesterday (Tuesday) evening there was to be a soiree of the congregation, *at which Mr. Wilson was to be present.*

Foreign Miscellany.

CURRENT TOPICS.

ANGELS OF FIRE AND OF DEATH.

BY OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

ENGLAND, June 28, 1861.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

A great fire of London, and attendant calamities, have furnished an impressive and engrossing topic for the week. Property, moderately estimated at $10,000,000, has been destroyed—several lives, and one of them invaluable, have been lost. The locality will be well known to every American who has visited London, or who has any knowledge of its topography. It was on "the Surrey side" of the Thames, near the foot of London Bridge and to the great station of the Brighton and other railways. Passing over London Bridge from "the City," huge piles of warehouses, rising from wharves which cover enormous substructures, meet the eye. A quarter of a mile of these has been destroyed. The fire burst forth on Saturday afternoon, the 22d of June, from the spontaneous combustion of some jute, as it is believed. Almost every kind of produce was accumulated here. Tea, sugar, and spices, in vast quantities; many thousands of barrels of tallow and oil; in one warehouse 600 bags of saltpeter, and altogether, 3,000 tuns of this article in the vaults. The scene was one of horrible magnificence. London and three adjoining counties were illuminated by the baleful glare. The Thames itself had literally a surface of fire—blazing lava-streams pouring into it, and floating on the stream.

MR. BRAIDWOOD,—a man of ten thousand fires,—the sleepless Superintendent of the unresting Fire Brigade of London, "died in his duty," crushed by the sudden falling of a wall. This event has been very deeply felt, and warm and merited tributes have been paid to his memory; of which first was that of DR. CUMMING on the following day, Sunday. Dr. CUMMING was his pastor and friend, and could tell both of the private and of the active Christian life of one whose public life was so well known as that of steady, unflinching duty in continued dangers.

It may be a triviality, and yet now that cotton fills so large a space in the world's regard, one cannot help remarking the fact, that the fire was at Messrs. Cotton's wharf; and that it was the expansion, by heat, of 1,600 bales of cotton which forced out the wall whose fall crushed and buried Mr. Braidwood.

The newspapers of Monday morning communicated this intelligence to the country. The same papers showed us the Lord Chancellor on Saturday attending a Cabinet Council, presiding in his own court, hearing a case, and "deferring judgment." The same papers also announced the death of this Lord Chancellor. He had left the court for his home, and there entertained a party of friends; had said "good-night" to his daughters after midnight; and in the morning was found dead in his bedroom, from a rupture of the aorta or one of the principal arteries. Lord Campbell was in his 80th year, and, with Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst, formed a wonderful triumvirate. He was the son of a Scotch minister at Cupar, in Fife, and was himself intended for the ministry in the National Presbyterian Church; but he felt it was not his vocation, so he came south. He possessed a sound body in a sound mind; and during many years after his first coming to London, his labors were enormous by day and night. Lord Lyndhurst (Copley) and Lord Abinger (Scarlett) both diverged from liberalism in early and evil days, and so obtained highest place. "Plain John Campbell," as he used to delight to call himself, was also ambitious, and pressed steadily on to the seat of "the first subject of the realm," and keeper of the royal conscience; but he held consistently to liberal principles. The House of Peers adjourned without entering upon any business on Monday, after tributes paid with emotion to the suddenly removed occupant of "the woolsack." Lord Granville mentioned that only a few hours before, Lord Campbell, when the subject of prayer was mentioned, and that in the Prayer-book "against sudden death" referred to, said that a prayer against long life might be added. He, possibly, could hardly conceive of life without activity. Let us hope that another utterance of prayer was not unfamiliar to the son of the Scottish Presbyterian minister. He married the daughter of another distinguished lawyer, the late Lord Abinger. His son, the brother-in-law of Lord Campbell, died the next day. The next day after that, the sick man—the representative sick man—ended his feeble and frivolous days on the Bosphorus: and so the Grand Turk leads the way into the grave now gaping for the Turkish Empire; and the Pope is thought to be fast following to "become like one of us." Some hope is expressed that the new Sultan Abdul Aziz will really enforce economical and financial reforms. He has published a *Hatt* in that sense. Lord Stratford delivered a somewhat anxious speech on Turkey last evening: he did not personally know the new Sultan; but said to be represented to be a man of decided and violent temper, and surrounded by reactionaries.

The late Attorney-General, Sir Richard Bethel, has been made the new Lord Chancellor, by the title of Baron Westbury, of Westbury in Wiltshire. Lord Palmerston is fortunate in having so able and accomplished a man for the post. Sir Richard has prepared a new Bankruptcy Code, with immense labor. His work has been sadly damaged by the Lords. He is a proud and high-minded person, and will now have something to say to the mutilators of his great work.

On the 28th, Sir J. Patteson, a learned and much respected judge, died in his 71st year.

Mr. Cobden paid the much desired visit to his own town of Rochdale this week: he was received with all the warmth of personal affection, and spoke wisely and well in his own frank and unaffected style, giving utterance to the general feeling of distrust and weariness in respect to the present House of Commons.

The Queen held a drawing-room on the 27th. The first presentation was of Mrs. and Miss MOTLEY of Boston, by Mrs. Adams. The same lady afterwards presented Mrs. Jasper Cropsey of New York, and Mrs. Sal. P. Shaffner of Kentucky. Mr. Adams presented Mr. Cropsey. The diplomatic and general circles were very fully attended. The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh was a representative of the distant East and the colored race. He is a member of a new Order of Knighthood, just created and constituted by the Queen, as a means of rewarding conspicuous merit. It is called the Order of the Star of India. The Queen is the sovereign of it, and the Viceroy of India the grand master. Sixteen knights have been nominated, and the Order "amalgamates" nine worthies of Indian birth with seven British notabilities, men of renown, as LAWRENCE, OUTRAM, CLYDE, ROSE. Right queenly Her Majesty has made a lady a knight of this new and illustrious Order; namely, Her Highness Nuwab Sekunder Begum, of Bhopal. The number of the order is to be limited to twenty-four. The announcement of this in *The Gazette* is striking, though there is no flourish of triumphs, and the style is hard and dry as the court lawyer or a clerk of the council could make it: the closing sentence has something which the clerk could not render into said and affirmed, or weaken and overlay with formal repetitions:

"The Queen, in order to mark the high sense and esteem in which Her Majesty holds the said Order, and to give an additional proof of her affectionate regard for His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, has been pleased to nominate and appoint their Royal Highnesses to be Extra Knights of the said most exalted Order of the Star of India."

"THE OTHER WAR."

THE GREAT EASTERN AND HER FREIGHT.

A FEW weeks since there was an expectation that the Great Eastern would pass into the service of the United States, and cast her huge bulk against the seceders, but not the remotest thought of her being employed by the British Government to convey battalions from England. Even the South, with its great expectations, did not anticipate this material aid! Of course it is said here that Newfoundland, and other British North American colonies, are the destination of the troops; but *The New York Herald* and *Times* well know better!

It is a curious fact that the English public generally had no distinct intimation of political troubles in Newfoundland till the very day appointed for the departure of the Great Eastern, and then it was by extracts from Toronto and New York papers. We also learn that in the war which, according to the highest New York authority, we are forthwith to declare against the United States, "Brother Jonathan is to take Newfoundland in a twinkling," and, that done, "the Northern Republic is to sweep the ocean and defy the world."

Truly, there are no limits to American absurdity. Would it not save trouble if the little island of Great Britain were to be taken first?—the rest would follow.

W.

THE SEWING-MACHINE.

Pray, have you seen
The Sewing-Machine,
Jogging, and jogging, and jogging all day,
Pecking, and pecking, and pecking away,
Very much like a steam-chicken at play?

Oh, if you haven't, just listen to me!
Oh! if you haven't, you've *something* to see;
Useful, perhaps, but decidedly queer,
Yes, and you'll find that you've something to hear;
Clickety! Clickety! Clickety! Click!
Ever and aye, till you're weary and sick.

Bring your work with you, dear ladies, and come!
Lay over the hem with your finger and thumb;
Don't be afraid, though the needles look spiteful,
And sting it to death with an insolent air;
There! it has finished one side! how delightful!
And now—oh! it's pecking away at the air!
It's *work* is all done,
And it's now making *fun!*
It doesn't care what, and it doesn't care which—
So it's stitching like mad, without ever a stitch!
You may be weary, or you may be sick,
But still it goes on with its *clickety, click!*

No longer "in poverty, hunger, and dirt,"
Hood's mournful maiden shall sing of the shirt.
But "wearily" O!
Shall be cheerily O!
For our blithe machine, if you properly watch it,
Will not fall asleep o'er your linen or botch it;
But O! if you don't—
(And there's many that won't,)
Lock-stitch will look up your waistbands and hemming,
Start off with a fury there's no hope of stemming,
And body and sleeves will be stopped in a minute;
So that when it is done you can never get in it,
And you'll have to unpick it, and once more begin it.

But there's this to be said:
You have only to find
The end of your thread,
Should you be so inclined,
And pulling it gently, a wavelet will run
Through the length of the seam till the whole is undone!

M.

The Armstrong Gun and its Cost to the Government.—For two years Sir W. Armstrong has been superintending the manufacture of his gun, at an amazing cost to the nation, and he now tells us that during the same time he has been engaged in perfecting another invention, which is likely to supersede his first. Now we have no hesitation in saying that the public interests have in this matter been trifled with. Millions of money ought not to be expended on Sir William's breech-loading gun unless it was supposed to be the most perfect that could be produced. But he could not have supposed it the most perfect, or why should he for two years have been engaged in perfecting another invention on another principle? He could not have had much confidence in his own invention, or he would not, in so short a time, have attempted to supersede it. He has now presented the nation with his two guns. In which has he most confidence, and which does he recommend for the future? If he has the most confidence in the first, why introduce the second at the present moment? If in the second, who sanctioned the waste of public money in the costly manufacture of the first? This is a vital question, and demands investigation. We suggested, a short time since, that a commission should be appointed, consisting of competent persons, to inquire into the fitness of the Armstrong gun. It is now more than ever necessary that some such tribunal should be constituted, as there is not merely a gun but guns to be inquired into. It is possible, and in fact likely, that when two or three or more millions are expended on the first Armstrong gun, it will be found that it is not so efficient as the second or the third Armstrong gun. We may then be invited to begin *de novo* and once more reconstruct our artillery system. We consider it would be much better to bring the matured thoughts and the ripest judgments to bear on the question at once, and this may be done by appointing such a commission as we have recommended. —*London Mechanics' Magazine, May 18th.*

In consequence of a Petition from 300 deaf and dumb persons, the Queen has presented £50 toward the fund for building a church for their use.

Miss Burdett Coutts has been visiting Shakespeare's birth-place, and presented to the Restoration Committee a cheque for £50.

A Monster Thunderer.—*The Times* of to-day consists of *three* sheets of eight pages each—twenty-four pages, containing 144 columns—and of this space, seventeen pages and three columns—or 105 columns, are entirely taken up with advertisements. *The Times* says it is the largest production ever issued from the daily press, and hopes it will not be found too large for "A Constant Reader" on the longest day of the year. The number of advertisements is 4,000. The weight of the whole must have been nearly a pound, but the postage is only 1d.

Warming of the Minster.—The London Warming Company have contracted, for the sum of £645, to furnish and erect twelve stoves in York Cathedral, four of which are to be in the crypt, two in each of the choir aisles, and two in each of the side aisles of the nave. The invention is that of Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney, who has already applied it to St. Paul's Cathedral. The company guarantee to maintain a uniform heat of fifty degrees, and the object of the stoves is not only to heat the building thoroughly, but to have an atmosphere equal in purity to the external air.

The New Sultan of Turkey.—The first act of the new Sultan is of a hopeful nature. Instead of confirming the prevalent impression that he is a bigoted Mussulman, the proclamation put forth on his accession announces his intention to introduce great reforms in favor of all his subjects, without distinction of religion, while he will pursue the foreign policy of his predecessor. Should these promises be fulfilled, the reign of Abdul Aziz may be more prosperous than that of his deceased brother, giving more contentment to his subjects, and (if he be a man of stronger nerve than Abdul Medjid) affording less inducement to foreign powers to interfere mischievously in the affairs of his empire. The most pressing want of the Porte just now is the spirit of economy in constant exercise. A partial change in the Turkish Ministry is expected.

The Queen has heartily and practically responded to the desire of those journeymen in the fish, poultry, meat, vegetable, and ice trades at the west end of the town, who have lately formed an association to abolish Sunday trading. For the future no provision of any kind is to be brought into the palace on the Lord's day. No doubt the royal example will be generally imitated by the nobility and higher classes.

A Boy, twelve years of age, has been redelivering the lectures of Gough, the temperance orator, at Plymouth, with great success.

A French Gentleman, M. Jacquet, lately died at Rouen, leaving all his fortune to a lady in Paris. Singular to relate, the lady died about the same hour, leaving M. Jacquet all her money. The heirs of both are to contest which was the survivor.

The Cotton Crop of the province of Oran, in Algeria, will be about one hundred and twenty-four tuns this year. In Jamaica there are also most encouraging prospects; the Jamaica Cotton Company reporting that the first pods of Sea Island cotton, on trees planted last November, have burst. In Australia, also, efforts are being made to develop the growing capabilities of the country; and it is proposed to form companies for the purpose, who will offer inducements to German emigrants in the shape of free passages and a bonus of £10 upon every bale exported for the next two years, and £5 for three years afterwards.

The Scotia, an iron paddle-wheel steamer, built for the Cunard line, was launched on Tuesday, June 25th, at Napier's yard, Govan, Scotland. The Scotia is the largest mercantile steamer in the world, excepting the Great Eastern. She exceeds by 760 tuns the tunnage of the Persia, and by 1,900 tuns the intended capacity of any other steamer of the Cunard line. Her proportions are:

Length of keel and forerake	360 feet.
Length over all	400 "
Breadth molded	47 "
Depth	32 "

Although described as being exceedingly light and graceful in appearance, she is of immense strength, being made up of innumerable pieces of ponderous metal, welded, jointed, and riveted into each other with exceeding deftness.

The late Count Cavour once made a visit to Barclay and Perkins's brewery, out of curiosity to see the place where Hannibal Hayward was flogged. He was so delighted that he could not refuse the hospitality of the sturdy brewers, who pressed upon him the various kinds of malt liquor. He began with mild porter, and went up to the strongest stout; then renewed the attack on mild ale, and finished with XXXX. All went well enough while he was in the cool vaults, but, like many other people who have gone over this remarkable brewery, when he came into the open air he saw three or four broughams instead of one.

Breech-loading Guns are not, as is erroneously supposed, a modern invention. The Venetians in the seventeenth century had many such. There is one to be seen in the United Service Museum, bearing the date of 1545, recovered from the wreck of the Mary Rose, sunk at Spithead. Also one of the time of Henry VIII. Sir Howard Douglas mentions a small brass 4-pounder, with a detached chamber for breech-loading, bearing the cipher of the Dutch East India Company, and another piece of brass ordnance of Dutch make, bearing date 1650.

The Siamese Embassadors to the Emperor Napoleon brought from the First King a letter written on a sheet of gold, and presents of great value, the most curious of which are the insignia and royal garments of Siam in the three positions attributed to royalty: on the throne, on the palanquin, and on horseback; likewise a royal crown set with precious stones, a collar in rubies, and a royal girdle made of gold set with diamonds.

The House of Commons was occupied on the evening of the 17th ult, in discussing the propriety of allowing Blondin to walk the tight-rope at the Crystal Palace, carrying his little daughter. The result of the discussion was a request by the Government to the directors of the Crystal Palace to interdict the performance.

A New Musket has been invented in France, which is discharged by the ignition of the powder by the pressure of a column of air immediately set free.

Anderson, the Fugitive Slave, has had an enthusiastic public reception in London. Another meeting was announced to take place at Exeter Hall on the 2d inst.

The Permanent Army of Spain, comprising infantry, cavalry, engineers, and artillery, amounts to 100,000 men, with an infantry reserve of 40,000. The Spanish navy consists of 44 sailing vessels, 29 screw and 27 paddle steamers, making a total of 115 vessels of 18,840 horse-power, and 1 260 guns.

The Iron-Clad Ship La Gloire has astonished her friends by her fast sailing qualities, she having made the passage from Toulon to Algiers in sixty-six hours, being six hours less than the fastest French steamers have hitherto made the trip.

The House at Berlin in which the late Baron de Humboldt lived and died, has been completely repaired, and a marble slab placed on the front recording the fact that it was his residence.

The famous old East India House was sold recently for £155,000. It will be converted into offices.

A little Chinese Boy, brought to France by one of the regiments, was publicly baptized at Strasburg.

The **Wages of the Operators** in the cotton mills in Stockport have been reduced seven-and-a-half per cent.

THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

[EXTRACTS from a speech delivered on the Fourth of July at Framingham, Mass.]

FRIENDS: What can I say to you to-day? No man can feel himself particularly competent to make a speech on the anti-slavery question just now. It is all guess-work. The only question is, whether it is probable one man will guess a little better than another. It seems to me that we are all afloat. Events, not men, are the great objects of interest. War between two great ideas has commenced. Almost all we can do is to watch the gradual progress of that conflict. You will not, therefore, expect from me a speech. All I will attempt is simply to give you, in a friendly way, my impression of men and things, as we stand; just to state informally, as one does to another on the sidewalk, how I look at things just now.

In the first place, I feel satisfied that the end of the slave system has come. (Applause.) I have no doubt that we begin to touch the end. My reason is this. The age of discussion is over. We have had fifty years, more or less, of what is called agitation, discussion, and party divisions. Now a new act has opened. It is the hour of fight—the age of bullets. That never lasts very long. It does not take as much time for a nation to fight itself clear as it does to talk itself clear, only it is necessary that the talk should precede such a fight. It is only necessary that the mind, the substratum of purpose, should be deliberately formed. I think it has been. I do not mean to say that the whole North is anti-slavery, much less for abolition; but I do mean to say this, that the South has fully come to the conviction that unless she can use the Union to support slavery, the system is gone; and I think the North has come to this conviction, that the Union never shall be used to sustain slavery. I think, so far, the public mind is made up. I do not mean that the popular mind objects specifically to certain constitutional provisions, that men have made up their minds not to return fugitive slaves; but I think there is a prevailing and unconscious, perhaps, but assured sentiment and purpose at the North, that the Union either does or shall mean liberty in the end. Those two ideas conflict—hence the war.

* * * * * *

Some friends criticise me because I seem to them to have surrendered my favorite plea of disunion, and welcomed this war. But let such remember, that no man should flatter himself he can mold the world exactly in his method. He must consider it rare success if his contemporaries adopt substantially his purpose. I have advocated disunion for fifteen years, because I thought it a practicable and peaceable method of freeing the North from the guilt of slavery, and of planting at the South the seeds of early and entire emancipation—wringing justice from a weak and bankrupt South. But it has pleased the nation to seek that result in a different way. The majority about us, starting with the principle that this was a nation, not a partnership, have constantly claimed that the corner-stone of our Government, the spirit of '76, was the full liberty of each and every human being. They waited with what they thought brotherly patience, with what the South fancied was selfish fear, for the whole nation to acknowledge this theory. The half-success of Fremont, the election of Lincoln, were the handwriting on the wall.

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The North replies—"We should have preferred debate—a free press—education—ballots; *but if you choose bullets, agreed!* The Stars and Stripes meant liberty in '76, and shall now." I myself should have preferred peace and argument, but the twenty millions have chosen otherwise. I have only to accept the Red Sea through which God wills to lead his people, and I rejoice still that Canaan is beyond. If we are to serve our age, we must serve it in the way it chooses. When the people, thoroughly awake, and as well taught as the times allow, deliberately choose any honorable way of reaching an object of pressing importance, the duty of an honest man is to aid them all he can in their effort. Hence I bow to the masses, and welcome emancipation by war.

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It seems to me that there is but one way of developing a Union sentiment in those Southern states, and of subduing the secession sentiment equally, and that is, by arraying a might of power, and putting behind it a purpose, that shall remove the cause that makes us two people. That is, *not until you call four millions of blacks into liberty, and on our side* (applause)—not until you say to the South, "The Stars and Stripes mean liberty to every man—twenty millions of men at the North, and four millions at the South have said it; if, in striking down a vile system on the battle-field, any loyal man suffers loss, the nation shares it with him." Not until we say this can we awaken the Union sentiment of the South, and array all that is loyal on our side, and annihilate the rest. At present, one-half of the South clings to slavery, and means to fight for it to the death. Pride of race, family pride, old associations, and often sincere convictions of the value of slavery, produce this determination. The other half would gladly be rid of a system they thoroughly know and hate; but they dread pecuniary ruin in the change. Both halves believe the North, spite of its protestations, means, in the end, abolition, immediate and unconditional. And they are right. Left to itself, that is our future, as sure as the rapids end in Niagara. Assure this half of the South that the nation which decrees freedom will shield them from ruin, and we have at once with us the North, the slave, and half the South—the world over the water, and God above: success then is speedy and sure.

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We must change the elements which have created this quarrel, if we would end it. They are only to be changed by emancipation or division.

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What do I ask of the Government? I do not ask them to announce that policy of emancipation now; they are not strong enough to do it. *We* can announce it; the people can discuss it; the Administration are not strong enough to announce it. I do not care whether they mean it or not; it were utter ruin to announce it now. But I do claim this, that the Administration shall indicate, shall manifest its character. It has not done it. Its friends say, "We shall be called an abolition Administration, if we favor the anti-slavery sentiment; we want to be known as a constitutional Administration." There is the mistake. There is the fundamental error. General Patterson, General Cadwallader, are using the shoes General Butler has thrown away, and promising to put down servile insurrections. By the Constitution, they have no right to lift a little finger against a servile insurrection, *until the Governor of a state asks it.* When they make such a proclamation, it is alike uncalled for, illegal, and unconstitutional. What I call on General Scott and President Lincoln to do is, that *they shall rebuke their Major-Generals when they go outside of the law to propitiate the slave-power.* I want the scales held even. For sixty years that of liberty has kicked the beam. I call on Lincoln and his Cabinet at least to hold them even. Even fair play to liberty, under the old Constitution, will be such a change as will quell the South and educate the North. *If General Patterson knows no better than to suppress servile insurrections, cashier him on this side of the Potomac.* The Administration can, should, ought, if it means liberty, indicate its purpose by these legal, constitutional, and imperative measures.

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I believe that we owe the absence of compromise this hour to Charles Sumner in the Senate, and *The New York Tribune* in the country. (Applause.)

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I see the value of this war. I am glad Gen. Scott has got 200,000 men. I only hope that when Congress is adjourned, he will advance into Virginia, and fight. I do not believe there are 50,000 soldiers on the other side. I believe Beauregard lives, spite of the telegraph, and I believe there are some 40 or 50,000 men with arms of some sort in the state of Virginia. The rest is bravado. But it won't do to rely wholly on blockade to starve them out; it won't do to wait till they disperse. The worth of this war is to redeem the character and of the North. No Southern man believes that the Northerner has any courage. I do not mean that the South *affects* to believe this—she *does* believe it; and but for the conduct of Charles Sumner, and a dozen like him, she has a right to believe it. She has never met in that Senate or House of Representatives, for sixty years, more than half a score of men who have dared to look her in the face. She had a right, therefore, to believe that the North was craven, or peddler; for what she could not bully, she could always buy. Now, the benefit of this war—the blessing of it—which we shall buy at a million of dollars a day, and cheap at that, is, that we shall beat this saucy Virginia, some half a dozen times, into good behavior.

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My policy, therefore, is, give the Administration generous sympathy; give it all the confidence for honesty of purpose you can. They mean now only the Union. That is all they mean at present; but they are "willing" we should make them mean anything more we please.

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I put my faith in the honesty of Abraham Lincoln as an individual, in the pledge which a long life has given of Chase's love for the anti-slavery cause; but I do not believe either of them, nor all of them, nor all their comrades, have the boldness to declare an emancipation policy, *until, by a pressure which we are to create, the country forces them to it.* We are on the one side; the enrolled army of Virginia on the other. A defeat, bloody and cruel, will anger the North into emancipation. A victory that throws the South into madness, and makes her seek any means, in her desperation, may force the Government on to emancipation. Let us pray for the life of Jefferson Davis! (Laughter.) God grant him long life, and *something* of an army! (Renewed laughter.) Let us pray that heaven, or some power, will put into his heart courage, so that he may not run away too soon—(merriment;) so that out of the contest may come emancipation.

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What we are to ask for is a decisive policy, or the commencement of it. I believe that Wall street wants it, State street wants it. The merchants of fifty and sixty years old, who see their property melting away, who count their losses by hundreds of thousands, have no wish to be in a slave Union again. We have come to a moment when the selfishness of wealth is on our side. Rich men, or those lately so, cannot afford to have this war smothered up by compromise or half-way peace; that were to risk another bankruptcy four years hence. The hearts of the masses and bank vaults are as one. *As a fitting moment, the Government has only to decree justice, and it will see the nation take its place among honorable states, with an uprising as proud and glorious, as hearty and unanimous, as that which awed Europe into sympathy and respect two months ago.* This Administration holds in its hand the seed of the mightiest change of our age—the change of the great Republic from hypocrisy into honor. It lies with them to assure the success of this experiment of self-government, and make the world our debtors. So far, the people have done their full share, rebuking distrust from the hight of a sublime virtue. Let statesmen fitly use the noble weapons which a great people have forced into their almost reluctant hands. Woe to any man who balks the hour, or fails to seize the golden opportunity! The curses of one race left in chains—of another mocked in its purpose—of the world, sad from the failure of its great free model, shall load their memory.

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I look at this question only as an Abolitionist. If I stood here on other ground, I should have a great deal else to say. If I stood here as a citizen, I should protest against the criticism by the press of our generals and colonels—upon the hasty rebuke of a single error, mischance, or mistake of what are called "civil" generals. I have no such fault to find. Our army, hitherto, has been officered—how? Out of every ten, eight were Southerners. Of these eight, four were traitors and two were imbeciles; so we had about two out of ten worth anything. We have now civilians; unpracticed men, to be sure; but they are "smart" men, cunning New Englanders. They could build a ship on ten days' notice, and translate the New Testament out of the original Greek with a month's schooling. It does not need long to make anything out of a Yankee; and in ten such Yankees, you will find five that think, each one of them, they shall be President; such will face ambuscades or open batteries for a chance. (Laughter and applause.) Those men will fight boldly, at least. The other five have reputation, a purpose, and an intention to do their duty. You will get two-thirds of the ten decent officers, in the end. Wait awhile: we can afford to teach such men their art on the "sacred soil of Virginia." An army, raised at a bound from 25,000 to 250,000—where but among civilians shall it find new officers? I see no errors in the last two months which the history of the great Frederic and of Wellington does not parallel. I have, therefore, no criticism of the army. I think, if it was not held back, it would have bivouacked at Richmond, and not met a Southern soldier, either. (Applause.) So that, if were speaking as a citizen, I should have no fault to find with our levies, with our generals, with the general machinery. They want only a head. They want only a purpose, and that the masses are to give them, not the statesmen. You and I are to begin it.

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I could talk a great deal longer if it were necessary; (many voices—"Go on!") but of what use were it? We are all, as I said, afloat. The good God takes the helm out of man's hands, and we have only to be faithful, each in our little place, and let the great spirit of the century lift up our practice to our ideal. These days of anti-slavery gatherings for the purpose of emancipation, I believe, will be soon over. By the Constitution, or over it, liberty is sure to come. Our part will soon be to watch the welfare of this victim race, guard it during its pupilage, shelter it by patronage, by protection, by privilege, by recognizing its claim to an equal manhood. Sooner than we expected, sooner than the most sanguine of us dreamed, this problem is to be decided.

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Show the world that twenty millions of freemen, the ripe fruit of two hundred years of self-government and Puritanism, are above wars waged for the bauble of a crown, the etiquette of a boundary, or the honor of a flag; that they take the thunderbolt as God does, only to lift up the humble and abase the proud, and execute justice between man and man.

I want to take back that name which I endeavored to write on the forehead of Abraham Lincoln of Springfield—"the slave-hound of Illinois;" and instead of it, before the first day of January, 1863, I want to write on that same bronzed brow—"Liberator of four million bondmen; first President of the *free* United States of America." (Loud applause.) Help him to that fame.

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Mr. Cameron says, "Wherever the flag goes, trade follows." Oh, better that maxim! Wherever the flag goes, LIBERTY goes with it, and let trade take care of itself. (Applause.) Announce it, and soon, if there is a majority for the Union, they will show themselves. Say to the slaveholders, "The Union shares the loss with you if it takes your slaves from you by a military necessity." No matter what it costs.

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One-half of the clerks of the departments are traitors. Empty them! Mr. Chase knows, in the northern half of Ohio, men who, for nothing, rather than the places should be filled by traitors, would serve the Government. I go for decision. Adjourn Congress, and Scott will be decisive. I concede gladly, proudly, fully, the fame of the Lieutenant-General. I do not want him to die or be superseded. Only adjourn Congress; tell him that all hope for the present Union is over; but that his fame as a General, before he dies, rests on his crushing the viper within six months; and the old man will do it. (Applause.) It is not loyalty, it is not ability, it is a nation behind him that he needs. You and I can begin that voice which shall be echoed from the Mississippi, and compel the Government to speak. Men whisper to us in the streets, in our chambers, what General Butler means here, and Mr. Cameron there, and Mr. Chase elsewhere: we want it proclaimed. We want it known to you, voted on, enforced; and the next time we meet here, you will not need me to make a speech. Butler will be here, with a proclamation of emancipation in his hand, as an introduction to you, (loud applause,) asking your votes, perhaps, as Governor of Massachusetts, (laughter,) and thinking that there is no pedestal but this which surely leads to the gubernatorial chair. Yes, I congratulate you that you will soon have a new batch of speakers. The old worn and scarred guard can retire to the rear rank, and the new Major-Generals and civilians, who have invented "contrabands," and lawyers who have turned their ingenuity into the channel of statesmanship, will be here to swell our jubilee of gratitude; and we will not be careful then to divide the degrees of merit, but cheerfully let the last comer take the best prize. (Loud applause.)

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The Independent.

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.

BY CHARLES L. BRACE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

Baltimore preserves a sullen submission under a Massachusetts General. The better classes are too much bound in blood and interests to the South to bear easily their present position. Candid persons assure me that two-thirds of the inhabitants are probably now Secessionists.

It is curious in looking up old friends to hear of so many that "they are gone to Virginia." The large property-holders and the merchants are in the great majority with the rebels; united with these are the lowest Irish rowdies and ruffians. The American mechanics and laborers are Union men. Nothing but Gen. Banks's vigorous measures has prevented a fearful civil war breaking out in the city between these two parties. As it is, Baltimore is utterly unreliable to the Union. A reverse to the Federal armies would bring up an army in their rear in this city.

Business and commerce seem utterly prostrated—perhaps more so than in any Northern city. We pass through street after street where the whole male laboring population are evidently entirely unemployed. The merchants are feeling the pressure terribly, without the moral enthusiasm which holds our people up, and with less prospect of a favorable change from the opening of new channels of business.

The President's Message has, on the whole, had a favorable reception here. It is in truth a remarkable document—a *democratic* manifesto. Never was there a President's Address issued in this country so imbued with the best spirit of democracy. Owing to the dreadful bungling of the telegraph, and the somewhat careless diction, our people have not done justice to it as a statesmanly document. Take this passage, and see if it have not the very ring of true republicanism:

"On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders; to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all, to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life, yielding to partial and temporary departures from necessity.

This is the leading object of the Government for whose existence we contend. I am most happy to believe that the plain people understand and appreciate this. It is worthy of note that while in this, the Government's hour of trial, large numbers of those in the army and navy who have been favored with offices have resigned, and proved false to the hand which pampered them, not one common soldier or common sailor is known to have deserted his flag. Great honor is due to those officers who remained true, despite the example of their treacherous associates; but the greatest honor, and the most important fact of all, is the unanimous firmness of the common soldiers and common sailors.

"To the last man, so far as known, they have successfully resisted the traitorous efforts of those whose commands, but an hour before, they obeyed as absolute law. This is the patriotic instinct of plain people. They understand without an argument that the destroying the Government which was made by Washington means no good to them."

Probably few men read these words thoughtfully without something like a thrill of feeling. Yes, thank God! this is not a Government to elevate the rich or to strengthen the powerful; it is not one whose great object is to lay burdens on poor men's shoulders; it is not a polity to serve the Few by means of the Many; it does not start from the principle that the masses are mere "masses" and the leaders individuals. No! it is the people's Government. It seeks "to elevate the condition of all men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all, to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life." We doubt if Plato or Aristotle or Montesquieu ever gave half so good a definition of the objects of government. These are essentially the purposes of a Christian government.

It is these principles of government which in Europe have shaken and are shaking so many despotisms. They are the war-cry to the young democracy. They are the religion of many of the most elevated minds of the Continent. "To lift artificial burdens," to give each man and woman the utmost opportunity which their powers afford them of developing every faculty—these are the ideal and almost celestial objects before the European democrats. And they do come under the domain of religion. Christ himself, in explaining the purpose of his mission, included especially the "lifting the heavy burdens."

How wonderfully have events justified these foundation principles of the American democracy! The American gentleman, *par excellence*, the only aristocrat we have, who was rich on other men's toil, whose whole power was in the burdens he laid on others' shoulders—the American army or naval officer from the South, whose fathers and relatives had been "pampered" and honored by the Government since its foundation, whose very education was a gift of the nation, who had been enjoying for a lifetime all the honors and rewards which the United States Government could heap upon him—at the first great peril to his Government, he is discovered to be a traitor and a villain: all that the whole nation had been conferring upon him, he does not hesitate to use for its destruction. But the poor old Jack-tar, the runaway son of a humble American woman, the hard-handed, rough-talking, tobacco-chewing sailor, who never had four shillings' worth of property saved, or the heavy-fisted, brown-faced private, a farmer's boy of the backwoods serving for his eleven dollars the month, to whom the gift of a few gold eagles would be like the manna from on high—these men, the "plain men," the ignorant, the *people*, neither the gold nor the promises nor the honors of traitors and rebels can for a moment tempt. They are poor enough, heaven knows! and a little "rhino for 'baccy and the old woman *to hum*" would be very acceptable, but all Cottondom isn't rich enough to buy them. No! they know "without argument, that destroying the Government which was made by Washington, means no good to them."

To the everlasting honor of American democracy be it remembered, that "not one common soldier or common sailor is known to have deserted his flag."

Then look at these regiments marching with such elastic step to the capital. Neither bounties, nor pay, nor conscription, could gather such an army. Healthy, manly, respectable, well-to-do men, coming, as the President says, so fast that the Government cannot provide for them. Here, at one point, you meet the hardy pioneers of Wisconsin; there the lumbermen of Maine, the backwoodsmen of Pennsylvania, the laboring men of New York, the farmers of Ohio, and Michigan, and Illinois; clerks, merchants, lawyers, rich men and poor men, all taking the hard life of camps to support the Government and put down treason. "Why?" as Mr. Lincoln says. Because "it is the people's war," and this Government is every man's Government.

Each hard hand now that grasps the musket, works "to lift off artificial burdens," and every man knows he is laboring for himself and his children.

There can be no question where victory will ultimately rest in such a contest. The South fights to put burdens on, and we to take them off. On which side must destiny and fortune be? Even present defeat to our party would be final victory. Twenty millions welded as one man by these grand principles of democracy, are a power, in the long run, invincible. Difficulties, disasters, defeats, are nothing before it. And this power of modern democracy can stop at no half-way measures. It goes forth as a giant through the land, "to lift the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free." Not the burdens from the black man alone, or from the European, or from the Anglo-Saxon, or the American, but as Mr. Lincoln said in his speech at Chicago, "from all men of all colors, nations, and conditions."

It has already trodden to the earth the ancient yokes of caste and class; it has broken down European thrones, and cast away crowns; and now with terrible stride it is placing its foot on American social oppression, and has half broken the yoke of American tyranny. It must go on, till every burden which unjustly weighs upon humanity be lifted, and every yoke broken.

Schönberg, of this city, has published a colored lithographic map of Eastern Virginia and a part of Maryland. The map shows the mountains and their passes, the rivers and their bridges, the railroads and their stations.

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

BY OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 15, 1861.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

The grandest spectacle of the century was the sudden uprising of the yeomanry of the North in defense of the Government, and scarcely inferior to it in grandeur or intrinsic importance is the spectacle afforded by the extra session of the Thirty-seventh Congress. The rapidity with which the popular branch of the National Legislature passes the bills necessary to carry on the war for Union and freedom is almost bewildering. Within three days after Congress met the House of Representatives was fully organized and its committees were at work. In three days more that body passed a bill raising two hundred and fifty millions of money to carry on the war. The President asked for four hundred thousand men, and in less than a week from the day his message was read to Congress the House had voted him five hundred thousand! The House could easily have adjourned last Saturday, but perceiving that the Senate was acting more slowly, it has not attempted to crowd the public business for the past two or three days. Such lofty patriotism this country has not seen since the days of the Revolution, and it is but simple justice to say that nearly all the Democrats in *Congress* have abandoned their party prejudices to stand by the Administration in its every effort to save the nation from the horrors of general anarchy. The little knot of rebels and rebel-sympathizers in Congress are entirely without influence and power, and are only irritating, not dangerous. The unmistakable secessionists in Congress are Messrs. Burnett of Kentucky, Reid and Norton of Missouri, in the House, and Messrs. Breckinridge and Powell of Kentucky, Polk and Johnson of Missouri, in the Senate.

The rebel sympathizers may be fairly written down as follows: In the Senate, Kennedy of Maryland, Bayard of Delaware, and Bright of Indiana. In the House, Vallandigham of Ohio, Ben. Wood of New York, Henry May of Maryland, and Ancona of Pennsylvania. Small in numbers and not remarkable in talents, these gentlemen would attract no attention whatever were it not for the astounding position which they occupy. Traitors and treason-defenders sitting in the National Congress to "give aid and comfort" to the public enemy! What country ever before tolerated such a monstrous violation of common fairness and decency? Yet *this* too is one of the grand spectacles of the times and of this truly free country. How long could a man live in Richmond who should openly and persistently in the rebel Congress attempt to embarrass the operations of Jefferson Davis, continually defend the Federal Government, and condemn the rebellion? The rebel leaders in the Congress would very properly say, "If these are your sentiments you have no business in a Rebel Congress." Such men in the South would be torn limb from limb by the enraged populace. But here, there is freedom of speech. Burnett comes and goes, though an open friend of the rebels, with as much safety as Mr. Lincoln himself. He rises in his place in the House and *talks* treason with impunity. When he *acts*—let him beware. What a contrast with the rebel states and cities! It is for the sake of the contrast—that the civilized world may behold the spectacle—that the loyal men in Congress keep silence, and allow such men as Vallandigham and Burnett to ventilate their treason.

The Senate has indulged in more speech-making than the House, and the rebel Senators have used very severe language toward the President and his Message. Powell of Kentucky on Saturday went a little further than his disloyal colleages, and was most eloquently rebuked by Ten Eyck of New Jersey. It is expected that Mr. Breckinridge will deliver a speech to-day or to-morrow upon the Message, and of course taking the same position as that of his colleague Powell. As Mr. Breckinridge is convicted of an act of treason by the testimony of the leading Southern journals, all of them publishing a dispatch of his promising Jeff. Davis Kentucky troops to fight against the Government, it would be right and proper for the Senate to move a select committee, when he shall have finished his speech, to inquire whether John C. Breckinridge is or is not guilty of such an infamous act, according to the charge of the loyal men of Kentucky. The Northern members of the Senate are getting very tired of listening to attacks upon the Government and apologies for the rebellion, and will ere long put a stop to it in a perfectly legitimate manner.

The legislation asked for by the President will be granted, and much more. He will be authorized to take such steps as he thinks proper to crush out the rebellion. A confiscation law will be passed, the rebel ports will be closed, and a bill has been introduced by Mr. Trumbull to emancipate the slaves in all the rebel states. This is a prophecy of the future. If, when the regular session of Congress opens next December, the rebels still maintain their position, Congress will go earnestly at work to devise some scheme for the complete extirpation of slavery, and some of the ablest members of Congress are now studying the subject, with a view to practical measures for the entire overthrow of human slavery upon this continent. We have seen only the beginning of this war, and North and South are alike unaware of the vast results which are to flow from it. This is well. Let the war go on, and the people will be educated by it to accept its grand consequences with heartfelt gladness.

The news from Western Virginia fills the Capital with rejoicing. Gen. McClellan has broken the backbone of the rebellion the other side of the Alleghanies. We are now to see what can be done this side. Gen. Patterson and Gen. McDowell will soon give the rebels at Winchester and Manassas Junction something to do. If, like the rebels at Laurel Hill and Beverley, they run, the battle-field will move on to Richmond; and if they will make a stand, the world will soon hear of some hard and probably decisive fighting.

The troops are, as a general thing, in splendid condition. In high spirits, with an earnest resolution to put down the rebellion, and with the numbers to do it, it will be strange if they do not succeed.

The work before them is vast, but it can and will be performed. "The European cabinets lie beyond Richmond!" was the saying of a foreign minister to the President a few nights ago, and we may say, "The Union and the cause of freedom lie south of Richmond!" We need not heed the sayings or the acts of European statesmen. Let us put our armies beyond Richmond, and we shall have gained the European cabinets and have "saved the Union."

THE SPECIAL SESSION OF CONGRESS.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10TH.—In the Senate the Rev. Dr. Sunderland was elected Chaplain. The bill making an appropriation of $500,000,000 for the war, and authorizing the President to accept 500,000 volunteers, was passed, yeas 34, nays 4. An amendment, naming 200,000 instead of 500,000 as the number of volunteers which the President might call for, was moved by Mr. Saulsbury of Delaware, and voted down, yeas 5, nays 35. The yeas were Johnson of Mo., Kennedy, Polk, Powell, Saulsbury.

The House passed the loan bill, authorizing the Treasury Department to borrow two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and a bill empowering the President to use the army and navy in the collection of revenue, and to close ports in the rebellious states.

THURSDAY, JULY 11TH.—In the Senate, the resolution, offered by Mr. Clark of New Hampshire, to expel from the body the Traitor Senators—Mason, Hunter, Clingman, Bragg, Chestnut, Nicholson, Sebastian, Mitchell, Hemphill, and Wigfall—was adopted, yeas 32, nays 10. Those voting in the negative were Messrs. Bayard, Breckinridge, Bright, Johnson of Tennessee, Johnson of Missouri, Latham, Nesmith, Polk, Powell, and Rice. Mr. Latham of California moved to amend by striking out the word "expel," and simply erasing the names of the traitors from the roll. The amendment was rejected, 32 to 11. If the main question had been in the form proposed by Mr. Latham, the vote would probably have been nearly or quite unanimous.

The House passed the army and navy bills, which, in the aggregate, appropriate one hundred and ninety-one millions of dollars, thus detailed:

Payment of troops	$60,000,000
Subsistence of troops	25,000,000
Quartermaster's Department	14,000,000
Cavalry and Artillery Horses	10,000,000
Support of the Navy	30,000,000
Transportation	15,000,000
Western Gun-boats	1,000,000

FRIDAY, JULY 12TH.—In the Senate Mr. Saulsbury of Delaware offered a resolution proposing amendments to the Constitution, for a peaceful adjustment of the present difficulties, which was ordered to be printed. The proposed amendments are simply the old Crittenden resolutions of compromise. Mr. Sumner presented a petition from the citizens of Massachusetts, asking Congress to remove all cause of war, which, in view of the petitioners, is the continued permission of slavery. The House bill relating to the further collection of imports, and the "force bill," so-called, were passed—the latter by yeas 36, nays 6.

The House took up and merely read through the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses; also, the bill making appropriations for certain civil expenses, and then passed both of them. The bill authorizing the President to call for 500,000 volunteers was passed. The appropriation of $500,000,000 was stricken out, for the reason that money for their support will be provided for in some other bills. The House adopted an amendment, that letters to and from soldiers be exempted from prepayment of postage, leaving it to be paid by the recipients.

SATURDAY, JULY 13TH.—Mr. Johnson of Tennessee presented the credentials of the Senators elect from Virginia, namely, W. B. Wiley in place of Mr. Mason, and J. S. Carlile in place of Mr. Hunter. Messrs. Bayard, Saulsbury, and Powell protested against their admission as illegal. A motion to refer the question to a committee was voted down—yeas 5, nays 35—after which the new Senators were sworn in.

The House, 94 against 45, expelled John B. Clark, member from the 3d District of Missouri, he having accepted a commission in the State Guard under the rebel Government. Many of those who voted in the negative did so, it is presumed, because they thought the proofs of Clark's treason were not before the House in authentic shape. The opinion of the Attorney-General on the questions referred to in the President's Message, including the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, was received and referred to the Judiciary Committee. The bill to promote the efficiency of the army, by retiring infirm or disabled officers, was passed.

MONDAY, JULY 15TH.—Mr. Dixon of Connecticut presented a memorial from citizens of that state, asking for the adoption of such measures by Congress as shall sustain the Government of the United States in the present crisis. He supported the memorial in an eloquent and patriotic speech. He said: "Sir, my desire is to see an early, overpowering, irresistible movement of our troops upon the insurgents. Every day's delay beyond the time absolutely necessary for preparations, is fraught with incalculable mischief to the cause of the Union, more especially if this delay is caused by political rather than military reasons. . . To-morrow, next week, at the earliest possible moment, let the invincible columns move southward, and let the crushing blow be struck." John W. Forney was elected Secretary of the Senate in place of Asbury Dickens. Mr. Ten Eyck introduced a bill for the organization and employment of a police force in the City of Washington. Mr. Trumbull introduced a bill to confiscate property in the rebel states of persons engaged in the war against the Government. The army appropriation bill was passed; so also was the bill to increase the military establishment, after being amended in such a way that Congress will be free to reduce it after the suppression of the rebellion.

In the House, the Committee on Commerce was directed to ascertain what further measures are necessary to render the blockade of rebel ports more efficient, and that committee subsequently reported a resolution directing the Secretary of the Treasury to employ a sufficient force to render it so. A resolution was passed providing for the adjournment of Congress next Friday, if the Senate concur. It was ordered, on motion of Mr. Van Wyck, from the Select Committee on Contracts, that all moneys shall be withheld from the owners of the steamer Catalina, recently burned near Fortress Monroe, until that committee can report as to the propriety of paying them. Ben. Wood offered a resolution providing for a General Convention at Louisville, on the first Monday in September next, but it was voted down. Mr. Hickman reported from the Judiciary Committee a bill to define and punish conspiracy, which was passed, only seven members voting in the negative. A resolution, offered by Mr. McClernand of Illinois, was adopted, which pledges the House to vote all the men and means which may be needed to put down the rebellion. Only five votes were cast in the negative. The remainder of the session was spent in the consideration of a resolution offered by Mr. Potter of Wisconsin, directing the Committee on Elections to inquire into the circumstance of Hon. Henry May's late visit to Richmond. It was finally passed.

TUESDAY, JULY 16TH.—In the Senate Mr. Sumner presented a petition for the abolition of slavery in the Southern states, remunerating such owners of slaves as may be impoverished thereby, from the U. S. Treasury. Mr. Pomeroy of Kansas introduced a bill for the suppression of the slaveholders' rebellion, providing that slavery be immediately abolished by proclamation, and directing the army officers to protect the rights while using the labor of the emancipated slaves. The resolution to approve the steps taken by the President to put down rebellion being under consideration, Ex-Vice-President Breckinridge made a long and labored speech to show that the President had in various ways violated the Constitution. His argument rested entirely upon "the letter that killeth," to the utter neglect of "the spirit that maketh alive." It was in every respect a speech "not fit to be made" on the floor of the Senate, for it was calculated and designed to "give aid and comfort" to the rebels. Mr. Lane of Kansas, in a brief impromptu reply, uttered some very wholesome truths.

In the House, Mr. Washburne, from the Committee on Commerce, introduced a bill for the temporary increase of the navy by the employment of merchant vessels, properly armed, for the purpose of putting a stop to privateering. Mr. Bingham, from the Committee on the Judiciary, presented a bill providing for the suppression of rebellion against the Government. It passed almost unanimously under the previous question. A resolution of thanks to Major-General George B. McClellan and the officers and soldiers of his command for the series of brilliant victories lately achieved by them, was unanimously adopted. The bill to increase the efficiency of the volunteer forces was passed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

WE are indebted to the steam-ships Canada, Saxonia, and Hibernian for important intelligence from Europe.

In the House of Commons, on the 27th ult, Lord John Russell being asked whether the British Government recognized the right of New Granada to blockade certain ports of the Confederation, replied that if said ports were *de facto* occupied by the *insurgents*, *such blockade* would be a *violation of international law*. But our Southern ports are "*de facto* occupied" by the Secessionists; therefore, according to Lord John's logic, our blockade of them is a breach of the law of nations. Or does his lordship mean that England denies to *weak* states like New Granada, a right which she concedes to the *strong*? The British Foreign Secretary will not add much to his reputation by his legal expositions. In the House of Lords, on the 28th ult., Lord Stratford de Redcliffe called attention to the death of Abdul Medjid, and asked the Government for information touching the policy of his successor. Lord Wodehouse answered that the Ottoman embassador had announced that the policy of Turkey under the new Sultan would be unchanged—equally liberal, both internally and externally, as before. On the 1st, Lord Brougham attacked the conduct of Spain in regard to the slave-trade, and vehemently protested against her annexation of San Domingo. The unappropriated seat in the House of Commons has been given to the West Riding of Yorkshire, which is to be divided. The official changes resulting from the death of Lord Campbell are as follows: Sir Richard Bethel, with the title of Lord Westbury, succeeds to the Chancellorship; Rundell Palmer becomes Attorney-General; Sir William Atherton is raised to the Bench; and the Solicitor-Generalship has ere this been filled by some Parliamentary lawyer. Previous to the prorogation of the Corps Legislatif on the 27th ult., Count Morney congratulated the members on their appreciation of the new privileges granted them by the Emperor. Postal services are to be established with India, China, the West Indies, and the United States. From 50 deg. North to the equator, from Newfoundland to the Amazon, there is not a port of commercial importance that French steamers will not communicate with. The case of Patterson *vs.* Bonaparte was continued on the 28th, when the Procureur-General concluded his speech in favor of the judgment pronounced by the first tribunal. That judgment was confirmed on the 1st, and the appeal dismissed. An imperial rescript has been sent to the Hungarian Diet, stigmatizing the national address as disloyal, and hostile to the rights of the Crown. The first resolution of the Lower House was to return this rescript unopened, but subsequently they allowed it to be read. Abdul Aziz, the new Sultan, has made a good beginning, having reduced his household expenses and civil list from 75,000,000 to 12,000,000 piasters. The Pope had so far recovered from his indisposition as to be able to celebrate high mass in St. Peter's, on the 24th ult., in honor of the prince of the apostles. According to the *Opinione* of Turin, Portugal has recognized the kingdom of Italy.

The City of Washington brings later intelligence to July 4th. But the main features are the same as brought by the Saxonia. The death of Mrs. Browning, the poetess is announced—which we have elsewhere mentioned.

STEEL-CLAD FRIGATES.—The British Government has lately been making experiments in clothing the sides of ships of war with steel plates, to make them impervious to balls or shells. We understand that these experiments have resulted in a high degree of success. One of the advantages of this naval armor is the readiness with which a merchant ship may, in an emergency, be turned into a man-of-war. By the use of portable steel plates, a mercantile marine could soon be made an efficient navy—at least, better than none. Mail-clad gun-boats, made shot-proof, in our present necessity, would be of great service in shelling batteries, such as those that menace the waters of the Chesapeake. The plan is worthy of thorough investigation by the Secretary of the Navy.

THE BIBLE IN SOUTH AMERICA.—All readers will be glad to know that the Scriptures are likely soon to have freer circulation in Valparaiso. A new Administration is to be inaugurated in September, the expected head of which, Señor Perez, has avowed his determination to maintain religious toleration. An effort was lately made to prevent the passing of an invoice of Spanish Bibles through the customs, but in vain. A subsequent invoice was passed without hindrance. Protestantism is gradually taking root and growing up under the shadow of the Andes.

DR. PATTON IN ENGLAND.—Our special contributor, Rev. William Patton, D.D., now in London, is publishing in *The London Daily News* a series of articles explaining the structure and unity of the American Government. The title of these papers is "The United States One Nation." They are likely to do great good in correcting the public sentiment of Englishmen in regard to American policy and affairs.

Commercial and Financial.

A USE FOR THE MERCHANT MARINE.

IT is about two months since Mr. Lincoln proclaimed a blockade of the whole Southern coast. The entire available naval force of the United States was then sufficient to make it effective only for a few hundred miles, even had it been all concentrated on that small portion of it. This proclamation of blockade was met by a counter proclamation of the insurgent chief, Jeff. Davis, who offered letters of marque to any pirate who chose to accept them, and by an act of the insurgent Congress offering a reward of twenty dollars a head for every loyal citizen killed by the pirates, and twenty-five dollars a head for all taken alive. Within the past week, the first-fruits of the warfare on the high seas thus proclaimed, have been reaped. The ocean swarms with pirates, and Northern commerce is given over as a prey to these red rovers of the South. The blockade is inefficient to prevent them from putting to sea, and totally inadequate to their pursuit and punishment after they have once eluded the few vessels that watch their ports.

Ships of various sizes, well armed and well manned, hover about the coast, threatening Portland, Boston, and our own waters, picking up prizes of more or less value, robbing some, burning others, and where they are of sufficient value, sending them with prize crews to find their way into the ports whence they had escaped, or into others less carefully guarded. A great fear has fallen upon our merchants, for they, and through them the country, are threatened and wounded in the most vulnerable point.

We have accepted, and must accept, delay and consequent disaster in many ways in the formidable insurrection which the Government is engaged in suppressing, and there has been, as yet, no undue impatience at the slow progress of success. But impatience is pardonable where unnecessary delay invites inevitable disaster, and where safety and immunity from great loss might have been secured by ordinary foresight and prudence. This seems to be one of those cases.

The Government knew as well when its proclamation of blockade was made that it had not the naval force to make it effectual, as it knows it to-day. It knew as well then that the sea would be speedily swept by pirates, who would escape from Southern ports, as it knows now that every craft upon the coast fears an enemy in every sail it sees looming up upon the horizon. And it had then, as it has now, a remedy within its reach for a state of things as disgraceful as it is disastrous.

The commercial marine of this country was never before in so perfect a condition as at this moment, and never so idle. The quays of all of our ports are full of ships, whose places in the commerce of the world are supplied by the flags of neutral bottoms which crowd our harbors. The shipping-merchants who own this vast fleet are as ready and as anxious to be called into the service of their country on the sea as all other classes of the commonwealth have shown themselves ready and anxious to be mustered to its defense and protection on land. But the activity has been all on the other side. A people of few ships, of few sailors, almost without maritime resources, have equipped and sent to sea a fleet of pirates, bringing destruction and terror under their bastard flag to the very gates of our harbors, while a maritime people with many ships, with many hardy mariners, ride at anchor or with their hawsers ashore, helpless, impatient, outraged, and insulted.

A free people without a standing army is strong in its Militia of the land; a free people without a large navy may be strong in its Militia of the Sea. The material is as ready in the one case as in the other, and the good policy of resorting to it is equally clear in both cases. A blockading squadron could have been sent to sea on the issue of the proclamation that would have effectually guarded the whole coast from all egress or ingress, from the Potomac to Texas, even more speedily than an army was mustered for the protection of the capital. It was impossible to prevent Jeff. Davis from bringing his land-robbers into the field; it was quite possible to forbid a single one of his sea-pirates from ever creeping out of a Southern port.

It is not yet too late to adopt this obvious policy. If Congress would empower the President to issue commissions to merchant vessels as a blockading squadron, a large fleet of first-class vessels, sufficiently armed and manned for the service, would be at sea within a fortnight, and form, before the 20th of August, a marine cordon along the Southern coast that would effectually prevent any more pirates from getting out, and all who are now out from getting in, while they would release the larger naval vessels that now attempt to do this, which, putting to sea, would sweep it of the miscreants who first decoy and then rob the unarmed mariners engaged in peaceful commerce. Will the Government resort to this simple expedient, or will it wait three or four months for the building of gun-boats, which, when they are ready for service, will find no commerce left to protect?

Nor is it merely a question of the protection of commerce. A mistake was unquestionably made at the outset in proclaiming a blockade, instead of announcing to the world that certain ports of entry were closed. The right to do the latter was unquestioned, and any nation choosing to disregard our laws could do so only at the risk of war. But a proclamation of blockade gave to foreigners the advantage of the law of nations, and they may disregard it if they choose, if it proves only to be a paper blockade. And disregard it they certainly will if it exists only on paper. In that case we have no right to complain, or if we do, and back our complaints by force, it is we and not they who become the aggressors. No alternative, therefore, is left us, as we have chosen that term, but to make the blockade effectual. If we mean to make ourselves respectable in the eyes of other nations, we must show them that we are not given over a prey to pirates, gathered partly from our own insurgent citizens, and partly from the slave-traders of the West Indies, who will soon find robbing on the high seas a more lucrative and a safer service than stealing negroes on the coast of Africa. But to do this we must release our navy from the duty of watching the Southern coast, and send them in pursuit of Jeff.'s sea-robbers, while their places may be supplied by a blockading squadron of armed merchant vessels, equipped and commissioned for that duty.

BANKS REFUSING TO TAKE DEPOSITS.

A correspondent of *The Independent*, dropping a line from Louisville, Kentucky, says:

"A curious state of things exists here at the banks. *They refuse to receive any more deposits.* If you should hear of an intelligent fox refusing to receive any more chickens, knowing Reynard's astuteness, you would hesitate to pronounce it folly on his part. Just so with the consolidated wisdom of finance. All our banks are strong; but one or two are weaker than the rest. The old financial foxes lay their heads together and say, 'Suppose our weak sisters choose to take advantage of the gracious permission of the legislature to suspend specie payments. Our depositors in that case will decline taking back the very bank-notes which they have deposited. And, *presto!* we have already a tumultuous run upon our coffers. Or, in other words, we have guaranteed our neighbor's debts. To be sure, we can get out of it by suspending also, but we went through the crisis of '57, and we stand by our reputation.'"

CONTINENTAL INSURANCE CO.

This prosperous company has, since our last issue, declared a yearly dividend of 35 per cent. upon its earned premiums of the last year, increasing its assets at the same time from $993,208 28 on the 1st July, 1860, to $1,061,135 98, and making the usual semi-annual dividend to its stockholders of 7 per cent., besides paying 6 per cent. interest upon all outstanding scrip.

The past year has not been a very unfavorable one to the insurance interest in general, the losses from fires having been above the average, and most of the companies having suffered from the depreciation in value of their investments in stock securities, which have declined so heavily from the character of the times. Stocks of all kinds have undergone large depreciation. Though these securities will ultimately revive, yet allowance must be made in the estimate of their value before dividends are made, as did circumstances require their realization at this time a heavy loss would have to be submitted to.

The Continental suffers to some extent, but not very largely, in this way, as their assets are mostly in bonds and mortgages of approved character, and in call loans. Of their large assets only $160,000 are invested in bank or other stocks, and these are mainly of the best New York city institutions and Government stocks.

The subject of the proper character of investments for insurance companies is important. The shifting value of stocks renders them less fit than bonds and mortgages, or call loans with ample margins. The Continental has upwards of $600,000 of assets invested in first-class bonds and mortgages, which even in the present times would bring at brief notice the whole money so invested, without loss of interest, while such could not be done with the stock investments. Hence the greater value of mortgages as an investment. This company has also loans on call to the extent of nearly $200,000, so well secured as to enable them to command the entire sum at once.

The company has in addition a valuable and improving real estate, including their present office, and extending from Wall to Pine street, which brings in a revenue.

The present dividend is the fifth made to the Company's customers.

The first was in 1857, 33⅓ per cent.
" second " 1858, 50 "
" third " 1859, 51 "
" fourth " 1860, 45 "
" fifth " 1861, 35 "

making the average annual division of profits to customers 43 per cent.

The company now pays out an amount of $50,000 for dividends on stock and scrip, all of which was allowed for before declaring the new scrip dividend, and yet allowing an addition to the assets.

The participation plan is thus shown to be a continued success. There are now five years' issues of scrip, all of which, in addition to the capital, form a strong breakwater of security against loss to the numerous insurers. With over $1,000,000 of assets (double the amount of the capital) and five years' accumulation of scrip, the insurers are abundantly secured from the possibility of loss.

MONEY MARKET.

The superabundance of supply over demand for money continues to increase. Opportunities for its employment in short securities are getting rarer and rarer. Call loans are to be had at 4 to 5 per cent. Much money is left on deposit with favorite brokers at 4 per cent, which is the rate given by the trust companies for loans on call. Mercantile paper, of the kind acceptable to note-buyers, is in limited supply, and is readily taken at 6 to 7 per cent. All kinds but the very first class are neglected, and rates are irregular for such.

The foreign exchange market is very dull; but the leading exchange drawers of sterling are firm at 106¾.

The following are the quotations for rates for yesterday's steamer:

On London, 60 days	106⅜ @107
" Commercial bills	106⅛ @106⅜
Paris, 60 days	5.32⅜ @5.30
Hamburg, 60 days	35⅝ @36
Bremen, 60 days	71¾ @71¾
Amsterdam, 60 days	40⅛ @40⅜

Specie to the amount of $1,200,000 has come from California, and large sums from Europe, but the loan to Government of $5,000,000 has led to that sum being withdrawn from bank. Still the balance of loss and gain in specie reduced the specie in vault only $600,000, namely: to $45,000,000 on the night of the 12th of July, since when the $1,200,000 from California and other receipts have gone into bank. The bank deposits show a large increase. The exports of produce and merchandise last week reached $2,454,819, while the imports were only $1,687,792.

Any further advance in the rates of foreign exchange will check slightly the import of specie next month; but there is no great demand for bills on Europe. The large drawers buy up the commercial bills and import specie, but sell few bills of their own drawing. The present rate of commercial bills, 106@106¾, enables them to import specie at a profit. The following is the official return of

IMPORTS.

For the week.	1859.	1860.	1861.
Dry Goods	$2,630,240	$1,776,456	$226,388
General merchandise	2,360,607	3,363,795	1,161,404
Total	$4,930,847	$5,140,251	$1,687,792
Previously reported	129,085,527	119 149,635	78,114,390
Since Jan. 1st	$134,016,404	$124,289,886	$79,800,188

EXPORTS OF PRODUCE AND MERCHANDISE.

For the week	$1,055,033	$1,477,931	$2,451 819
Previously reported	32,428,902	43,643,420	66,792,105
Since Jan 1st	$33,483,935	$45.121,351	$69,246,924

EXPORTS OF SPECIE.

For the week	$1,398,585	$1,166,773	$1,588
Previously reported	33,323,879	22,747,957	3,145,540
Since Jan. 1st	$34,722,734	$23,914,730	$3,147,128

WESTERN CURRENCY AND CROPS.

We are glad to see a great improvement in Western currency, and great promise for the crops, which are likely to result in a splendid harvest—in excess even of that of last year. Over the prairies of Illinois we hear indeed of a partial destruction from hail and hurricane, but this is limited. The Illinois Central Railroad Company is buying corn of its farmers land-tenants, to enable them to pay up arrears of installments on land purchases, and for freight, giving Chicago market prices. This is good policy, benefiting themselves, their tenants, and the public consumers. At Chicago there is now an ample supply of New York exchange at par to ¼ ₱ cent. discount for coin, and for approved Ohio and Indiana state bank bills at ¼@⅜ ₱ cent. premium. Gold circulates more freely in the West, and is receiving credit and reviving trade, by rendering exchange more free and easy.

EUROPEAN MARKETS.

From Europe we learn that the harvests promise well this year, and prices of breadstuffs are rather heavy in consequence; but the absence of large stocks from last year, except of poor qualities, will leave the market sufficiently high to induce continued shipments hence throughout the year. Money continues in good demand at Paris and London at 5@6 ₱ cent. respectively; but rates are lower on the Continent. English consols have declined, on account of the heavy fire losses compelling the insurance companies to sell.

STOCKS.

Government stocks have gradually but steadily advanced. The success of the Government armies is carrying up Government securities. Prices have risen about 4 per cent. during the week. The House loan bill authorizing the Government to raise $250,000,000, and the Senate appropriation bill for $500,000,000 to enable the President to raise 500,000 volunteers, to be followed up by a provision for paying the interest and principal by new taxes, give confidence and satisfaction to capitalists. Last week $5,000,000 were raised on 6@6 per cent. Treasury notes, in twenty minutes, and twice the sum would have been given if wanted. In the face of additional issues of Treasury notes, the market for them has improved.

The state stocks of Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, and Missouri—now *fancy* stocks, no interest being paid on them—have excited a heavy speculation, and prices are rising. The quelling of the rebellion in those states is proceeding steadily, if not fast, and it is therefore thought that their state liabilities will gradually advance to full value from a reinstatement of state credit.

Other stocks of good character are more steady, and are advancing.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending July 13th, compared with the preceding week:

Week ending July 13, 1861.	July 6, 1861.	Differences.	
Loans	$112,445,542	$112,134,668	Increase $310,874
Specie	45,016,836	45,630,025	Decrease 613,189
Circulation	8,499 699	8,862,799	Decrease 363,100
Deposits	91.805,937	90,579,753	Increase 1,226,184
Exchanges	14,398,848	17,662,446	Decrease 3,263,598
Proportion of coin to liabilities	44 88-100	45 89-100	Decrease 1 1-100
Inc. loans	29 banks.	19 banks.	
Inc. specie	31 banks.	41 banks.	

COMPARED WITH PREVIOUS YEARS.

Week ending	July 16, 1859.	July 14, 1860.	July 13, 1861.
Loans	$120,405,658	$127,124,166	$112,445,542
Specie	23,224,679	23,641,357	45,016,836
Circulation	8,201,675	8,975,528	8,499,699
Deposits	78,135,911	82,748,231	91,805,937
Exchanges	19,121,159	23,156,448	14,398,848
Proportion of coin to liabilities	26 90 100	25 27-100	44 88-100

DRY GOODS.

Comparative statement of the imports of foreign dry goods at the port of New York for the week and since Jan. 1st.:

For the week.	1859.	1860.	1861.
Entered at the port	$2,630,240	$1,776,456	$229,388
Thrown on market	2,398,836	1,725,237	146,707
Since Jan. 1st.			
Entered at the port	$58 595,133	$52,731,930	$30,489,544
Thrown on market	58,258,924	52,399,385	28,340,701

There is no activity in business except in military goods, and of these the supply is mostly getting too large for the demand. The usual preparations for the fall trade are all wanting; yet some large circles of society must be enriched by the very large expenditure of Government now in progress, which must lead